This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

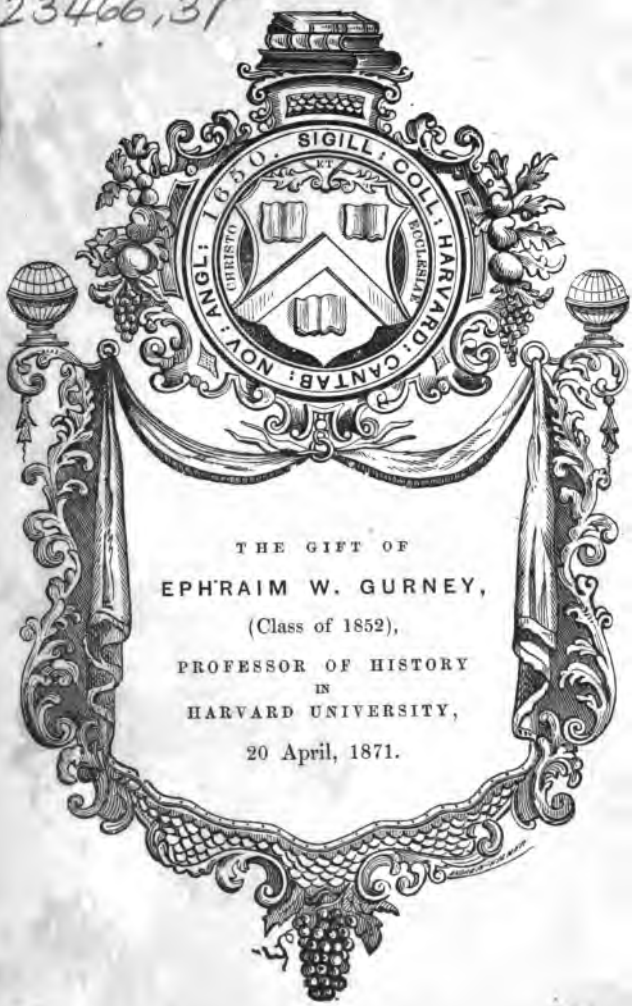
About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

3 2044 009 540 121

Digitized by Google

82
23466,31



THE GIFT OF
EPHRAIM W. GURNEY,
(Class of 1852),
PROFESSOR OF HISTORY
IN
HARVARD UNIVERSITY,
20 April, 1871.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

POEMS

OF

HON. MRS. NORTON.

Digitized by Google

Lately Published.

POETRY OF MRS. NORTON.

THE DREAM, CHILD OF THE ISLANDS, and Other Poems. 1 vol. Price $1.00.

THE UNDYING ONE, SORROWS OF ROSALIE, and Other Poems. 1 vol. Price $1.00.

POETRY OF MRS. BROWNING.

THE POEMS OF ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, in 2 vols. Price $2.00.

PROMETHEUS BOUND, SONNETS FROM THE PORTUGUESE, CASA GUIDI WINDOWS, &c., &c. Price 75 cents.

Also, in uniform style.

THE POEMS OF SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE, in 1 volume. Price $1.00.

SELECT POEMS OF WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, in 1 volume. Price 75 cents.

THE EXCURSION, by WILLIAM WORDSWORTH. Price 75 cents.

THE TRAGEDIES AND POEMS OF T. NOON TALFOURD. Price 75 cents.

Digitized by Google

THE

UNDYING ONE;

SORROWS OF ROSALIE;

AND

OTHER POEMS.

Caroline Elizabeth Sarah Sheridan
THE HON. MRS. NORTON. (1808-1877)

New York:
C. S. FRANCIS & CO., 252 BROADWAY.
BOSTON:—CROSBY, NICHOLS & CO.
M.DCCC.LIV.

Digitized by Google

23466.31

1871, April 20.
Gift of
Prof. E. W. Gurney,
of Cambridge.
(H. U. 1852.)

Digitized by Google

CONTENTS.

PAGE

THE UNDYING ONE.—Canto I. 11
(1830) Canto II. 34
Canto III. 59
Canto IV. 106

THE SORROWS OF ROSALIE.—Introduction 127
(1829) Part I. 131
Part II. 142
Part III. 162

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

On the Purple and White Carnation—A Fable 183
The Careless Word 186
They Loved one Another 188
My Heart is like a Withered Nut 190
My Childhood's Home 191
Escape from the Snares of Love 192
Ifs 194
As when from Dreams awaking 195
Old Friends 197
The Bride 198
The Pilgrim of Life 201
The Captive Pirate 203
I was not False to Thee 206
The Greek Girl's Lament for her Lover 207

Digitized by Google

PAGE
Oh! Life is like the Summer Rill 209
When poor in all but Hope and Love..... 210
We have been Friends together 211
The Boatswain's Song 212
The Bridal Day..... 214
Florence 216
Arcadian Shades..... 218
Picture Life 220
Jephthah's Daughter 224
Bingen 226
Elvira 230
The Young Crusader 233
Oh! could I come when Fays have Power..... 235
Le Ranz des Vaches..... 236
Translation..... 237
Linda Alhaya 238
Che de Vos e de Me Diran!—From the Spanish..... 240
Verdad! Verdad!—From the Spanish 242
The One you loved the best 244
I would the World were mine 246
On T. B. S..... 247
While I think of you, Love! 248
On T. B. S..... 249
The Birth-Day 251
The Darkness of the Grave..... 252
Farewell..... 253
Thy Will be Done 254
Music's Power..... 256
Say not 'tis Dark 257
But Thou..... 258
I do not love Thee 259
Lilla Vannen 260
The Fairy Bells..... 264
Love Not..... 265

Digitized by Google

PAGE
Oh, Love me! Love me still!..... 266
Oh! There's nothing worth Loving..... 267
O Deem not Thou..... 268
The Mother's Lament 269
The Captive 270
I'll weep for Thee ever..... 271
I have left my quiet Home!—Gipsy's Song 273
To Stand upon a Sunny Spot 275
To-Morrow..... 276
As Lone I Sit..... 277
I won't Repeat 278
Oh! Sad is the Heart..... 279
Coriolanus 280
I have a Rose 284
With snowy Sail..... 285
Farewell to thee, thou Sunny Isle 286
When first I loved Thee 288
My Own Land..... 289
Our Early Love..... 290
Harsh Scorn 291
Thou art gone like a Shadow..... 293
In Childhood's Bright Hours 294
I would I were the slight Fern growing..... 295
Oh, Erin! Sweet Erin! 296
They bid me raise my heavy Eyes..... 297
Long Ago..... 298
To R. B. S.—At Madras..... 300
Chatelar's Farewell 303
A Dream of Erin 304
Allan Percy 309
Prayer—Morning 311
Evening 312
The Broken Heart—From the German..... 314
The Power of Music..... 318

Digitized by Google

PAGE
The Echo 320
Adventures of a Wood-Sprite 322
The Story of Blanche and Brutikin 330
The Little Wanderers 345
Lament of the Poet Savage 348
Summer's Gone 353
Song of the Irish Peasant Wife 355
To Lady Graham—On New Year's Day 357
On Reading an Old Letter 359
Mona Water 363
Lines—On seeing Mr. Landseer's Picture of the Death of the Stag 368
Lines 373
Christmas 375
On the Death of Sir Walter Scott 382

Digitized by Google

THE UNDYING ONE.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

THE UNDYING ONE.

CANTO I.

Moonlight is o'er the dim and heaving sea,—
  Moonlight is on the mountain's frowning brow,
And by their silvery fountains merrily
  The maids of Castaly are dancing now.
Young hearts, bright eyes, and rosy lips are there,
  And fairy steps, and light and laughing voices,
Ringing like welcome music through the air—
  A sound at which the untroubled heart rejoices.
But there *are* hearts o'er which that dancing measure
    Heavily falls!
And there are ears to which the voice of pleasure
    Still vainly calls!
There's not a scene on earth so full of lightness
    That withering care
Sleeps not beneath the flowers, and turns their brightness
    To dark despair!
O Earth, dim Earth, thou canst not be our home;
Or wherefore look we still for joys to come?
The fairy steps are flown—the scene is still—
Naught mingles with the murmuring of the rill.
Nay, hush! it is a sound—a sigh—again!
It is a human voice—the *voice of pain.*

Digitized by Google

And beautiful is she, who sighs alone
Now that her young and playful mates are gone:
The dim moon, shining on her statue face,
Gives it a mournful and unearthly grace;
And she hath bent her gentle knee to earth;
  And she hath raised her meek sad eyes to heaven—
As if in such a breast sin could have birth,
  She clasps her hands, and sues to be forgiven.
Her prayer is over; but her anxious glance
  Into the blue transparency of night
Seems as it fain would read the book of chance,
  And fix the future hours, dark or bright.
A slow and heavy footstep strikes her ear—
What ails the gentle maiden?—Is it fear?
Lo! she hath lightly raised her from the ground,
And turn'd her small and stag-like head around;
Her pale cheek paler, and her lips apart,
Her bosom heaving o'er her beating heart:
And see, those thin white hands she raises now
To press the throbbing fever from her brow—
In vain—in vain! for never more shall rest
Find place in that young, fair, but erring breast!
He stands before her now—and who is he
Into whose outspread arms confidingly
She flings her fairy self?—Unlike the forms
That woo and win a woman's love—the storms
Of deep contending passions are not seen
Darkening the features where they once have been,
Nor the bright workings of a generous soul,
Of feelings half conceal'd, explain the whole.
But there is something words cannot express—
A gloomy, deep, and quiet fixedness;
A recklessness of all the blows of fate—
A brow untouch'd by love, undimm'd by hate—

Digitized by Google

As if, in all its stores of crime and care,
Earth held no suffering now for *him* to bear.
Yes—all is passionless—the hollow cheek
Those pale thin lips shall never wreathe with smiles;
Ev'n now, 'mid joy, unmoved and sad they speak
In spite of all his Linda's winning wiles.
Yet can we read, what all the rest denies,
That he *hath* feelings of a mortal birth,
In the wild sorrow of those dark bright eyes,
Bent on that form—his one dear link to earth.
He loves—and he is loved! then what avail
The scornful words which seek to brand with shame?
Or bitterer still, the wild and fearful tale
Which couples guilt and horror with that name?
What boots it that the few who know him shun
To speak or eat with that unworthy one?
Were all their words of scorn and malice proved,
It matters not—*he loves and he is loved!*

* * * * * *
* * * * * *

"Linda! *my* Linda!" thus the silence broke,
And slow and mournfully the stranger spoke,
"Seat we ourselves upon this mossy bed,
Where the glad airs of heaven wave o'er thy head,
And thou shalt hear the awful tale which ne'er
Hath yet been breathed, save *once*, to mortal ear.
And if, my Linda—nay, love, tremble not—
Thou shudder'st to partake so dark a lot—
Go—and be happy in forgetfulness,
And take—I'd bless thee if my tongue *could* bless."
There was that sudden sinking of the tone
That lingers in our memory when alone,
And thrills the heart to think how deep the grief
Which sues no pity—looks for no relief.

Digitized by Google

Oh! deep beyond the feeble power of tears,
Such scene will dwell within our souls for years;
And it will seem but yesterday we heard
The faltering pause—the calm but broken word;
Saw the averted head, where each blue vein
Swell'd in its agony of mental pain;
And heard the grief confess'd:—no, not confess'd,
But struggling burst convulsive from the breast!
"Isbal," that gentle voice half-murmuring said,
As from his shoulder she upraised her head;
"Thou knowest I love thee. When I came to-night
I had resolved thy future, dark or bright,
Should still be mine—Beloved—so must it be,
For I have broke a fearful vow for thee.
This morning he who calls himself my brother
(Oh! can he be the child of my sweet mother?)
Pleaded once more for him—that hated friend
Whose bride I was to be; I could but bend
To the cold earth my faint and trembling knee,
And supplicate, with woman's agony,
That he would spare me—but an hour—a day—
I clasp'd my brother's knees—that brother said me nay!
He held a poniard to my shrinking heart,
And bade me breathe the vow—
Never in life or death from *him* to part
Who is—my husband now.
Isbal, we were betrothed; my lips in fear
Pronounced those words—but oh! my heart was *here*—
Here—in the calm cold moonlight, by thy side,
Here—where the dark blue waters gently glide,
Here in my childhood's haunts, *now* ev'n more dear
Than in those happy days, for *thou* art near,
Yes—while the unheeded vow my faint lip spoke,
Recall'd the echo which thy tones awoke—

Digitized by Google

Thy image rose between me and the shrine;
Surely the vow before it breathed was *thine.*
To-morrow's sun proud Carlos claims his wife;
To-morrow's sun shall see my span of life.
Devoted unto thee—thy tale can make
No lot I would not share for thy sweet sake;
No—Ere I hear it, let love's fond vow be—
To have no earth—no heaven—no hope but *thee!*
Now tell me all."—Again that gentle head
With dewy eyes and flushing cheek is laid
Upon his arm; and with a thrill of pain
The broken thread is thus renew'd again:
"From the first hour I saw thee, on that night,
When dancing in the moonbeam's chequer'd light
With those young laughing ones who now are gone,
By this same fountain which is murmuring on;
When my deep groan burst through the music's sound,
And that soft eye went glancing, startled, round—
From that sweet hour, when pity seem'd to move,
I loved thee—as the wretched only love.
Oft since, when in the darkness of my day
I sit, and dream my wretched life away;
In the deep silence of my night of tears,
When Memory wakes to mourn for vanish'd years;
Shunn'd—scorn'd—detested—friendless and alone,
I've thought of *thee*—and stifled back my groan!
I've come in daylight, and have flung me down
By the bright fountain's side,
Chased with dear thoughts of thee each gloomy frown,
And bless'd my promised bride.
I've come when stormy winds have howl'd around
Over the yielding flowers,
Bending their gentle heads unto the ground,
And thought of thee for hours.

Digitized by Google

I've come—my Linda *knows* that I have come
When the soft starlight told
That she had left her haughty brother's home,
And hearts, as dead and cold
As the chill waters of a moonless sea,
For the light dance and music's revelry
With gay and loving maids; and I have watch'd
Till one by one those soft steps have departed,
And my young mournful Linda hath been snatch'd
To the sear bosom of the broken-hearted
Linda, there is a land—a far, dark land,
Where on this head the red avenging hand
Fell with its heaviest bolts—When watching by
The bitter cross of Him of Calvary,
They stood who loved and did believe in Him,
I said, while all around grew dark and dim—"
"Isbal, dear Isbal!" shriek'd the affrighted maid,
"For that dear Saviour's sake—for him who said
He died for sinners—mock me not, I pray—
Oh! yet, beloved, those words of Death unsay!"
She hung upon his bosom, and look'd up
Into those dark wild eyes with grief and fear.
Alas! poor maiden, 'twas a bitter cup
To drink from hands which love had made so dear.

As a knell o'er the river
Flings its lingering tone,
Telling of joys for ever
Lost and gone:
As the murmuring sound
Of a slow deep stream,
Where the sullen shadows round
Reject each sunny beam:

So o'er the maiden's spirit, like a moan,
Falls the deep sameness of that strange calm tone.

Digitized by Google

* * * * * *
* * * * * *

"I tell thee centuries have pass'd away,
And that dark scene is still like yesterday;
The lurid clouds roll'd o'er each failing head,
The Godlike dying, and the guilty dead:
And awful signs were seen, and I was there—
Woman, I *was*—or wherefore my despair?
I'll whisper thee— * * *
* * * * * *

Linda, my Linda! start not thus away—
My brain is 'wilder'd—what, love, did I say?
Forget the words—*forget!* Eternal God!
Is not this earth the same which *then* I trod?
Do not the stars gleam coldly from above,
Mocking the lips that dare to talk of love?
I know—I feel it cannot be forgot,
Yet, oh! forsake me not—forsake me not!
Didst thou not bid me tell thee all? oh! rest
Still on this worn and sad and guilty breast;
Whatever sins the eye of Heaven may see,
Its last faint throb alone will end its love for thee!
* * * * * *
* * * * * *

I stood awhile, stifling my gasping breath,
Fearfully gazing on that scene of death:
Then with a shuddering groan of pain I shrouded
My straining eyes, and turn'd, a cowering worm,
To either side where grimly death had clouded
The image of his maker in man's form.
On one low cross a dark and fearful brow,
On which the dews of death are standing now,
Shows black despair:
And on the other, though the eye be dim,

Digitized by Google

And quivering anguish in each stiffening limb,
Mercy and hope are there!
Then rose the wailing sound of woman's woe
Appealing unto Heaven,
And sinners bow'd their heads, and bent them low,
And howl'd to be forgiven—
And *I* glanced madly round—One after one
They stole away, and I was left alone—
I—*the Undying One*,—in that dim night!
Oh! words can never tell my soul's affright;
The sickening, thrilling, dark, and fainting fear
That rose within my breast:—I seem'd to hear
A thousand voices round; I could not pray,
But fled in solitary shame away.

* * * * * *

* * * * * *

Linda! thou wilt not think that after this
Dark hour of agony,
A day, a moment ev'n, of fever'd bliss
Could yet remain for me:
But so it was; a wild and sudden hope
Sprung in my heart—if that my life could cope
With sickness and with time, I yet might be
Happy through half an immortality.
I sat at festal boards, and quaff'd red wine,
And sang wild songs of merriment and mirth;
And bade young sparkling eyes around me shine,
And made a guilty paradise of earth.
I built me palaces, and loved to dwell
'Mongst all which most the eager heart rejoices;
Bright halls, where silvery fountains rose and fell,
And where were ringing light and cheerful voices;
Gay gardens where the bowery trees around
Their leafy branches spread,

Digitized by Google

And rosy flowers upon the mossy ground
Their honey'd perfume shed.
But yet the curse was on me; and it came
Tainting my life with pains like hell's dark flame.
The flowers withered:
One after one
Death's cold hand gathered,
Till all were gone:
And the eyes that were sparkling
With pleasure's ray,
Lay cold and darkling
Till judgment-day.
Lonely and weeping
A few were left,
Of those who were sleeping
Too soon bereft;
But *they* soon were lying
Beneath the sod—
And I, the Undying,
Remained—with God!
And the silvery fountains went murmuring on,
But the voices of music and pleasure were gone.
And I could not bear the banquet-room,
Reminding me ever of my doom;
When the purple goblet I tried to quaff,
In my ear there rang some forgotten laugh;
And when the lay I sought to pour,
Voices came round me which sang no more.
Yea! when I saw some lovely form,
I thought how soon it must feed the worm—
And shrank from the touch it left behind,
As if I were not of human kind;
Or that the thing I could not save
Were withering, *then*, in the cold dark grave.

Digitized by Google

I wandered through my halls
Broken-hearted ;—
Is it my voice which calls
On the departed,
With that stern sad tone ?
Where are, beloved in vain,
Your countless numbers ?
May you not wake again
From your dark slumbers ?
Am I to be alone ?
Oh ! let but *one* return—
One fond one only ;
Raise up the heavy urn,
Life is so lonely—
I ask no more of Heaven.
The mocking echoes round,
My words repeating
With their dim dreary sound,
Forbid our meeting—
I may not be forgiven !
Linda ! my Linda ! those, and those alone
Who have lived on, when more than life was gone ;
And being yet young, look to the heavy years
Which are to come—a future all of tears—
Those only who have stood in some bright spot
With those beloved ones who shared their lot,
And stand again in that sweet fairy scene,
When those young forms are as they had not been ;
When gazing wildly round, some fancied word
Strikes on the listening spirit, and it seems
As if again those gentle tones were heard
Which never more can sound except in dreams—
Those only who have started and awoke
In anguish'd pain,

Digitized by Google

And yearn'd (the gladsome vision being broke)
To dream again—
Can feel for *me*. It seemed a little day
In which that generation pass'd away;
And others rose up round me, and they trod
In those same streets—upon the self-same sod
They love dand were beloved: they ate—they laugh'd—
And the rich grape from ancient goblets quaff'd:
But I remain'd alone—a blighted thing,
Like one sear leaf amid the flowers of spring!
My sick worn heart refused to cling again
To dreams that pass away, and yearnings vain.
Thou canst not think how strange—how horribly strange
It was to see all round me fade and change,
And I remain the same!—I sat within
My halls of light, a thing of care and sin;
The echoes gave me back the wild sad tone
Of every deep and solitary moan;
Fearful I gazed on the bright walls around,
And dash'd the mocking mirrors to the ground.
And when I wander'd through the desert crowd
Of all my fellow-men, I could have bow'd
And grovell'd in the dust to him who would
Have struck my breast, to slay me where I stood.
They shrank from me as from some venomous snake
Watchfully coil'd to spring from the dark brake
On the unwary. Fearful—fearful tales
Pass'd on from sire to son, link'd with my name,
With all the awful mystery which veils
A tale of guilt, and deepens its dark shame.
They shrank from me, I say, as, gaunt and wild,
I wander'd on through the long summer's day;
And every mother snatch'd her cowering child
With horror from my solitary way!

Digitized by Google

I fled from land to land, a hunted wretch;
From land to land those tales pursued me still:
Across the wide bright sea there seem'd to stretch
A long dark cloud my fairest hopes to kill.
I grew a wanderer: from Afric's coast,
Where gaily dwelt the yet unfetter'd black,
To Iran, of her eager sons the boast,
I went along my dim and cheerless track,
O'er the blue Mediterranean, with its isles
And dancing waves, and wildly pleasing song,
By Lusitania's land of sun and smiles,
My joyless bark in darkness sail'd along!
On many a soil my wandering feet have trod,
And heard the voice of nations worship God.
Where the dim-minded Heathen raised his prayer
To some bright spirit dwelling in mid-air,
I have stood by, and cursed the stiffen'd knee
Which would not bow like him to Deity.
Where the proud Ghebir, still at morning hour,
Confess'd a God of glory and of power
In the red sun that roll'd above his head,
There have I been, and burning tear-drops shed.
Where the Mahometan, through ages gone,
In his dark faith hath blindly wander'd on;
Where the incredulous Jew, yet unforgiven,
Still vainly waits the crucified of Heaven;
Where the meek Christian raises to the skies
His clasping hands, and his adoring eyes,
And prays that God—the All-seeing God—will bless
His heart with purity of holiness;
Where rosy infancy in smiles was kneeling,
With murmuring, half-imperfect word, appealing
Unto the giver of all good—where joy
Its tearful thanks return'd, and bless'd the day

Digitized by Google

When should be tasted bliss which cannot cloy,
And tears in heaven's own light be dried away;
And where the frantic voice of love's despair
Sends forth its thrilling sound, half wail, half prayer;
In every temple, and at every shrine
I've stood and wish'd the darkest worship mine—
So I might see, howe'er the beam mistaking,
Some smile from Heaven upon a heart that's breaking!

"'Twas on God's glad and holy sabbath day,
When the wide world kneels down at once to pray,—
When every valley, every mountain sod,
Sends its faint tribute to the mighty God.
And the low murmurings of the voiceless airs
Waft on the echo of a thousand prayers—
I stood on England's fresh and fairy ground,
All lay in dewy stillness far around,
Save the soft chiming of the village bell,
Which seem'd a tale of love and peace to tell.
I stood among the tombs—and saw the crowd
Of Christians enter in;
Each meek and humble head they gently bow'd,
And chased the thoughts of sin,
I watch'd them—one by one they onward pass'd
And from my sight were gone,
The welcome opening door received the last,
And left me there alone.
The blood rush'd thickly to my panting heart,
And as I turn'd me sorrowing to depart,
An inward voice seem'd whispering—'Sinner, go!
And with those meek adorers bend thee low.'
I trembled—hesitated—reach'd the door
Through which the pious crowd had ceased to pour:

Digitized by Google

A sudden faintness came upon me there,
And the relaxing limb refused to bear.
I sank upon a stone, and laid my head
Above the happy and unconscious dead;
And when I rose again, the doors were closed!
In vain I then my fearful thoughts opposed;
Some busy devil whisper'd at my heart
And tempted me to evil—'Shall the dart
Of pain and anguish (thus I wildly said)
Fall only on my persecuted head?
Shall *they* kneel peaceful down, and I stand here
Oppress'd with horror's sick and fainting fear?
Forbid it, Powers of Hell!'—A lowly cot
Stood near that calm and consecrated spot:
I enter'd it:—the morning sunshine threw
Its warm bright beams upon the flowers that grew
Around it and within it—'twas a place
So peaceful and so bright, that you might trace
The tranquil feelings of the dwellers there;
There was no taint of shame, or crime, or care.
On a low humble couch was softly laid
A little slumberer, whose rosy head
Was guarded by a watch-dog; while I stood
In hesitating, half-repentant mood,
My glance still met his large, bright, watchful eye,
Wandering from me to that sweet sleeper nigh.
Yes, even to that dumb animal I seem'd
A thing of crime; the murderous death-light gleam'd
Beneath my brow; the noiseless step was mine;
I moved with conscious guilt, and his low whine
Responded to my sigh, whose echo fell
Heavily—as 'twere loth within that cot to dwell.
My inmost heart grew sick—I turn'd me where
The smouldering embers of a fire still were;

Digitized by Google

With shuddering hand I snatch'd a brand whose light
Appear'd to burn unnaturally bright;
And then with desperate step I bore that torch
Unto the chapel's consecrated porch!
A moment more that edifice had fired,
And all within in agony expired;
But, dimly swelling through my feverish soul,
A chorus as from heaven's bright chancel came,
Dash'd from my madden'd lips Guilt's venom'd bowl,
And quench'd in bitter tears my heart's wild flame.
The pealing organ, with the solemn sound
Of countless voices, fill'd the air around;
And, as I leant my almost bursting brow
On the cold walls, the words came sad and slow
To me, the exiled one, who might not share
The joyfulness of their ecstatic prayer.
Sadly I watch'd till through the open door
The crowd of worshippers began to pour;
The hour was over—*they* had pray'd to Heaven,
And now return'd to peaceful homes forgiven;
While *I*—one 'wildering glance I gave around
Upon that sunny, consecrated ground;
The warbling birds, whose little songs of joy
The future and the past can ne'er alloy;
The rosy flowers, the warm and welcome breeze
Murmuring gently through the summer trees,
All—all to me was cursed—*I could not die!*
I stretch'd my yearning arms unto the sky,
I press'd my straining fingers on my brow,
(Nothing could cool its maddening pulses now,)
And flung me groaning by a tombstone there,
To weep in my despair!

* * * * * *
* * * * * *

Digitized by Google

Long I had wept: a gentle sound of woe
Struck on my ear—I turn'd the cause to know.
I saw a young fair creature silently
Kneeling beside a stone,
A form as bright as man would wish to see,
Or woman wish to own;
And eyes, whose true expression should be gladness,
Beam'd forth in momentary tears of sadness,
Showing like sunshine through a summer rain
How soon 'twill all be bright and clear again.
I loved her!—
* * * * * *
In truth she was a light and lovely thing,
Fair as the opening flower of early spring.
The deep rose crimson'd in her laughing cheek,
And her eyes seem'd without the tongue to speak;
Those dark blue glorious orbs!—oh! summer skies
Were nothing to the heaven of her eyes.
And then she had a witching art
To wile all sadness from the heart;
Wild as the half-tamed gazelle,
She bounded over hill and dell,
Breaking on you when alone
With her sweet and silvery tone,
Dancing to her gentle lute
With her light and fairy foot;
Or to our lone meeting-place
Stealing slow with gentle pace,
To hide among the feathery fern;
And, while waiting her return,
I wandered up and down for hours—
She started from amid the flowers,
Wild, and fresh, and bright as they,
To wing again her sportive way.

Digitized by Google

"And she was good as she was fair;
Every morn and every even
Kneeling down in meekness there
To the Holy One of Heaven;
While those bright and soul-fraught eyes
With an angel's love seem'd burning,
All the radiance of blue skies
With an equal light returning.
The dream of guilt and misery
In that young soul had never enter'd;
Her hopes of Heaven—her love of me,
Were all in which her heart had centred;
Her longest grief, her deepest woe,
When by her mother's tomb she knelt,
Whom she had lost too young to know
How deep such loss is sometimes felt.

"It was not grief, but soft regret,
Such as, when one bright sun hath set
After a happy day, will come
Stealing within our heart's gay home,
Yet leaves a hope (that heart's best prize)
That even brighter ones may rise.
A tear, for hours of childhood wept;
A garland, wove for her who slept;
A prayer, that the pure soul would bless
Her child, and save from all distress;
A sigh, as clasp'd within her own
She held my hand beside that stone,
And told of many a virtue rare
That shone in her who slumber'd there—
Were all that clouded for a while
The brightness of her sunny smile.

Digitized by Google

* * * * *
* * * * *

It was a mild sweet evening, such
As thou and I have sometimes felt
When the soul feels the scene so much
That even wither'd hearts must melt;
We sat beside that sacred place—
Her mother's tomb; her glorious head
Seem'd brightening with immortal grace,
As the impartial sun-light shed
Its beams alike on the cold grave,
Wandering o'er the unconscious clay,
And on the living eyes which gave
Back to those skies their borrow'd ray.
'Isbal, beloved!' 'twas thus my Edith spoke,
(And my worn heart almost to joy awoke
Beneath the thrill of that young silver tone:)
'Isbal, before thou call'st me all thine own,
I would that I might know the whole
Of what is gloomy in thy soul.
Nay, turn not on me those dark eyes
With such wild anguish and surprise.
In spite of every playful wile,
Thou know'st I never see thee smile;
And oft, when, laughing by thy side,
Thou think'st that I am always gay,
Tears which are hanging scarcely dried
By thy fond kiss are wiped away.
And deem me not a child; for though
A gay and careless thing I be,
Since I have loved, I feel that, oh!
I could bear aught—do aught for thee!'

Digitized by Google

"What boots it to record each gentle tone
Of that young voice, when ev'n the tomb is gone
By which we sat and talk'd? that innocent voice,
So full of joy and hope, that to rejoice
Seem'd natural to those who caught the sound!
The rosy lips are moulder'd under ground:
And she is dead—the beautiful is dead!
The loving and the loved hath pass'd away,
And deep within her dark and narrow bed
All mutely lies what was but breathing clay.

* * * * * *

* * * * * *

Why did I tell the wildly horrible tale?—
Why did I trust the voice that told me *she*
Could bear to see beyond the lifted veil
A future life of hopeless misery?—
I told her *all*— * * *
There was a long deep pause.
I dared not raise my eyes to ask the cause,
But waited breathlessly to hear once more
The gentle tones which I had loved of yore.
Was *that* her voice?—oh God!—was that her cry?
Were hers those smother'd tones of agony?
Thus she spoke; while on my brow
The cold drops stood as they do now:—
'It is not that I could not bear
The worst of ills with thee to share:
It is not that thy future fate
Were all too dark and desolate:
Earth holds no pang—Hell shows no fear
I would not *try* at least to bear;
And if my heart too weak might be,
Oh! it would then have broke for *thee!*

Digitized by Google

No, not a pang one tear had cost
But this—to see thee, know thee, lost!'

"My parch'd lips strove for utterance—but no,
I could but listen still, with speechless woe:
I stretch'd my quivering arms—'Away! away!'
She cried, 'and let me humbly kneel, and pray
For pardon; if, indeed, such pardon be
For having dared to love—a thing like thee!'

"I wrung the drops from off my brow;
I sank before her, kneeling low
Where the departed slept.
I spoke to her of heaven's wrath
That clouded o'er my desert path,
I raised my voice and wept!
I told again my heart's dark dream,
The lighting of joy's fever'd beam,
The pain of living on;
When all of fair, and good, and bright,
Sank from my path like heaven's light
When the warm sun is gone.
But though 'twas pity shone within her eye,
'Twas mingled with such bitter agony,
My blood felt chill.
Her round arms cross'd upon her shrinking breast,
Her pale and quivering lip in fear compress'd
Of more than mortal ill,
She stood.—'My Edith!—mine!' I frantic cried;
'My Edith!—*mine!*' the sorrowing hills replied;
And the familiar sound so dear erewhile,
Brought to her lip a wild and ghastly smile.

Digitized by Google

Then gazing with one long, long look of love,
She lifted up her eyes to heaven above,
And turned them on me with a gush of tears:
Those drops renew'd my mingled hopes and fears.
'Edith!—oh! hear me!' With averted face
And outspread arms she shrank from my embrace.
'Away!—away!—She bent her shuddering knee,
Bow'd her bright head—and Edith ceased to be.
She was so young, so full of life,
I linger'd o'er the mortal strife
That shook her frame, with hope—how vain!
Her spirit might return again.
Could she indeed be gone?—the love
Of my heart's inmost core:—I strove
Against the truth.—That thing of smiles,
With all her glad and artless wiles—
She, who one hour ago had been
The fairy of that magic scene!—
She whose fond playful eye such brilliance shed,
That laughter-loving thing—could *she* be cold and dead?
I buried her, and left her there;
And turn'd away in my despair.

"And Evening threw her shadows round
That beautiful and blessed ground,
And all the distant realms of light
Twinkled from out the dark blue night.
So calmly pure—so far away
From all Earth's sorrows and her crimes,
The gentle scene before me lay;
So like the world of olden times,
That those who gazed on it might swear
Nothing but peace could enter there.

Digitized by Google

And yet *there* lay ungrown, untrod,
The fresh and newly turned-up sod,
Which cover'd o'er as fair a form
As ever fed the noxious worm.
There, but an hour ago—yea, less,
The agony and bitterness
Of human feelings, wrought so high
We can but writhe awhile and die,
Troubled the peace around; and sent
Wild shrieks into the firmament.
How strange the earth, *our* earth, should share
So little in our crime or care!
The billows of the treacherous main
Gape for the wreck, and close again
With dancing smiles, as if the deep
Had whelm'd not with eternal sleep
Many and many a warm young heart
Which swell'd to meet, and bled to part.
The battle plain its verdant breast
Will show in bright and sunny rest,
Although its name is now a word
Through sobs, and moans, and wailing heard;
And many mourn'd for from afar,
There died the writhing death of war.
Yea, even the stream, by whose cool side
Lay those who thirsted for its tide,
Yearning for some young hand of yore,
Wont in bright hours with smiles to pour
The mantling wine for him whose blood
Is mixing with the glassy flood—
Ev'n *that* pure fountain gushes by
With all its former brilliancy;
Nor bears with it one tint to show
How crimson it began to flow.

Digitized by Google

And thus an echo takes the tone
Of agony: and when 'tis gone,
Air, earth, and sea forget the sound,
And all is still and silent round.
And thus upon each cherish'd grave
The sunbeams smile, the branches wave;
And all our tears for those who now are not,
Sink in the flowery turf—and are forgot!

* * * * *
* * * * *

And I returned again, and yet again,
To that remember'd scene of joy and pain:
And ev'n while sitting by the early tomb
Of her who had deserved a better doom,
Her laughing voice rang in my ear,
Her fairy step seem'd coming near,
And I half heard her gay replies;
Until I raised my heavy eyes:
Then on the lone and desert spot I bow'd,
And hid my groaning head, and wept aloud."

The stranger paused—and Linda gently wept
For him who lived in pain—for her who slept:
And clung to him, as if she fear'd that fate
Would strike him there and leave her desolate.
He spoke—and deaf her ear to all below,
Save the deep magic of that voice of woe!

Digitized by Google

THE UNDYING ONE.

CANTO II.

"Years passed away in grief—and I forswore,
For her dear sake whose heart could feel no more,
The sweetness and the witchery of love,
Which round my spirit such deep charm had wove:
And the dim twilight, and the noonday sky,
The fountain's music, the rich brilliancy
Of Nature in her summer—all became
To me a joyless world—an empty name—
And the heart's beating, and the flush'd fond thought
Of human sympathy, no longer brought
The glow of joy to this o'er-wearied breast,
Where hope like some tired pilgrim sank to rest.
The forms of beauty which my pathway cross'd
Seem'd but dim visions of my loved and lost,
Floating before me to arouse in vain
Deep yearnings for what might not come again,
Tears without aim or end, and lonely sighs,
To which earth's echoes only gave replies.

* * * * * *

* * * * * *

And I departed—once again to be
Roaming the desert earth and trackless sea:

Digitized by Google

Amongst men; but not with them: still alone
Mid crowds, unnamed—unnoticed and unknown.
I wander'd on—and the loud shout went forth
Of Liberty, from all the peopled world,
Like a dark watch-word breathing south and north
Where'er the green turf grew, or billow curl'd;
And when I heard it, something human stirr'd
Within my miserable breast, and lo!
With the wild struggling of a captive bird,
My strong soul burst its heavy chain of woe.
I rose and battled with the great and brave,
Dared the dark fight upon the stormy wave.—
From the swarth climes, where sunshine loves to rest,
To the green islands of the chilly west,
Where'er a voice was raised in Freedom's name,
There sure and swift my eager footstep came.
And bright dreams fired my soul—How sweet will be
To me the hour of burning victory!
When the oppressor ceaseth to oppress,
And this sad name the tortured nations bless;
When tyranny beneath my sword shall bend,
And the freed earth shall turn and own me for her friend.

* * * * * *
* * * * * *

Where Rome's proud eagle, which is now a name,
Spread forth its wings of glory to the sky,
And young warm hearts, that dreamt of deathless fame,
Woke from that dream to gaze around and die:
Where the pale crescent gleam'd athwart the cloud
Of men array'd to perish in their pride:
And the harsh note of war rang wild and loud
To urge the course of that impetuous tide:
Where Spain's dark banner o'er the castle walls
Heavily floats upon the mournful breeze—

Digitized by Google

And firmly sad the measured footstep falls
  Of him who dreams of home in scenes like these:
Where steep'd in bitter tears and guiltless blood,
  The lily flag of France droops sadly down:
Where England's lion o'er the heaving flood
  Boastfully flutters in its proud renown:
Ev'n where her sister island dimly rears
  (Though all the freshness from its hue be gone)
Her verdant standard from a land of tears,
  While there are winds in heaven to waft it on:—
'Neath these, and many more than these, my arm
  Hath wielded desperately the avenging steel—
And half exulting in the awful charm
  Which hung upon my life—forgot to feel!

"I fought and conquer'd—and when all was done
How fared misfortune's persecuted son?
The dim days pass'd away and left me lone;
The tyrant and the slave alike were gone.
The indignant eyes that flash'd their wrath afar—
The swords that glitter'd through the cloudy war—
The swelling courage of the manly breast—
The iron hand whose strength the weak oppress'd—
The shouting voices in the deadly fray—
The jest and song that made ev'n camps seem gay—
The sounds—the forms—the feelings which had made
Those scenes in which my feet so long had stray'd—
Where and what are they now? a bitter dream
Lit by a meteor-like delusive gleam.
Freedom! thou art indeed a dream! a bright
And beautiful—a vision of pure light,
Pour'd on our earth-clad spirits from above—
Where all are equals, and where all is love:

Digitized by Google

But yet no less a dream. Where is the land
Which for the ploughshare hath exchanged the brand,
And been at peace for ever? Is there not
A war with all things in our changeful lot?
A war with Heaven, a war with our own souls,
Where stormily the sea of passion rolls—
Wrecking each better feeling, which doth strain
For liberty—and wrings our hearts to pain?
The war of fallen spirits with their sin,
The terrible war which rageth deep within—
Lo! *there* the cause of all the strife below
Which makes God's world a wilderness of woe.
Ye dream, and dream, and dream from day to day,
And bleed, and fight, and struggle, and decay:
And with high-sounding mockeries beguile
Natures that sink, and sicken all the while.
Whither are the old kings and conquerors gone?
Where are the empires lost—the empires won?
Look—from the classic lands whose fallen pride
Is fain to summon strangers to their side—
Where with weak wail they call themselves oppress'd,
Who, if unchained, would still be slaves at best—
To far across the dim and lonely sea
Where the thrice-conquer'd styles herself "the free:"
How many generations now are passed
Since the first war-cry rose, and when will be the last?
Yet is there freedom in a distant clime,
Where freedom dwelleth to the end of time;
And peace, and joy, and ignorance of fear,
And happiness—but oh! not here! *not* here!
Not in this world of darkness and of graves,
Where the strong govern, and the weak are slaves.
Thou, whose full heart would dream of liberty,
Go out beneath the solitary sky

Digitized by Google

In its blue depth of midnight—stand and gaze
While the stars pour on thee their gentle rays;
And image, if thou canst, unto thy soul
A little part of the most wondrous whole
Of all that lies beyond—*there* no dark strife
Destroys the creatures of the God of Life;
There no ambition to be made more great
Turns the pure love of brothers into hate.
Each hath his place assign'd him like the stars
Up in the silent sky, where nothing wars.

"'Twas on a battle plain,—here in thine own
Sweet land of sunshine, that I paused to mark
The heaps of slaughter'd heroes now o'erthrown,
Whose helpless corpses lay all stripp'd and stark.
'Twas in the time when Moorish blood first mix'd
With haughty Spain's; and on her spotless name
The dint and brand of slavery affix'd;
And blood was spilt to reap eternal shame.
The useless struggle ended on that day,
And round about Grenada's walls there lay
Many and many a brave young bosom, gored
By the rude spear or deeply thrusting sword.
And silence was upon that fatal field,
Save when, to nature's anguish forced to yield,
Some fallen soldier heaved a broken sigh
For his far home, and turn'd him round to die:
Or when the wailing voice of woman told
That her long weary search was not in vain,
And she had found the bosom, stiff and cold,
Where her soft clustering curls had often lain.
'Twas one of these that burst upon my ear
While watching on that field: the wind-harp's tone

Digitized by Google

Was not more mournful, nor more sweetly clear,
Than was the sound of that sad woman's moan.
Through the dim moonlight I beheld a form—
Her dark brow clouded with grief's passionate storm,
And on her breast an infant calmly slept
Which she would pause to gaze on; and again,
With bitterness renew'd, she loudly wept,
And call'd on its dead father—but in vain!

'My early and my only love, why silent dost thou lie,
When heavy grief is in my heart, and tear-drops in mine eye?
I call thee, but thou answerest not, all lonely though I be:
Wilt thou not burst the bonds of sleep, and rise to comfort me?

'Oh! wake thee—wake thee from thy rest upon the tented field:
This faithful breast shall be at once thy pillow and thy shield;
If thou hast doubted of its truth and constancy before,
Oh! wake thee now, and it will strive to love thee even more.

'If ever we have parted, and I wept thee not as now,
If ever I have seen thee come, and worn a cloudy brow,
If ever harsh and careless words have caused thee pain and woe,
Then sleep, in silence sleep, and I will bow my head and go.

Digitized by Google

'But if through all the vanish'd years whose shadowy
joys are gone,
Through all the changing scenes of life, I thought of thee
alone;
If I have mourn'd for thee when far, and worshipp'd thee
when near,
Then wake thee up, my early love, this weary heart to
cheer!

'Awake! thy baby-boy is here, upon whose soft cheek lie
No tears of grief, save those which fall from his sad
mother's eye;
How, lingering, didst thou gaze on him when we were
forced to part—
Rise up, for he is here again, and press him to thy heart!

'In vain, in vain—I dream of thee and joyous life in vain;
Thou never more shalt rise in strength from off the bloody
plain;
Thou never more shalt clasp thy boy, nor hold me to thy
breast·
Thou hast left us lonely on the earth, and thou art gone
to rest.

'Awake thee, my forsaken boy!—awake, my babe, and
weep;
Art thou less wretched that thy brow no trace of woe can
keep?
Oh! would through life that thou mightst taste no cup
but that of joy,
And I, as now, might weep for both—my boy!—my orphan
boy!'

Digitized by Google

"She paused and raised her dark wild eyes, where bright
In the blue heavens broke the dawning light—
But what to her was day or sunshine now,
All vainly beaming on that pallid brow?
She only felt that never more with him,
In the deep cloudless noon, or moonlight dim,
Her weary feet might wander—that his voice
Should never bid her beating heart rejoice—
That where there had been sunniness and bliss,
Silence and shadows and deep loneliness
Must be her portion—that all days to come
Would rise upon a widow'd heart and home.—
She only felt, while weeping on that spot,
That bright and waking world contain'd *him* not!
She rose as if to go—yet once again
Turn'd back in tears to gaze upon the slain;
And raised her voice of wail, whose tone might ne'er
Awake an echo in that slumbering ear:—

'We shall meet no more on the sunny hill,
Where the lonely wild flower springs and dies;
We shall meet no more by the murmuring rill,
Where the blue cool waters idly rise,
The sunshine and flowers all bright remain
In their lonely beauty, as of yore;
But to *me* 'twill never be bright again—
We shall meet no more! we shall meet no more!

'We shall meet no more in the lighted halls,
Amid happy faces and gay young hearts;
I may listen in vain as each footstep falls,
I may watch in vain as each form departs!

Digitized by Google

'There *are* laughing voices, but thy young tone
Its cheerful greeting hath ceased to pour;
Thy form from the dancing train is gone—
We shall meet no more! we shall meet no more!'

"Such was the scene where first I saw and loved
Xarifa. She was beautiful, but not
By that alone my wither'd heart was moved;
But that long days, unwept though unforgot,
Arose before me, freshly to oppress,
And wring my secret soul to bitterness.
Her sorrow was as mine, and every word
She utter'd in her agony did seem
As if a spirit voice I dimly heard
Speaking of Edith in a weary dream.
And so it was—our tearful hearts did cling
And twine together ev'n in sorrowing;
And we became as one—her orphan boy
Lisp'd the word 'Father' as his dark eyes gazed,
With their expressive glance of timid joy,
Into my face, half pleased and half amazed.
And we did dwell together, calmly fond
With our own love, and not a wish beyond.

"Well, we were happy; and I vainly thought
That happiness so calm might last—but no!
Suns rose, and set, and rose; years came and pass'd,
And brought with them my lot—the lot of woe.
And the boy grew in beauty and in strength,
Rousing my soul to love him more and more—
Till I gazed on that graceful form at length
With a proud worship—and while musing o'er

Digitized by Google

The happy future, half forgot that fate
Had doom'd me ever to be desolate—
That all *I* loved had but a life as frail
As the young flower that woos the summer gale;
And that the hour *must* come, when they would flee
To that far land of peace where was no place for me!
And ev'n before that hour, upon my home
Dark shadows fell from weary day to day;
And where there had been sunniness, was gloom—
And that boy's mother changed and pined away:
In her unquiet eye from year to year
Rose the expression of a restless fear,
And lines, which time had yet forborne to trace,
Were writ by care upon her fading face.
There would she sit, and steal a fearful glance,
Or fix those Moorish eyes as in a trance
Upon my form; and love dwelt still within
That pure fond heart which suffer'd for no sin.
And she would strive my sorrow to beguile,
And start, and wipe away her tears, and smile,
If, gazing in her waking dream, she caught
My eye, and read therein the master thought.
But never through those years did word or sign
Ask for the secret which was wholly mine.
She faded silently as doth the rose,
Which but in death reveals the secret smart,
And faintly smiling, to the last bestows
A balmy perfume from its withering heart.
How often, when I gazed on her, there came
The earnest wish that trembled through my frame,
To rise—to clasp her to my swelling breast,
To falter forth my tale, and be at rest!
When others, whom the laws of Heaven had tied,
Wander'd through this world's sunshine side by side;

Digitized by Google

Each beaming face bright as *their* brows above,
With perfect confidence and mutual love—
When I have seen some young heart's feeling rise
And glisten forth from glad and loving eyes;
Or heard the murmur'd words fond lips have spoken
Of faith unchanged and firm, and vows unbroken—
How I have strain'd my clasp'd and quivering hands,
And stretch'd them to the heavens as if in prayer;
Yearning to bow to Nature's strong commands,
And cloud another's life with *my* despair!
But when I thought of Edith—of that hour
When suddenly, and like a storm-scathed flower,
She sank and perish'd, whose dear brightness seem'd
More beautiful than aught my heart had dream'd—
I shrank within myself, and silently
Met the sad glances of her anxious eye.

"Oh Sympathy!—how little do they know,
Who to a fellow heart confide their woe,
Who raise their tearful gaze to see again
Reflected back those drops of summer rain—
How weighs the lid which dares not show its tear,
But weeps in silence, agony, and fear;
And, dying for a glance, must yet disown
The sacred balm of hearts, and writhe alone!
To stifle grief till none but God can see,
Longing the while to say, 'Come, weep with me:
Weep! for the flowers have faded from my path,
The rays of light have left my darken'd sky:
Weep! for thy tear is all the wanderer hath,
Whose lone despair would bid him groan—and die:'
Thus—thus to shrink from every outstretch'd hand,
To strive in secret, and alone to stand;

Digitized by Google

Or, when obliged to mingle with the crowd,
Curb the pain'd lip which quiveringly obeys—
Gapes wide with sudden laughter, vainly loud,
Or writhes a faint slow smile to meet their gaze—
This—*this* is hell! The soul which dares not show
The barbed sorrow which is rankling there,
Gives way at length beneath its weight of woe,
Withers unseen, and darkens to despair!

"One eve at spring-tide's close we took our way,
When eve's last beams in soften'd glory fell,
Lighting her faded form with sadden'd ray,
And the sweet spot where we so loved to dwell.
Faintly and droopingly she sat her down
By the blue waters of the Guadalquivir;
With darkness on her brow, but yet no frown,
Like the deep shadow on that silent river.
She sat her down, I say, with face upturn'd
To the dim sky, which daylight was forsaking,
And in her eyes a light unearthly burn'd—
The light which spirits give whose chains are breaking!
And, as she gazed, her low and tremulous voice
In murmuring sweetness did address the earth,
With mournful rapture, which makes none rejoice;
And gladness, which to sorrow doth give birth.

'The spring! I love the spring! for it hath flowers,
And gaily plumaged birds, and sapphire skies,
And sleeping sunshine, and soft cooling showers,
And shadowy woods where weary daylight dies.
And it hath dancing waters, where the sun,
With an enamour'd look at the light waves,

Digitized by Google

Doth lull himself to rest when day is done,
And sinks away behind their rocky caves.

'I love the spring, for it hath many things
In earth and air that mind me of old days;
Voices and laughter and light murmurings
Borne on the breeze that through the foliage plays;
And sounds that are not words, of human joy
From the deep bosom of the shelter'd wood;
Woods dimm'd by distance, where, half pleased, half coy,
The maiden chides her broken solitude.

'The spring of youth!—how like to nature's spring,
When its light pleasures all have pass'd away,
Are the dim memories which that word can bring,
Wringing the heart that feels its own decay!
The half-forgotten charm of many a scene
Coming confusedly athwart the brain;
The wandering where our former steps have been
With forms that may not wander there again;—

'Murmurings and voices where some single tone
Thrills for a moment, and forgets to sound;
Yearnings for all that now is past and gone,
And vain tears sinking in the mossy ground:—
Oh! this is all, and more than all, which stays
To mock us with the sunshine of past years;
And those spring shadows on our autumn days
Cast their dim gloom, and turn our smiles to tears!'

"She paused—and on the river bent her glance,
As if she loved to see the waters dance,

Digitized by Google

And dash their silver sparkles on the shore
In mockery of Ocean's giant roar.
And a half smile lit up that pallid brow,
As, casting flowers upon the silent stream,
She watch'd the frail sweet blossoms glide and go
Like human pleasures in a blissful dream.
And then, with playful force she gently flung
Small shining pebbles from the river's brink,
And o'er the eddying waters sadly hung,
Pleased, and yet sorrowful, to see them sink.
'And thus,' she said, 'doth human love forget
Its idols—some sweet blessings float away,
Follow'd by one long look of vain regret,
As they are slowly hastening to decay;
And some with sullen plunge, do mock our sight,
And suddenly go down into the tomb,
Startling the beating heart, whose fond delight
Chills into tears at that unlook'd-for doom.
And there remains no trace of them, save such
As the soft ripple leaves upon the wave;
Or a forgotten flower, whose dewy touch
Reminds us some are withering in the grave!
When all is over, and she is but dust
Whose heart so long hath held thy form enshrined;
When I go hence, as soon I feel I must,
Oh! let my memory, Isbal, haunt thy mind.
Not for myself—oh! not for *me* be given
Vain thoughts of vain regret, though that were sweet,
But for the sake of that all-blissful Heaven,
Where, if thou willest it, we yet may meet.
When in thy daily musing thou dost bring
Those scenes to mind, in which I had a share;
When in thy nightly watch thy heart doth wring
With thought of me—oh! murmur forth a prayer!

Digitized by Google

A prayer for me—for thee—for all who live
Together, yet asunder in one home—
Who their soul's gloomy secret dare not give,
Lest it should blacken all their years to come.
Yes, Isbal, yes; to *thee* I owe the shade
That prematurely darkens on my brow;
And never had my lips a murmur made—
But—but that—see! the vision haunts me now!
She pointed on the river's surface, where
Our forms were pictured seated side by side;
I gazed on them, and hers was very fair,
And mine—was as thou seest it *now*, my bride.
But hers, though fair, was fading—wan and pale
The brow whose marble met the parting day.
Time o'er her form had thrown his misty veil,
And all her ebon curls were streak'd with grey:
But mine was youthful—yes! such youth as glows
In the young tree by lightning scathed and blasted—
That, joyless, waves its black and leafless boughs
On which spring showers and summer warmth are wasted.
The lines upon my brow were those of age;
The hollow cheek might speak of time or woe;
But all the rest was as in life's first stage—
The tangled curls without one touch of snow.
Oh! wherefore do I thus describe old times?
Am I not here—the same accursed thing,
Stamp'd with the brand of darkness for my crimes—
Never to die—but ever withering?

"Yes—yes—it is of *her* that I would tell.
She turn'd, as from my lips a murmur fell,

Digitized by Google

Half curse, half groan—and with a gentle look
Of angel love and pity thus she spoke:—

'Isbal, forgive me, if a bitter thought
This first, last time hath to thy heart been brought
By her who loved thee, ev'n in doubt and dread,
Better than aught, save him—the early dead!
Forgive me! for I would not pass from earth
With one dark thought, which may have had its birth
Unknown to thee; nor leave thee till I've said—
(Chide not these tears, which weakness makes me shed)—
Till I have said—and truth is on my tongue—
How fervently my heart to thine hath clung:
How I have shrunk, yet sought thy dear caress;
How I have feared—but never loved thee less:
How I have smiled for thee,—with thee, unbid,
While quivering tears rose 'neath the swelling lid—
And still kept silence when I would have spoken
For fear that seal'd-up fountain should be broken.
How I have—Isbal—Isbal—when I'm gone,
And thou hast nothing left to smile upon;
Remember—'tis a weak, a foolish prayer—
But *do* remember how I tried to bear
That worst of human pangs, a breaking heart,
And never let thee know how deep the smart!
Remember, that I never sought to know
The secret source of thy mysterious woe;
Nor ask'd why 'midst all changing things—unmoved
Thou—thou—(I tremble—heed it not, beloved!)—
Unmoved thou hast remained—Oh, Isbal, pray;
For dark the fear that clouds my parting day.
And though the word be vain—the time be pass'd,
Remember—I have loved thee to the last!'

Digitized by Google

She ceased, and strove my hand in hers to keep:
She wept not *then*—she was too weak to weep—
But with a faint fond gaze, half awe, half love,
Like an embodied prayer,—she look'd above.
And I—I would have told her *then*—that tale
The dream of which had turn'd her soft cheek pale,
And sent her to her grave—but she refused.
'Isbal, thy confidence is not abused:
If thou art sinful, let me know it not;
If thou hast sorrow'd, let it be forgot:
The past is nothing now, and I would die
Without one thought which may not soar on high.'

"And she *did* droop and die, and pass away,
Leaving her memory, and that youthful son
Who sorrow'd for a while and then was gay,
And spoke in smiles of that lamented one.
Happy! for *him* the present bore no sting,
The past no agonies:—the future rose,
Bright as the colours of an angel's wing,
Too far from earth to darken with its woes.
And he was form'd to love the haunts of men,
And to be fervently beloved again;
Firm, but yet gentle—fearless, but not bold—
Gay with the young, and tender to the old;
Scorning the heart where dark distrust was shown,
Because no treachery ever stain'd his own;
Ardent in love, but yet no-ways inclined
To sue wherever beauty sate enshrined:—
Such was my orphan care, and I became
Proud of Abdallah's father's blessed name.
Glad were the youths in whom fond friends could spy
Abdallah's graceful mien and daring eye:

Digitized by Google

Fondly the aged hail'd their favourite boy
With faltering words of mingled praise and joy;
Nor less the fair and fairy ones adored
The eloquent of tongue, and swift of sword.
And, from the many beautiful, he chose
One that might share in peace his evening's close;
There might be others fairer—but she was
So young—so meek—so feminine—applause,
And pride, and admiration, and the wild
Half worship which we pay earth's erring child—
All the tumultuous brain and bosom's stir
Sank into tenderness at sight of *her*.
You could not gaze on her, nor wish to shield
That shrinking form and gentle head from harm.
No borrow'd art could light or lustre yield,
But every bright addition spoil'd a charm.

"Their bridal day—their bridal day—it is
A day to be remember'd, deep within
The gloomy caves where dwells the foe of bliss,
And sends his fiends to tempt man on to sin.
The hall was bright with many-colour'd lamps;
The air was peopled with soft happy sounds;
And, careless of the dewy midnight damps,
Young feet were twinkling in the moonlit grounds:
The purple wine was mantling in the cup,
And flashing its rich hue upon *their* brows,
Who bent with eager lips to quaff it up,
And add their laughter to the loud carouse:
The merry jest—the superstitious tale—
The random question, and the tart reply,
Rang on in murmurings confused—till pale
The moonlight waned, and left the dawning sky.

Digitized by Google

The light dance ceased—by lips as sweet as thine
The word of fond farewell was slowly said;
Many departed—many sank supine,
With folded arms beneath each heavy head.
But still, with every lingering tardy guest
The brimming wine-cup circled as before:
And still went round the oft-repeated jest,
Which with impatient glance the bridegroom bore.
There was a traveller, who chanced to be
Invited with this joyous company;
And he was telling of the wondrous sights—
The popular sports—the strange and wild delights
Which in far countries he had heard and seen;
And once in Italy, where he had been,
How in great ruin'd Rome he heard a strange
Wild horrible tale of one who, for a crime
Too deadly to relate, might never change,
But live undying to the end of time:
One who had wander'd sadly up and down
Through every sunny land and peopled town,
With Cain's dark sign deep branded on his brow—
A haggard thing of guilt, and want, and woe!—
Breathings that seem'd like sobs, so loud they came
And chokingly from out my trembling frame,
Fill'd up the awful pause which came at length,
As if to give his words more horrid strength.
And every eye turn'd wonderingly and wild
Upon my face, while shudderingly I smiled,
And said, 'It is a fearful tale indeed;
But one that scarce needs daunt ye, since ye are
From the dark fiend whom Heaven such fate decreed,
And Rome's Imperial ruins, distant far.'
More had I said, nor heeded their reply,
But that Abdallah met my glance, and rose;—

Digitized by Google

And on *his* face I fix'd my wandering eye,
Which glared, and glared, and glared, and would not close.
And o'er his eager brow there shot a gleam,
As if but now remembering some dark dream.
And his lips parted—but he did not speak;
And his hand rose, but languidly and weak
Sank down again; while still we gazing stood
Into each other's eyes, as if for food.
I tried to laugh, but hollow in my throat
The gurgling murmur died; and once again
That young arm rose, and on the table smote,
And the slow words came audibly and plain:
While on all sides they fled and left us there,
Guilt, fear, and anguish, battling with despair.
'Arise, accursed! and go forth in peace!
No hand shall harm thee, and no tongue insult;
But 'neath this roof thy unblest voice must cease;
And thy dark sin must meet its dark result.'
I trembled, but obey'd not; from his face
My eyes withdrew, and sank upon the ground:
While standing rooted, helpless, in my place,
I utter'd some half inarticulate sound—
Terms that I scarce remember—all, save *one*,
Utter'd with agony—it was 'My son!'
And well I can recall the look, ev'n now,
Of scorn angelic on his lip and brow;
The cold defiance of his alter'd eye;
The tone that bade me wander forth and die:
Like the bright cherub to his home in hell,
Dooming the first who sinn'd—the first who fell.

'Thy son! I thank kind heaven, whate'er my lot,
That word is false; my father thou art not!

Digitized by Google

My father!—back unto thy place of crime,
Dark fiend, who slew my mother ere her time!
Darest thou remind me by the awful sound,
How a mock link to *thee* that angel bound?
Well can I now explain her gentle look
Of mingled terror, anguish, and rebuke,
As 'neath thy blasting look, from day to day,
Sick of the joyless world, she pined away.
Breathe not the words, she loved thee: true, she loved:
In that *her* virtue, not thine own, is proved.
She loved, because the purity within
Her gentle heart was ignorance of sin.
Praise be to Heaven, she died! I little thought
Such words should to my secret soul be taught;
But I would howl them to the assembled world:
Praise be to Heaven, she died! nor saw thee hurl'd
From out the haunts of men with fear and hate,
Like a wan leper from the city's gate!
Praise be to Heaven, she died! nor saw thee stand
With shrinking quivering form, and nerveless hand—
The cowardice of guilt within thy heart,
And shaking thee!—all devil as thou art!
Go!—The poor leper, scarr'd, and pale, and wan,
And driven groaning from his fellow man;
Trailing his loathsome languid limbs afar,
And gazing back where all his loved ones are—
The loved, who love him not:—oh! he is free
From ill or sadness, when compared with thee.
Though all forsake him as he helpless lies,
  And, straining his dim eyes, doth wonder where
Are those who should watch o'er him as he dies,
  Cool his hot mouth, and soften his despair:
Though in the dust with agony he rolls—
His is the body's plague, and thine, and *thine*—the soul's!'

Digitized by Google

"Bitter the truth, and bitterly I spoke,
When from my lip the first deep murmur broke;
And then to that young heart I made appeal—
That heart which seem'd for all but me to feel:
Till like a torrent my pent words found way,
And thus I raved:—

"'Happy the cottager! for he hath sons
And blue-eyed daughters made for love and mirth;
And many a child whose chasing footstep runs
Around the precincts of his humble hearth.
Borne on the breeze their light-toned laughter comes,
Making glad music in the parents' ear;
And their bright faces light their humble homes,
Brows all unshaded yet by guilt or fear!
And if at length one rosy head bows low,
And prayers are vain from death's dark power to save,
The lessen'd circle meet in mingled woe
To weep together o'er that gentle grave:
And, gazing through their misty tears, they see
(Like the blue opening through the stormy cloud)
Faces where grief was never meant to be,
And eyes whose joy doth mock the sable shroud.
The one link sever'd from that broken chain
Is lost, and they must cling to what is left;
Back to their many loves they turn again,
And half forget of what they were bereft.
But I—I had but thee! I had but thee!
And thou wert precious to my weary heart;
For thee I bow'd the head and bent the knee—
For thee I toil'd till the strong vein would start.
And thou didst pay me then with many a smile,
And broken words by joy-touch'd lips breathed forth;

Digitized by Google

And many a little playful infant wile—
Dear to my soul—to others little worth.
The lip that now hath quiver'd forth its curse,
The shuddering hand that bade my form obey—
The trembling limbs that shrink as if from worse
Than death could threaten to his human prey—
All—all have clung to me, with each fond sign:
The tottering feeble step hath sought my aid:
And oft have gently nestled, close to mine,
The clustering curls of that indignant head!
I am but human, though the tale be true
Which curses me with life, while life may last;
And the long future which doth mock my view,
But makes me cling more closely to the past.
Leave me not!—leave me not!—whate'er I be,
Thou surely shouldst not judge me, nor forsake;
If not by ties of nature bound to thee,
Sure there are other ties man may not break.
Leave me not!—leave me not! I am not changed,
Though thou but now hast heard my tale of sin:
I still can love thee, boy, as when we ranged,
Hand link'd in hand, those pleasant bowers within:
I know that other men will gaze and scoff
As the lone desolate one doth journey on;
I know that human things will cast me off—
But *thou!*—forsake me not—my son!—my son!'

"He shook—the deep sob labour'd in his breast—
Then sprang to me with a convulsive cry;
And, as my head sank on that place of rest,
Mingled with mine hot tears of agony.
And she, his fairy bride—*she* did not shrink,
But clung to me, as if she wish'd to prove,

Digitized by Google

When sorrow's cup is brimming to the brink,
How weak is woman's fear to woman's love!
Oh! naught of *self* is in their gentle hearts.
The things we tempt—and trample when they fall,
Danger and death—the dread that sin imparts,
Sadden, but shake not—they will love through all.
And we return'd, we three, unto our home—
The home that had been ours in peace so long,
And sunshine seem'd upon our hearts to come,
As that young bride pour'd forth her evening song.

"The morning dawn'd, and glad I wander'd out
Where the young flowers hung clustering about:
And a rich wreath I wove for her who slept,
Where nature's pearly drops still freshly wept.
That dark blue morning brighten'd into day—
But none came forth—oh! where, my heart, were they?
I sought them in the little shady grove,
Where their young lips first learn'd to breathe of love;
I sought them by the fountain's playful stream,
Where they were wont of happiness to dream;
I call'd them out to breathe the open day—
But none came forth—oh! where, my heart, were they?
That heart beat thick—I enter'd where the couch
Bedeck'd with flowers had woo'd their fond approach;
I gazed around—no sign of life was there;
My voice unanswer'd died upon the air;
The yet unfaded flowers were blooming gay—
But none came forth—oh! where, my heart, were they?
Where were they!—ay, where were they? once again
I sought them, though I felt the search was vain—
Through every well-known path and sunny spot
I sought those truants—but I found them not;

Digitized by Google

And when at length the weary day was done,
I sat me down, and knew I was alone.
Oh! had a sob, a sound, but broke my sleep—
Had I but been allow'd to rise and weep—
Convulsively to strain them, ere they went,
To my chill'd breast; to give my anguish vent;
Methought I could have borne it; but to rise
And glad me in the fresh and waking skies—
To greet the sun with joyfulness,—to wait,
Expecting them, and yet be desolate;
To twine those flowers, and see them fade away
Frail as the hopes that sicken'd with the day;
To groan and listen, and to groan again,
While Echo only answer'd to my pain;
To start from feverish dreams, and breathe unheard
  Loud words of welcome to that vision'd pair;
To listen in my sleep some singing bird,
  And wake and find it was not Zara there;
To stretch my eager arms those forms to bind,
And with redoubled bitterness to find
The shadowy vision gone I loved to trace,
And darkness where had beam'd each youthful face:—
This was my lot—and this I learnt to bear,
And cursed the human links which bound me still to care.

Digitized by Google

THE UNDYING ONE.

CANTO III.

"THERE is a sound the autumn wind doth make
Howling and moaning, listlessly and low:
Methinks that to a heart that ought to break
All the earth's voices seem to murmur so.
The visions that crost
Our path in light—
The things that we lost
In the dim dark night—
The faces for which we vainly yearn—
The voices whose tones will not return—
That low sad wailing breeze doth bring
Borne on its swift and rushing wing.
Have ye sat alone when that wind was loud,
And the moon shone dim from the wintry cloud?
When the fire was quench'd on your lonely hearth,
And the voices were still which spoke of mirth?
If such an evening, tho' but *one*,
It hath been yours to spend alone—
Never,—though years may roll along
Cheer'd by the merry dance and song;
Though you mark'd not that bleak wind's sound before,
When louder perchance it used to roar—

Digitized by Google

Never shall sound of that wintry gale
Be aught to you but a voice of wail!
So o'er the careless heart and eye
The storms of the world go sweeping by;
But oh! when once we have learn'd to weep,
Well doth sorrow his stern watch keep.
Let *one* of our airy joys decay—
Let *one* of our blossoms fade away—
And all the griefs that others share
Seem ours, as well as theirs, to bear:
And the sound of wail, like that rushing wind,
Shall bring all our own deep woe to mind!

"I went through the world, but I paused not now
At the gladsome heart and the joyous brow:
I went through the world, and I stay'd to mark
Where the heart was sore, and the spirit dark:
And the grief of others, though sad to see,
Was fraught with a demon's joy to me!
"I saw the inconstant lover come to take
Farewell of her he loved in better days;
And coldly careless, watch the heart-strings break—
Which beat so fondly at his words of praise.
She was a faded, painted, guilt-bow'd thing,
Seeking to mock the hues of early spring,
When misery and years had done their worst
To wither her away. The big tears burst
From out her flashing eyes, which turn'd on him
With agony, reproach, and fear, while dim
Each object swam in her uncertain sight,
And nature's glories took the hue of night.
There was, in spite of all her passion's storm,
A wild revolting beauty in her form;

Digitized by Google

A beauty as of sin, when first she comes
To tempt us from our calm and pleasant homes.
Her voice, with the appealing tone it took,
Her soft clear voice, belied her fearless look:
And woman's tenderness seem'd still to dwell
In that full bosom's agonizing swell.
And *he* stood there, the worshipp'd one of years—
Sick of her fondness—angry at her tears;
Choking the loathing words which rose within
The heart whose passion tempted her to sin;
While with a strange sad smile lost hours she mourns,
And prays and weeps, and weeps and prays by turns.
A moment yet he paused, and sigh'd—a sigh
Of deep, deep bitterness; and on his eye
Love's gentle shadow rested for a space—
And faded feelings brighten'd o'er his face.
'Twas but a moment, and he turn'd in wrath
To quench the sunshine on her lonely path.
And his lip curl'd, as on that alter'd cheek
His cold glance rested—while, all faint and weak,
With tearful sad imploring gaze she stood,
Watching with trembling heart his changeful mood;
Her thin lips parted with a ghastly smile,
She strove to please—yet felt she fail'd the while.
And thus his words burst forth: 'And dost thou dare
Reproach *me* with the burden of thy care?
Accuse thy self-will'd heart, where passion reign'd;
Some other hand the lily might have stain'd,
For thou didst listen when none else approved,
Proud in thy strength, and eager to be loved.
Rose of the morning, how thy leaves are gone!
How art thou faded since the sunrise shone!
Think not my presence was the cause of all—
Oh no, thy folly would have made thee fall:

Digitized by Google

Alike thy woe—alike the cause of blame—
Another tempter, but thine act the same.
And tell me not of all I said or swore:
Poor wretch! art *thou* as in the days of yore?
Thing of the wanton heart and faded brow,
Whate'er I said or did—I loathe thee *now!*'
The frozen tears sank back beneath the lid,
Whose long black lashes half their sadness hid—
And with a calm and steadfast look, which spoke
Unutterable scorn, her spirit woke:—
'And *thou* art he, for whom my young heart gave
All hope of pardon on this side the grave!
For whom I still have struggled on, for years,
Through days of bitterness and nights of tears!—
True, I *am* changed since that bright summer's day,
When first from home love lured my steps to stray:
And true it is that art hath sought to hide
The work of woe which all my words belied;—
But for whose sake have I with watchful care,
Though sick at heart, endeavour'd to be fair?
For whom, when daylight broke along the skies,
Have I with fear survey'd my weeping eyes?
For whom, with trembling fingers sought to dress
Each woe-worn feature with mock loveliness?
Chased the pale sickness from my darken'd brow,
And strove to listen, calm as I do now?
For whom—if not for *thee?*—Oh! had I been
Pure as the stainless lily—were each scene
Of guilt and passion blotted from that book
Where weepingly and sad the angels look—
Did I stand here the calm approved wife,
Bound to thee by the chain that binds for life—
Could I have loved thee more? The dream is past—
I who forsook, am lonely at the last!

Digitized by Google

One hour ago, the thought that we must part,
And part for ever, would have broke my heart:
But *now*—I cast thee from me! . Go and seek
To pale the roses on a fresher cheek.
Why linger'st thou? Dost fear, when thou art gone,
My woman's heart will wake, and live alone?
Fear not—the specious tongue whose well-feign'd tale
Hath lured the dove to leave her native vale,
May use its art some other to beguile:
And the approving world—will only smile.
But she who sins, and suffers for that sin,
Who throws the dangerous die, and doth not win—
Loves once—and loves no more!' He glided by,
And she turned from him with a shuddering sigh.

"I saw the widower mournful stand,
Gazing out on the sea and the land;
O'er the yellow corn, and the waving trees,
And the blue stream rippling in the breeze.
Oh! beautiful seem the earth and sky—
Why doth he heave that bitter sigh?
Vain are the sunshine and brightness to him—
His heart is heavy, his eyes are dim.
His thoughts are not with the moaning sea,
Though his gaze be fix'd on it vacantly:
His thoughts are far where the dark boughs wave
O'er the silent rest of his Mary's grave.
He starts, and brushes away the tear;
For the soft small voices are in his ear,
Of the bright-hair'd angels his Mary left
To comfort her lonely and long bereft.
With a gush of sorrow he turns to press
His little ones close with a fond caress,

Digitized by Google

And they sigh—oh! not because Mary sleeps,
For *she* is forgotten—but that HE weeps.
Yes! she is forgotten—the patient love,
The tenderness of that meek-eyed dove,
The voice that rose on the evening air
To bid them kneel to the God of prayer,
The joyous tones that greeted them, when
After a while she came again,
The pressure soft of her rose-leaf cheek,
The touch of her hand, as white and weak
She laid it low on each shining head,
And bless'd the sons of the early dead:
All is forgotten—all past away
Like the fading close of a summer's day:
Or the sound of her voice (though they scarce can tell
Whose voice it was, that they loved so well)
Comes with their laughter, a short sweet dream—
As the breeze blows over the gentle stream,
Rippling a moment its quiet breast,
And leaving it then to its sunny rest.
But *he!*—oh! deep in his inmost soul,
Which hath drunk to the dregs of sorrow's bowl—
Her look—and her smile—the lightest word
Of the musical voice he so often heard,
And never may hear on earth again,
Though he love it more than he loved it then—
Are buried—to rise at times unbid
And force hot tears to the burning lid:
The mother that bore her may learn to forget,
But *he* will remember and weep for her yet!
Oh! while the heart where her head hath lain
In its hours of joy, in its sighs of pain;
While the hand which so oft hath been clasp'd in hers
In the twilight hour when nothing stirs—

Digitized by Google

Beat with the deep, full pulse of life—
Can he forget his gentle wife?
Many may love him, and he in truth
May love; but not with the love of his youth:
Ever amid his joy will come
A stealing sigh for that long-loved home,
And *her* step and *her* voice will go gliding by
In the desolate halls of his memory!

"I saw a father weeping, when the last
Of all his dear ones from his sight had past—
The young lamb, in his solitary fold,
Who should have buried *him*, for he was old.
Silently she had passed away from earth,
Beloved by none but him who gave her birth:
And now he sat, with haggard look and wild,
By the lone tomb of his forgotten child:—

'None remember thee! thou whose heart
Pour'd love on all around.
Thy name no anguish can impart—
'Tis a forgotten sound.
Thine old companions pass me by
With a cold bright smile and a vacant eye—
And none remember thee
Save me!

'None remember thee! thou wert not
Beauteous as some things are;
No glory beam'd upon thy lot,
My pale and quiet star.

Digitized by Google

Like a winter bud that too soon hath burst,
Thy cheek was fading from the first—
And none remember thee
Save me!

'None remember thee! they could spy
Naught, when they gazed on *thee;*
But thy soul's deep love in thy quiet eye—
It hath pass'd from their memory.
The gifts of genius were not thine
Proudly before the world to shine—
And none remember thee
Save me!

'None remember thee! now thou 'rt gone,
Or they could not choose but weep,—
When they think of thee, my gentle one,
In thy long and lonely sleep.
Fain would I murmur thy name, and tell
How fondly together we used to dwell—
But none remember thee
Save *me!*'

"I saw a husband, and a guilty wife,
Who once made all the sunshine of his life,
Kneeling upon the threshold of her home,
Where heavily her weary feet had come:
A faded form, a humble brow, are hers—
The livery which sinful sorrow wears:
While with deep agony she lifts her eyes,
And prays him to forgive her, ere she dies!

Digitized by Google

Long days—long days swell in his broken heart,
When death had seem'd less bitter than to part—
When in her innocence her hush'd lip spoke
The faint confession of the love he woke;
And the first kiss on that pure cheek impress'd,
Made her shrink, trembling, from his faithful breast.
And after years when her light footstep made
Most precious music—when in sun or shade
She was the same bright, happy, loving thing—
Low at his feet she now lies withering!
His half-stretch'd hand already bids her be
Forgiven and at peace—his kindly eye
Is turn'd on her through tears, to think that she,
His purely-loved, should bide such agony.
Already on his tongue the quivering word
Of comfort trembles, though as yet unheard;
Already he hath bent o'er that pale face:
Why starts he, groaning, from her wild embrace?
Oh! as she clasp'd his knees, her full heart woke
To all its tenderness—a murmur broke
Forth from her lip; the cherished name of one
Whose image dwelt when purity was gone,
Secure amid the ruins of lost things,
Filling her soul with soft imaginings,
Like a lone flower within the moss-grown halls
Where echo vainly unto echo calls.
Deep wrath, and agony, and vain despair,
Are painted on his brow who hears her prayer.

'Breathe not her name—it is a sound
Of fearfulness and dread.
Seest thou no trace of tears around?
Yet have salt tears been shed!
Thy babe who nestled at thy breast,
And laugh'd upon thy knee;

Digitized by Google

That creature of the quiet re?
Thy child——was too like *thee!*
The careless fawn that lightly springs—
The rosebud in the dew—
The fair of nature's fairy things—
Like them thy daughter grew.
And then she left her father's side.
Not, woman! as a happy bride,
With a tearful smile, half sad, half meek;
The flush of guilt was on her cheek:
And in the desert wilds I sought—
And in the haunts of men.
Woman! what *thou* hast felt is naught
To what I suffer'd then.
I thought that—but it may not be—
I thought I *could* have pardon'd thee;
But when I dream of *her*, and think
Thy steps led on to ruin's brink—
Oh, she is gone, and thou art here
Where ye *both* were of yore—
To mock with late, repentant tear
Hopes which may come no more!
Hadst thou, frail wretch, been by her still,
To shield her gentle head from ill—
To do thy mother's part—but go—
I will not curse thee, in my woe:
Only, depart!—and haply when
Lonely and left I die,
Thy pardon'd form shall rise again
And claim one parting sigh!'
He closed on her the portal of her home,
Where never more her weary feet may come—
And their wrung hearts are sever'd till that day
When God shall hear, and judge the things of clay.

Digitized by Google

"I saw the parricide raving stand,
With a rolling eye and a bloody hand;
Through his thick chill veins the curdling stream
Flows dark and languid. No sunny beam
Can wake the deep pulse of his heart to joy,
Since he raised his murderous hand to destroy.
By day, by night, no pause is given
Of hope to the soul accursed by Heaven.
Through the riotous feast; through his own dull groans;
Through the musical sound of his loved one's tones;
Through the whispering breath of the evening air,
Falters the old man's dying prayer.
Few were the words he spoke as he sank;
And the greedy poniard his life-blood drank:
'Spare me, my son, I will yield thee all.'
Oh, what would the murderer give to recall
One murmuring sigh to that silent tongue,
Which in infancy sought his ear to please:
One pulse of life, to the hands that clung
Feebly and tremblingly round his knees!
In vain! he hath won the gold he sought;
And the burning agony of thought
Shall haunt him still, till he lays his head
With a shuddering groan on his dying bed!

'I saw a young head bow'd in its deep woe,
Ev'n unto death; and sad, and faint, and slow,
As she sat lonely in her hall of tears,
Her lips address'd some shade of other years:
'Oh! dear to the eyes that are weeping
Was thy form, my lost love:
Though the heart where thine image is sleeping,
Its truth might not prove.

Digitized by Google

I have wept and turn'd from thee, for fear thou shouldst trace
All the love that I bore thee, deep writ on my face.
But oh! could we once more be meeting,
As *then*, love, we met:
Could I feel that fond heart of thine beating,
Close, close, to mine yet:
I would cling to thee, dearest, nor fear thou shouldst guess
How deeply thy welcome had power to bless.
Oh! 'tis not for a day, or an hour,
I part from thee now,
To weep and shake off, like a flower,
The tears from my brow:
'Tis to sit dreaming idly of days that are gone,
And start up to remember—that I am *alone*.
They say that my heart hath recover'd
The deep bitter blow;
That the cloud which for long days hath hover'd
Is gone from my brow;
That my eyes do not weep, and my lips wear a smile,
It is true—but I do not forget *thee* the while.
Oh, they know not, amidst all my gladness,
Thy shadow is there:
They feel not the deep thrill of sadness,
Nor the soul's lone despair.
They see not the sudden quick pang, when thy name
Is carelessly utter'd, to praise or to blame!
If to gaze on each long-treasur'd token
Till bitter tears flow,
And to wonder my heart is not broken
By the weight of its woe:
To join in the world's loud and 'wildering din
While a passionate feeling is choking within:

Digitized by Google

If to yearn, in the arms that once bound thee,
To lean down my head;
With the dear ones who used to come round thee,
Salt tear-drops to shed:
If to list to the voice that is like thine, in vain;
And to feel its dim echo ring wild through my brain:
If to dream there were pleasure in meeting
Those who once were with *thee:*
To murmur a sad farewell greeting
Then sink on my knee:
With my straining hands clasp'd to the heavens in prayer,
And my choked bosom heaving with grief and despair:
If to sit and to think of thee only,
While they laugh round the hearth:
And feel my full heart grow more lonely
At the sound of their mirth:—
If *this* be forgetting thee, dear one and good—
Forget thee—forget thee—Oh God! that I *could!*'

"I saw the child of parents poor,
Dreaming with pain of her cottage door;
Which she left for the splendour which may not cheer—
Pomp hath not power to dry one tear.
The palace—the sunshine—what are they to her
'Mid the heart's full throb, and the bosom's stir?
The picture that rises bedimm'd with tears,
Is an aged woman, bow'd down by years;
Sitting *alone* in her evening's close,
And feebly weeping for many woes.
Her thin hands are weaving the endless thread,
Her faded eyes gaze where her daughter fled,
O'er the moss-grown copse and the wooded hill:
'Oh! would that I were with my mother still!

Digitized by Google

That I were with her who rear'd me up—
(And I fill'd to the brim her sorrow's cup)—
That I were with her who taught me to pray
At the morning's dawn and the close of day—
That I were with her whose harshest look
Was half of sorrow and half rebuke.
Oh! the depth of my sin I never could see,
But I feel it *now* with the babe on my knee.'
The high proud gaze of her scornful eye
Is quench'd with the tears for days gone by:
And her little one starts from its broken rest,
Woke by the sobs of that heaving breast.
She gazes with fear on its undimm'd brow—
What are the thoughts that lurk below?
Perchance, like her own, the day will come
When its name shall be hush'd in its parent's home!
When the hearts that cherish its lightest tone,
Shall wish that the sound from earth were gone.
Perchance it is doom'd to an early grave,
Or a struggling death on the stormy wave;
Or the fair little dimpled hand that clings
So fast in her soft hair's shining rings,
May be dark with the blood of his fellow-men,
And the clanking chain hang round it then.
Haply, forgetting her patient care,
The young, bright creature slumbering there,
Shall forsake her—as *she* hath forsaken *them*—
For a heavy heart and a diadem!
She clasps it strong with a burning kiss—
'Oh God! in thy mercy, spare me *this*.'

"I saw a widow by her cherish'd son,
Ere all of light, and life, and hope, was gone—

Digitized by Google

When the last dying glance was faintly raised,
Ere death with withering power the brightness glazed
Of those deep heavenly eyes: a glance which seem'd
To ask her, if the world where he had dream'd
Such dreams of happiness with her, must be
Forsaken in the spring-tide of his glee:
If he indeed must *die*. I saw her take
His hand, and gaze, as if her heart would break,
On his pale brow and languid limbs of grace,
And wipe the death-dew gently from his face.
I saw her after, when the unconscious clay,
Deaf to her wild appeals, all mutely lay,
With brow upturn'd and parted lips, whose hue
Was scarce more pale than hers, who met my view.
She stood, and wept not in her deep despair,
But press'd her lips upon his shining hair
With a long bitter kiss, and then with grief—
Like hers of old, who pray'd and found relief—(1)
She groan'd to God, and watch'd to see him stir,
But, ah! no prophet came, to raise him up for *her!*

"I saw the orphan go forth in dread
Through the pitiless world, and turn to gaze
Once more on the dark and narrow bed
Where sleep the authors of her days.
Well may she weep them, for never more,
After she turns from that cottage door,
Will her young heart beat to a kindly word,
Such as in early days she heard:
Or her young eye shine, as she hastens her pace
To bask in the light of a loved one's face.
Her lot is cast;
Her hope is past;

Digitized by Google

The careless, the cold, and the cruel may come
To gaze on the orphan, and pass her by:
But a word, or a sound, or a look of home—
For *them* she must bow her head, and die!

"I saw the dark and city-clouded spot,
Where, by his busy patrons all forgot,
The young sad poet dreams of better days,
And gives his genius forth in darken'd rays.
Chill o'er his soul, gaunt poverty hath thrown
Her veil of shadows, as he sighs alone;
And, withering up the springs and streams of youth,
Left him to feel misfortune's bitter truth,
And own with deep, impassion'd bitterness,
Who would describe—must faintly feel, distress.
Slowly he wanders, with a languid pace,
To the small window of his hiding-place.
Pressing with straining force, all vainly now,
His hot, weak fingers on his throbbing brow;
And seeking for bright thoughts, which care and pain
Have driven from his dim and 'wilder'd brain.
He breathes a moment that unclouded air,
And gazes on the face of nature there—
Longing for fresh wild flowers and verdant fields,
And all the joys the open sunshine yields:
Then turning, he doth rest his heavy eye
Where his torn papers in confusion lie,
And raves awhile, and seats himself again,
To toil and strive for thoughts and words, in vain:
Till he can bid his drooping fancy feel,
And barter genius, for a scanty meal!

"I've been where fell disease a war hath waged
Against young joy,—where pestilence hath raged,

Digitized by Google

And beauty had departed from the earth
With none to weep her.—I have seen the birth
Of the lorn infant, greeted but with tears,
And dim forebodings, and remorseful fears,
When to the weary one the grave would show
Less dreadful than a long, long life of woe.
I 've been in prisons, where in lone despair,
Barr'd from God's precious gifts, the sun and air,
The debtor pines, whom, for a little gold,
His fellow man in iron chains would hold:
There have I seen the bright inquiring eye
Fade into dull and listless vacancy;
There have I seen the meek grow stern and wild;
And the strong man sit weeping like a child;
Till God's poor tortured creatures in their heart
Were fain to curse their Maker, and depart. (2)
All have I seen—and I have watch'd apart
The fruitless struggles of a breaking heart,
Bruised, crush'd, and wounded by the spoiler's power,
And left to wither like a trodden flower;
Till I have learnt with ease each thought to trace
That flush'd across the fair and fading face,
And known the source of tears, which day by day
Weakness hath shed, and pride hath brush'd away.

"It was in Erin—in the autumn time,
By the broad Shannon's banks of beauty roaming;
I saw a scene of mingled woe and crime—
Oh! even to *my* sear'd eyes the tears seem'd coming!
It was a mother standing gaunt and wild
Working her soul to murder her young child,
Who lay unconscious in its soft repose
Upon the breast that heaved with many woes.

Digitized by Google

She stood beside the waters, but her eyes
Were not upon the river, nor the skies,
Nor on the fading things of earth. Her soul
Was rapt in bitterness—and evening stole
Chill o'er her form, while yet with nerveless hand
She sought to throw her burden from the land.
'Twas pitiful to see her strive in vain,
Rise sternly up, then melt to love again;
With horrible energy, and lip compress'd,
Hold forth her child—then strain it to her breast
Convulsively; as if some gentle thought
Of all its helpless beauty first was brought
Into her 'wilder'd mind—the soft faint smiles,
Whose charm the mother of her tears beguiles,
Which speak not aught of mirth or merriment,
But of full confidence, and deep content,
And ignorance of woe:—the murmur'd sounds
Which were to her a language, rise up now—
And, like a torrent bursting from its bounds,
Swell in her heart, and shoot across her brow.
Oh! she who plans its death in her despair,
Hath tended it with fond and watchful care;
Hath borne it wearily for many a mile,
Repaid with one fond glance, or gentle smile:
Hath watch'd through long dark nights with patient love,
When some light sickness struck her nestling dove;
And yearn'd to bear its pain, when that meek eye
Turn'd on her, with appealing agony!
Look on her now!—that faint and feverish start
Hath waken'd all the mother in her heart:
That feeble cry hath thrill'd her very frame;—
Was it for *murder* such a soft heart came?
She will not do it—Fool! the spirit there
Is stronger far than love—it is despair!

Digitized by Google

Mothers alone may read that mother's woe:
Her heart may break—but she will strike the blow.
Once more she pauses; bending o'er its face,
Calm and unconscious in its timid grace;
Then murmurs to it by the chilly wave,
Ere one strong effort dooms it to the grave:—

'Thou of the sinless breast!
Which passion hath not heaved, nor dark remorse
Swell'd with its full and agonizing curse—
Lo! thou art come to rest!

'Warm in thy guileless heart,
Whose slight quick pulses soon shall beat no more:
Hear'st thou the strong trees rock?—the loud winds roar?
I and my child must part!

'Deep 'neath the sullen sky,
And the dark waters which do boil and foam,
Greedy to take thee to their silent home—
My little one must lie!

'Peace to thy harmless soul!
There *is* a heaven where thou mayst dwell in peace;
Where the dark howling of the waters cease,
Which o'er thy young head roll.

'There, in the blue still night,
Thou'lt watch, where stars are gleaming from the sky,
O'er the dark spot where thou wert doom'd to die,
And smile, a cherub bright.'

Digitized by Google

"A plash upon the waves—a low
Half-stifled sob, which seem'd as though
The choked breath fought against the stream—
And all was silent as a dream.
Then rose the shriek that might not stay,
Though much that soul had braved;
And ere its echo died away,
Her little one was saved.
Sudden I plunged, and panting caught
The bright and floating hair,
Which on the waters lustre brought,
As if 'twere sunshine there.
I stood beside that form of want and sin,
That miserable woman in her tears;
Who wept as though she had not cast it in
To perish with the sorrows of past years.
She thank'd me with a bitter thankfulness,
And thus I spoke: 'Oh! woman, if it is
Sickness and poverty, and lone distress,
That prompted thee to do a deed like this,
Take gold, and wander forth, and let me be
A parent to the child renounced by thee!'
Greedily did she gaze upon the gold,
With a wild avarice in her hollow eye;
And stretch'd her thin damp fingers, clammy cold,
To seize the glittering ore with ecstasy.
But when I claim'd the little helpless thing,
For whose young life that gold had paid the worth;
Close to the breast where it lay shivering,
She strain'd it gaspingly, and then burst forth:—

'I would have slain it! Fool! 'tis true I would;
Because I saw it pine, and had no food:

Digitized by Google

Because I could not bear its faint frail cry,
Which told my brain such tales of agony:
Because its dumb petitioning glances said,
Am I thy child? and canst not give me bread?
Because, while faint and droopingly it lay
Within my failing arms from day to day,
The tigress rose within my soul—I could
Have slain a man, and bid it lap his blood!
My little one!—my uncomplaining child!
Whose lengthen'd misery drove thy mother wild,
Did they believe that aught *but* death could part
These nestling limbs from her poor tortured heart?
No! had the slimy waters gurgled o'er
Thy corpse, and wash'd the slippery reed-grown shore,
Leaving no trace, except in my despair,
Of what had once disturb'd the stillness there—
I could have gazed upon it, and not wept;
For calmly then my little one had slept.
No nightly moans would then have wrung my soul;
No daylight withering bid the tear-drop roll.
In my dark hours of misery and want,
The memory of thy pallid face might haunt,
Not, not to wring my heart with vain regret,
But to remind what thou hadst suffer'd yet,
If from life's wretchedness I had not freed
Thy grateful soul, which thank'd me for the deed.
I lost thee—but I have thee here again,
Close to the heart which now can feel no pain.
Cling to me!—let me feel that velvet cheek—
Look at me, with those eyes so dove-like meek!
Press thy pale lips to mine, and let me be
Repaid for all I have endured for thee.
Part from thee!—never! while this arm hath strength
To hold thee to the bosom where thou liest:

Digitized by Google

Praise be to God, bright days have dawn'd at length!
I need not watch thy struggles as thou diest.
Part from thee! never—no, my pale sweet flower!
The wealth of worlds would bribe my heart in vain,
Though 'twere to give thee up for one short hour—
Take back thy gold—I have my babe again!
Yet give me food, and I will clasp thy knees,
And night and day will kneel for thee to Heaven;
Else will a lingering death of slow disease,
Or famine gaunt, be all that thou hast given.
And when I die—then, *then* be kind'—She ceased:
Her parted lips were tinged with crimson gore,
Her faint hand half, and only half, released
The unconscious form she had been weeping o'er:
Worn nature could not bear the sudden strife;
I look'd upon her—but there was no life!

'That little outcast grew a fairy girl,
A beautiful, a most beloved one.
There was a charm in every separate curl
Whose rings of jet hung glistening in the sun,
Which warm'd her marble brow. There was a grace
Peculiar to herself, ev'n from the first:
Shadows and thoughtfulness you seem'd to trace
Upon that brow, and then a sudden burst
Of sunniness and laughter sparkled out,
And spread their rays of joyfulness about,
Like the wild music of her native land,
Which wakes to joy beneath the minstrel's hand,
Yet at its close gives forth a lingering tone—
Sad, as if mourning that its mirth is gone,
And leaves that note to dwell within your heart,
When all the sounds of joyfulness depart:

Digitized by Google

So in her heart's full chords there seem'd to be
A strange and wild, but lovely melody:
Half grief—half gladness—but the sadness still
Hanging like shadows on a summer rill.
And when her soul from its deep silence woke
And from her lip sweet note of answer broke,
Memory in vain would seek the smile that play'd
With her slow words, like one beam in the shade;
Her sorrow hung upon your heart for years—
And all her sweet smiles darken'd into tears.
I loved her, as a father loves his child:
For she was dutiful, and fond, and mild,
As children should be—and she ripen'd on
Like a young rosebud opening to the sun;
Till the full light of womanhood was shed,
Like a soft glory, round about her head.
In all my wanderings, through good and ill,
In storm and sunshine, she was with me still;
Not like a cold, sad shadow, forced to glide
Weary—unloved—unnoticed by my side:
But with her whole heart's worship, ever near,
To love, to smile, to comfort, and to cheer.
Her gentle soul would fear to hurt a worm;
Yet danger found her unappall'd and firm:
Her lip might blanch, but her unalter'd eye
Said, I am ready for thy sake to die.
She stood by me and fear'd not, in that place
When the scared remnant of my wretched race
Gave England's Richard gifts, to let them be (*)
All unmolested in their misery:
And while their jewels sparkled on his hand,
His traitor lips gave forth the dark command
Which, midst a drunken nation's loud carouse,
Sent unexpected death from house to house,

Digitized by Google

Bade strong arms strike, where none their force withstood,
And woman's wail be quench'd in woman's blood.
She stood by me and fear'd not, when again,
A bloody death cut short a life of pain;
When, with red glaring eyes and desperate force,
Brother laid brother low, a prostrate corpse, (4)
Rather than yield their bodies up to those,
In word, in act, and in religion—foes.
She gazed and fainted not, while all around
They lay like slaughter'd cattle on the ground;
With the wide gash in each extended throat,
Calling for vengeance to the God who smote
On Israel's side, ere Israel fell away,
And in her guilt was made the stranger's prey.

"And after that, we dwelt in many lands,
And wander'd through the desert's burning sands;
Where, strange to say, young Miriam sigh'd to be:
Where nature lay stretch'd out so silently
Beneath the glorious sun, and here and there
The fountains bubbled up, as fresh and fair
As if the earth were fill'd with them, and none
In their last agonizing thirst sank down,
With eyes turn'd sadly to far distant dreams
Of unseen gushing waters, and cool streams.

"There is a little island all alone
In the blue Mediterranean; and we went
Where never yet a human foot had gone,
And dwelt there, and young Miriam was content.
There was a natural fountain, where no ray
Of light or warmth had ever found its way

Digitized by Google

Thick clustered o'er with flowers; and there she made
A bower of deep retirement and shade;
And proud she was, when, rosy with the glow
Of triumph and exertion, she could show
Her palace of green leaves,—and watch my eyes
For the expected glance of pleased surprise.
Oh! she was beautiful!—if ever earth
To aught of breathing loveliness gave birth.

"One evening—one sweet evening, as we stood,
Silently gazing on the silent flood:
A sudden thought rose swelling in my heart:
Ought my sweet Miriam thus to dwell apart
From human kind? So good, so pure, so bright,
So form'd to be a fervent heart's delight:
Was she to waste the power and will to bless
In ministering to my loneliness?
And then a moment's glance took in her life—
I saw my Miriam a blessed wife;
I saw her with fair children round her knee,
I heard their voices in that home of glee,
And turn'd to gaze on her;—if ever yet
Turning with shadowy hope, and vain regret,
And consciousness of secret guilt or woe,
Thine eyes have rested on the open brow
Of sinless childhood—thou hast known what I
Felt, when my glance met Miriam's cloudless eye.
Oh! Thought, thou mould where misery is cast—
Thou joiner of the present with the past—
Eternal torturer! wherefore can we not
Through all our life be careless of our lot
As in our early years?—No cares to come
Threw their vain shadow o'er *her* bosom's home;

Digitized by Google

No bitter sorrow, with its vain recall,
Poison'd her hope—the present hour was all.
I gazed on her—and as a slow smile broke
'Of meek affection round her rosy mouth,
I thought the simple words my heart would choke,
'Would Miriam weep to leave the sunny south?'
Silent she stood—then, in a tone scarce heard,
Falter'd forth, 'Father!' Oh! it wrung, that word;
And snatching her with haste unto my breast,
Where in her childhood's hour of sunny rest
Calmly her innocent head had often slept,
With a strange sense of misery—I wept.

"Oh! weary days, oh! weary days,
Of flattery and empty praise,
When in the tainted haunts of men
My Miriam was brought again.
With vacant gaze and gentle sigh,
She turned her from them mournfully;
As if she rather felt, than saw,
That they were near:—they scarce could draw
A word of answer from her tongue,
Where once such merry music rung,
Save when the island was their theme—
And then, as waking from a dream,
Her soft eye lighted for a while,
And round her mouth a playful smile
Stole for a moment, and then fled,
As if the hope within were dead.
Where'er I gazed, where'er I went,
Her earnest look was on me bent,
Stealthily, as she wish'd to trace
Her term of exile on my face.

Digitized by Google

And many sought her hand in vain.
With pleading voice, and look of pain,
Weepingly she would turn away
When I besought her to be gay:
And resolutely firm, withstood
The noble and the great of blood;
Though they woo'd humbly, as they woo
Who scarcely hope for what they sue.
Oh! glad was Miriam, when at last
I deem'd our term of absence past:
And as her light foot quickly sprang
From out our bark, 'twas thus she sang:—

'The world! the sunny world! I love
To roam untired, till evening throws
Sweet shadows through the pleasant grove,
And bees are murmuring on the rose.
I love to see the changeful flowers
Lie blushing in the glowing day—
Bend down their heads to 'scape the showers,
Then shake the chilly drops away.

'The world! the sunny world! oh, bright
And beautiful indeed thou art—
The brilliant day, the dark blue night,
Bring joy—but not to every heart.
No! till, like flowers, those hearts can fling
Grief's drops from off their folded leaves,
'Twill only smile in hope's bright spring,
And darken when the spirit grieves.'

Digitized by Google

"She was return'd; but yet she grew not glad;
Her cheek wore not the freshness which it had.
The withering of the world, like the wild storm
Over a tender blossom, left her form
With traces of the havoc that had been,
Ev'n in the sunny calm, and placid scene.
Her brow was darken'd with a gentle cloud;
Her step was slower, and her laugh less loud;
And oft her sweet voice falter'd, though she said
Nothing in which deep meaning could be read.
I watch'd her gestures when she saw me not,
And once—(oh! will that evening be forgot?)
I stole upon her, when she little thought
Aught but the moaning wind her whispers caught.

"She sat within her bower, where the sun
Linger'd, as loth to think his task was done;
And languidly she raised her heavy gaze,
To meet the splendour of his parting rays.
O'er the smooth cheek which rested on her hand;
Down the rich curls by evening breezes fann'd;
Upon the full red lip, and rounded arm,
The swan-like neck, so snowy, yet so warm—
Each charm the rosy light was wandering o'er,
Brightening what seem'd all-beautiful before.
I paused a moment gazing yet unseen
Beneath the sleeping shadows dark and green;
And thought, how strange that one so form'd to bless
Should better love to live in loneliness.
Pure, but not passionless, was that soft brow
So warmly gilded by the sunset now;
And in her glistening eye there shone a tear,
Like those we shed when dreaming—for some dear

Digitized by Google

But lost illusion, which returns awhile
Our nights to brighten with remember'd smile,
And yet we *feel* is lost, though sleep, strong sleep,
Chains the swoln lid, that fain would wake and weep.
I sat me down beside her; round the zone
That clasp'd her slender waist my arm was thrown:
And the bright ringlets of her shining hair
My fond hand parted on her forehead fair;
And thus I spoke, as with a smile and sigh
She murmur'd forth a welcome timidly:
'Again within the desert and at rest,
Say, does my Miriam find herself more blest,
Than when gay throngs in fond devotion hung
Upon the sportive accents of her tongue?
Is all which made the city seem so gay,
The song, the dance, all dream-like passed away?
The sighs, the vows, the worshipping forgot?
And art thou happier in this lonely spot?
Is there no form, all vision-like enshrined
Deep 'mid the treasures of thy guileless mind?
And, deaf to every pure and faithful sigh,
Say, would my desert rose-bud lonely die?'
High, 'neath the arm which carelessly caress'd,
Rose the quick beatings of that gentle breast;
And the slight pulses of her fair young hand,
Which lay so stirlessly within my own,
Trembled and stopp'd, and trembled, as I scann'd
The flushing cheek on which my glance was thrown.
'She loves,' said I; while selfish bitter grief
Swell'd in my soul;—'she loves, and I must live
Alone again, more wretched for the brief
Bright sunshine which her presence used to give.'
And then with sadden'd tones, (which, though I strove
To make them playful, tremulously came)

Digitized by Google

I murmur'd: 'Yes! he lives, whom thou *canst* love.
His name, dear Miriam—whisper me his name.'
There was a pause, and audibly she drew
Her heaving breath; and faint and fainter grew
The hand that lay in mine: and o'er her brow
Flush'd shadows chased each other to and fro:
Till like a scorch'd-up flower, with languid grace
That young head droop'd, but sought no resting-place.

"Dreams pass'd across my soul—dreams of old days—
Of forms which in the quiet grave lay sleeping;
Of eyes which death had stripp'd of all their rays,
And weary life had quench'd with bitter weeping:
Dreams of days when, human still, my *heart*
Refused to feel immortal, and kept clinging
To transient joys which came and did depart
As fresh flowers wither, which young hands are flinging.
Dreams of the days I loved, and was beloved—
When some young heart for *me* its sighs was giving,
And fond lips murmur'd forth the vow that proved
Its truth in death, its tenderness when living:
And dreaming thus, I sigh'd. Answering, there came
A deep, low, tremulous sob, which thrill'd my frame.
A moment, that young form shrunk back abash'd
At its own feelings; and all vainly dash'd
The tear aside, which speedily return'd
To quench the cheek where fleeting blushes burn'd.
A moment, while I sought her fears to stay,
The timid girl in silence shrank away—
A moment, from my grasp her hand withdrew—
A moment, hid her features from my view—

Digitized by Google

Then rising, sank with tears upon my breast,
Her struggles and her love at once confess'd.

"Years—sorrow—death—the hopes that leave me lone,
All I have suffer'd, and must suffer on;
The love of other bright things which may pass
In half eclipse, beyond the darken'd glass (5)
Through which my tearful soul hath learnt to gaze—
The fond delusions of all future days:—
All that this world can bring hath not the power
To blot from memory that delicious hour.
She, who I thought would leave me desolate—
For whom I brooded o'er a future fate;
She, who had wander'd through each sunny land,
Yet found no heart that could her love command—
She lay within my arms, my own—my own—
Unsought, unwoo'd, but oh! too surely won.

"She was not one of many words and vows,
And breathings of her love, and eager shows
Of warm affection;—in her quiet eye,
Which gazed on all she worshipp'd silently,
There dwelt deep confidence in what she loved,
And nothing more—till some slight action proved
My ceaseless thought of her: *then* her heart woke,
And fervent feeling like a sunrise broke
O'er her illumined face. Her love for me
Was pure and deep, and hidden as the fount
Which floweth 'neath our footsteps gushingly,
And of whose wanderings none may take account;
And like those waters, when the fountain burst
To light and sunshine, which lay dark at first,

Digitized by Google

Quietly deep, it still kept flowing on—
Not the less pure for being look'd upon.

"And then she loved all things, and all loved her.
Each sound that mingleth in the busy stir
Of nature, was to her young bosom rife
With the intelligence of human life.
Edith, my playful Edith, when her heart
Tenderly woke to do its woman's part,
Fill'd with a sentiment so strong and new,
Each childish passion from her mind withdrew,
And looking round upon the world beheld
Her Isbal only. By deep sorrow quell'd,
Xarifa's was a melancholy love.
The plashing waters, the blue sky above,
The echo speaking from the distant hill,
The murmurs indistinct which sweetly fill
The evening air—all had for her a tone
Of mournful music—and I stood alone
The one thing that could bid her heart rejoice
With the deep comfort of a human voice.
Not so, young Miriam. Love, within *her* breast,
Had been a welcome and familiar guest
Ev'n from her childhood:—I was link'd with all
The sunny things that to her lot might fall;
The past—the present—and the future were
Replete with joys in which I had my share.
Nothing had been, or ever could be, felt
Singly, within the heart where such love dwelt—
Her birds, her trees, her favourite walks, her flowers,
She knew them not as hers—they were all *ours*.
And thus she loved in her imaginings
Our earth, and all its dumb and living things;

Digitized by Google

Oft whispering in her momentary glee,
It was the world I dwelt in; part of *me*:
And, bound by a sweet charm she might not break,
She look'd upon that world, and loved it for my sake.

"How shall I tell it? Linda, a dark pain
Is in my heart, and in my burning brain.—
Where is she?—where is Miriam?—who art thou?
Oh! wipe the death-dew from her pallid brow;
I dare not touch her! See, how still she lies,
Closing in weakness her averted eyes:
Gaspingly struggling for her gentle breath—
And stretching out her quivering limbs in death!
Will no one save her? Fool!—the shadow there
Is the creation of thine own despair.
No love, no agony, is in *her* heart:
In sin, in suffering, *she* hath now no part.
She is gone from thee—sooner doom'd to go
Than Nature meant; but *thou* didst will it so.

"Oh, Linda! the remembrance of that day,
When sad Xarifa's spirit pass'd away,
Haunted me ever with a power that thou,
Who hast not sinn'd or suffer'd, canst not know.
My joys were turn'd to miseries, and wrought
My heart into delirium; I thought
That, as *she* wept, so Miriam would weep,
And start and murmur in her troubled sleep;
That, as *she* doubted, Miriam too would find
A dark suspicion steal across her mind:
That, as *she* faded, Miriam too would fade,
And lose the smile that round her full lips play'd:

Digitized by Google

That as *she* perish'd—Miriam too would die,
And chide me with her last reproachful sigh.
Often when gazing on her open brow,
And the pure crimson of her soft cheek's glow—
Sudden, a dark unhappy change would seem
To fall upon her features like a dream.
In vain her merry voice, with laughing tone,
Bade the dim shadow from my heart begone;
Pale—pale and sorrowful—she seemed to rise,
Death on her cheek, and darkness in her eyes;
The roundness of her form was gone, and care
Had blanch'd the tresses of her glossy hair.
Wan and reproachful, mournfully and mild
Her thin lips moved, and with an effort smiled.
And when with writhing agony I woke
From the delusion, and the dark spell broke;
And Miriam stood there, smiling brilliantly,
Shuddering, I said, 'And yet these things must be.'
Must be;—that young confiding heart must shrink
From my caress; the joyous eyes, which drink
Light from the sunshine that doth play within,
Must grovel downcast with a sense of sin;
Or, startled into consciousness, will gaze
Bewilderingly upon the sunset rays;
And meeting mine, with sorrow wild and deep
Heart and eyes sinking, turn again to weep.
Yes, these things must be: if, when years have pass'd,
Each leaving *her* more fading than the last,
She turns to the companion of her track,
And while her wandering thoughts roam sadly back,
Seeks in her soul the reason why his form
Laughs at the slow decay or ruffling storm,
That hath wreck'd better things;—while on her sight,
With the deep horrible glare, and certain light

Digitized by Google

Of hell to a lost soul, the slow truth breaks;
Till, as one wounded in his sleep, awakes
To writhe, and shriek, and perish—silently:
Her heart is roused—to comprehend and die.

"To *die!*—and wherefore should she not depart
Ere doubt hath agonized the trusting heart?
Wherefore not pass away from earth, ere yet
Its mossy bosom with her tears is wet?—
It was a summer's morning, when the first
Glance of that dreadful haunting vision burst
Upon my mind:—I doom'd her *then* to die,
For then I pictured to my heart and eye
A world where Miriam was not:—often after,
Amid the joyous ringing of her laughter,
In sunshine and in shade, those thoughts return'd,
Madden'd my brain, and in my bosom burn'd.
Oh, God! how bitter were those idle hours,
When softly bending o'er her fragrant flowers,
She form'd her innocent plans, and playfully
Spoke of that future which was not to be!
How bitter were her smiles—her perfect love—
Her deep reliance, which no frowns could move,
On the affections of my murderous heart,
Where the thought brooded,—*when* shall she depart?
As Jephthah gazed upon *her* smiling face,
Who bounded forth to claim his first embrace;
And felt, with breathless and bewilder'd pause,
Her early death foredoom'd—her love the cause:
As Jephthah struggled with the vow that still
Bound his pain'd soul against his own free will;
And heard her fond and meekly-worded prayer,
To climb the well known hills, and wander there,

Digitized by Google

Weeping to think that in her virgin pride
The beautiful must perish—no man's bride;
And that her name must die away from earth;
And that her voice must leave the halls of mirth,
And they be not less mirthful: so to me
It was to gaze on Miriam silently:
Miriam, who loved me; who, if I had said,
'Lo! thou must perish—bow thy gentle head,'—
Would have repress'd each faint life-longing sigh,
Bared her white bosom, and knelt down to die,
Without a murmur.—So when she upraised
Her quiet eyes, and on my features gazed,
Asking me to come forth and roam with her
Around her favourite haunts, the maddening stir
Of agony and vain resolve would rend
My bosom, and to earth my proud head bend.
It seem'd to me as if that gentle prayer
She breathed—to bid farewell to all *her* share
Of life and sunshine; to behold again
The high bright happy hills and outstretch'd plain;
And then—come back and die. I left that isle,
And Miriam follow'd with a tearful smile,
Glad to be with me, sorrowful to go
From the dear scene of joy and transient woe.
As Eve to Eden—towards that land of rest
She gazed, then turn'd, and wept upon my breast.
To Italy's sweet shores we bent our course;
And for a while my grief and my remorse,
And all my fearful thoughts, forsook me, when
We mingled in the busy haunts of men.
But oh! the hour was fix'd—though long delay'd,
Like the poor felon's doom, which some reprieve hath
stay'd.

Digitized by Google

"One night a dream disturb'd my frenzied soul.
Methought to Miriam I confess'd the whole
Of what thou know'st, and watch'd her young glad face,
That on her brow her feelings I might trace.
Methought that, as I gazed, the flushing red
Once more upon her cheek and bosom spread,
As when she told her love; and then—and then—
(How strongly does that vision rise again!)
Each hue of life by gradual shades withdrew, (*)
Till ev'n her dark blue eyes seem'd fading too.
Paler and paler—whiter and more white—
Gazing upon me in the ghastly light,
Her features grew; till all at length did seem
Like moving marble, in that sickly dream,
Except the faded eyes! *they* faintly kept
The hue of life, and look'd on me and wept.
And still she spoke not, but stood weeping there,
Till I was madden'd with mine own despair—
And woke. She lay beside me, who was soon
To perish by my hand: the pale clear moon
O'er her fair form a marble whiteness threw,
And wild within my heart the madness grew.
I rush'd from out that chamber, and I stood
By the dim waters of the moon-lit flood;
And in that hour of frantic misery,
I thought my vision told how she would die,
Pining and weeping.—I returned again,
And gazed upon her with a sickening pain.
Her fair soft arms were flung above her head,
And the deep rose of sleep her cheek was tinging:
The tear which all who follow me must shed,
Slept 'neath the lashes which those orbs were fringing;
And there she lay—so still, so statue-like—
I stagger'd to her—

Digitized by Google

I lifted up my desperate arm to strike—
Linda—I slew her!
Once—only once—she faintly strove to rise;
Once—only once—she call'd upon my name;
And o'er the dark blue heaven of those eyes,
Death, with its midnight shadows, slowly came.
That tone's despairing echo died away;
The last faint quivering pulsation ceased
To thrill that form of beauty, as it lay
From all the storms and cares of life released:
And I sat by the dead. Fast o'er my soul
A dream of memory's treasured relics stole.
And the day rose before me, and the hour,
When Miriam sat within her own sweet bower,
The red rich sunset lighting on her cheek;
Afraid to trust herself to move or speak,
Conscious and shrinking—while I strove to trace
Her bosom's secret on her guileless face.
I turn'd to press her to my burning heart—
I that had slain her—wherefore did I start?
Cold, pure, and pale, that glowing cheek was laid,
And motionless each marble limb was lying;
Closed were those eyes which tears of passion shed,
And hush'd the voice that call'd on me in dying.
Gone!—gone!—that frozen bosom never more,
Press'd to mine own, in rapture shall be beating:
Gone!—gone!—her love, her struggles—all was o'er,
Life—weary life, would bring for us no meeting!

"They bore her from me, and they laid her low,
With all her beauty, in the cheerless tomb;
And dragg'd me forth, all weak with pain and woe,
Heedless of death, to meet a murderer's doom.

Digitized by Google

The wheel—the torturing wheel—was placed to tear
Each quivering limb, and wring forth drops of pain;
And they did mock me in my mute despair,
And point to it, and frown—but all in vain.
The hour at length arrived—a bright sweet day
Rose o'er the world of torture, and of crime;
And human blood-hounds and wild birds of prey
Waited with eagerness their feasting time.
And as I gazed, a wild hope sprang within
My feverish breast:—perchance this dreadful death
And my past sufferings might efface my sin;
And I might now resign my weary breath.
And as the blessed thought flash'd o'er my mind,
I gazed around, and smiled.—To die—to die—
Oh little thought those wolves of human kind,
What rapture in that word may sometimes lie!
They stripped my unresisting limbs, and bound;
And the huge ponderous engine gave a sound
Like a dull heavy echo of the moans,
The exhausted cries, the deep and sullen groans,
Of all its many victims. Through each vein
Thrill'd the strange sense of swift and certain pain;
And each strong muscle from the blood-stain'd rack,
Conscious of suffering, quiveringly shrank back.
But I rejoiced—I say I did rejoice:
And when from the loud multitude a voice
Cried 'Death!' I wildly echoed it, and said
'Death; Death; oh, lay me soon among the dead.'
And they did gaze on me with fiendish stare,
Half curiosity, and half the glare
Of bloody appetite; while to and fro,
Nearer and nearer, wheel'd the carrion crow,
As seeking where to strike.—A pause, and hark!
The signal sound!

Digitized by Google

When sudden as a dream, the heavens grew dark
On all around:
And the loud blast came sweeping in its wrath,
Scattering wide desolation o'er its path:
And the hoarse thunder struggled on its way;
And livid lightning mock'd the darken'd day
With its faint hellish lights—they fled, that crowd,
With fearful shrieks, and cries, and murmurs loud,
And left me bound. The awful thunder crash'd
Above my head; and in my up-turn'd eyes
The gleams of forked fire brightly flash'd,
Then died along the dark and threatening skies;
And the wild howling of the fearful wind
Madden'd my ringing brain; while, swiftly driven,
The torrent showers fell all thick and blind,
Till mingling seem'd the earth and angry heaven.
A flash—a sound—a shock—and I was free—
Prostrate beside me lay the shiver'd wheel
In broken fragments—I groan'd heavily,
And for a while I ceased to breathe or feel.

"And I arose again, to know that death
Was not yet granted—that the feverish hope
Of yielding up in torture my cursed breath
Was quench'd for ever; and the boundless scope
Of weary life burst on my soul again,
Like the dim distance of the heaving main
On some lost mariner's faint failing eyes;
Who, fondly dreaming of his native shore,
(While in his throat the gurgling waters rise,)
Fancies he breathes that welcome air once more,
And far across the bleak lone billows sees
Its blue cool rivers, and its shady trees;

Digitized by Google

Till when, upraised a moment by the wave,
He views the watery waste, and sickening draws
One long last gasping sigh for a green grave,
Ere helplessly he sinks in Ocean's yawning jaws.

" Night fell around. The quiet dews were weeping
Silently on the dark and mournful earth;
And Sorrow pale its sleepless watch was keeping,
And slumber weigh'd the closing lid of mirth;
While the full round-orb'd moon look'd calmly down
From her thin cloud, as from a light-wreathed crown:
And I went out beneath her silver beams;
And through my 'wilder'd brain there pass'd dark dreams
Of Miriam, and of misery, and death;
And of that tomb, and what lay hid beneath:
And I did lay my head upon that grave,
Weepingly calling on her gentle name;
And to the winds my grieving spirit gave
In words which half without my knowledge came:—

'Thou art gone, with all thy loveliness,
To the silence of the tomb
Where the voice of friends can never bless,
Nor the cool sweet breezes come;
Deep, deep beneath the flowers bright,
Beneath the dark blue sky,
Which may not send its joyous light
To gladden those who die.
This world to *thee* was not a world of woe:
My bird of beauty! wherefore didst thou go?

'Thou art gone, and gone for ever—thou
In whom my life was bound:

Digitized by Google

The seal of death is on thy brow,
And in thy breast a wound.
Who could have slain thee, thou who wert
So helpless and so fair?
When strong arms rose to do thee hurt,
Why was not Isbal there?
Didst thou not call upon him in thy woe?
My bird of beauty! wherefore didst thou go?

'Thou art gone!—Oh! fain my heart would rest,
And dream—but thou *art* gone;
The head that lay upon my breast
Is hid beneath that stone.
And art thou there? and wilt thou ne'er
Rise up from that dark place,
And, shaking back thy glossy hair,
Laugh gladly in my face?
This world to *thee* was not a world of woe:
I loved thee—wherefore, wherefore didst thou go?

'Return, return! Oh! if the rack—
If nature's death-like strife,
Borne silently, could bring thee back
Once more to light, and life:
Ev'n if those lips that used to wreathe
Smiles that a glory shed,
Ne'er parted but in scorn, to breathe
Dark curses on my head:—
Oh! I could bear it all, nor think it woe:
My bird of beauty! wherefore didst thou go?

'Once more—once more—oh! yet once more!
If I could see thee stand,

Digitized by Google

A breathing creature, as before
I smote thee with this hand.
If that dear voice—oh! must these groans,
This agony be vain?
Will no one lift the ponderous stones,
And let thee rise again?
Thou wert not wont in life to work me woe:
My bird of beauty! wherefore didst thou go?'

"And then I reason'd—Wherefore should the sod
Hold all of her, which hath not gone to God?
I have the power again that form to see—
I have the wish once more with her to be:
And wherefore should we fear to look upon
What from our sight some few short hours is gone?
Wherefore the thrill our senses which comes o'er
At sight of what shall breathe and feel no more?
Oh! Miriam, can there be indeed a place
Where I must dread to look upon thy face?—
And then I knelt, and desperately did tear
The earth from off that form so young and fair,
And dash'd aside the sods which heavily
Press'd on the bosom which had beat for me.
At length 'twas over; at the break of day
The scatter'd fragments round about me lay;
And we once more were seated side by side—
The half-immortal, and his victim bride!
What the grave yet had had no power to change,
Her long bright locks, these fingers did arrange
As she had worn them in her life's short spring;
And the sweet flowers which lay half withering
Upon the turf, I wreathed with pains and care,
And braided them among her glossy hair.

Digitized by Google

And the rich glow of light burst on mine eyes;
And the bright morning, with her dark blue skies,
Beam'd on the pale and faded form, that lay
Cold and unconscious in the waking day.
And forms drew round me, in a busy crowd:
  But though I saw them come, I heeded not,
But call'd on Miriam with upbraidings loud,
  And clung to that beloved and fatal spot.
And rude hands dragg'd me thence. I knew not how
  Or where they fetter'd me; but when I woke
From that night's dream, with cooler pulse and brow,
  Chains hung around me, which might not be broke,
And in a damp deep dungeon I was flung,
  With scarce a gleam of heaven's sweet light to cheer,
And silence round, save when my irons rung,
  Or the stern keeper's foot was drawing near.
And many a weary day and sleepless night,
  I sat unmoved within that wretched cell,
Dreaming confusedly of that last sight,
  The alter'd form of her I loved so well.
'Miriam! *my* Miriam!'—Such the first faint word
  Which burst my trembling lip with deep low sighs,
Unconscious that the frowning keeper heard,
  And gazee with half contempt, and half surprise.
And then I raved, and with a shaking hand
  Traced that dear name upon the dewy clay,
And strove with feeble limbs to rise and stand,
  Greeting the vision'd form that might not stay.
And they did call me mad—oh! such *his* madness (')
  Who having lost what he half fear'd to love,
Deep from his prison dungeon's gloomy sadness
  Sent forth his spirit by her side to rove,
And dreamt of love, and Italy's sweet skies,
And Leonora's proud impassion'd eyes;

Digitized by Google

And from his world of misery gazed afar
On his own dream, as on a lovely star.

"And from the earth I imaged forth a form,
And call'd it Miriam, and would smile to see
How calmly, amid all my passion's storm,
Its steadfast rayless eyes still gazed on me.
And I did love it, with a love beyond
All that I felt before, except for *her*:
And call'd to it, till, feverishly fond,
I thought the clay began to speak and stir.

"One day I slept—I had not slept for long,
Long weary days and nights;—and in my ear
Rang the sweet notes of Miriam's gentle song,
Which ev'n in that lone rest I smiled to hear;

'The world—the sunny world!—I love
To roam untired, till evening throws
Sweet shadows in the pleasant grove;
And bees are murmuring on the rose.
I love to see the changeful flowers
Lie blushing in the glowing day,
Bend down their heads to 'scape the showers,
Then shake the chilly drops away.'

"I woke and saw my keeper by me stand;
And curiously he gazed, with wondering eyes,
On the form moulded by my frantic hand,
And sternly bade me from my bed arise.

Digitized by Google

Oh! well my heart foreboded from his brow:
Methinks I see the dark stern glances now,
With which he heard my tale, for I did kneel
And swear each secret feeling to reveal,
So he would leave my precious Miriam there,
To comfort Isbal in his lone despair.
He heard: and o'er that dark and sullen brow
A smile ev'n darker pass'd; and he did throw
That image rudely on the echoing ground,
And spurn'd in scorn the broken fragments round;
And call'd me madman, and the threaten'd scourge
Shook o'er my fetter'd limbs, his words to urge.
He left me—madness did not come till *then*
In spite of all I suffer'd.—Till that hour
I had distinguish'd all, like other men,
Nor sunk beneath misfortune's blasting power.
But then I felt a circling in my brain;
A laugh convulsive in my choking breast;
A starting in each heavy temple vein,
A weight which all my shivering limbs oppress'd.
Through my bewilder'd brain the warm blood rush'd,
From my distended mouth in torrents gush'd;
And with a low sick sob I sank in pain,
Trusting no more to wake or breathe again.

"Days, months, and years roll'd on, and I had been
A prisoner a century; had seen
Change after change among my keepers; heard
The shrieks of new-made captives, (which oft stirr'd
My heart again to madness,) and the groans
Of those whom death released; the low faint moans
Of the exhausted; and I yet remain'd
To my dark dungeon, and existence, chain'd.

Digitized by Google

But wherefore should I struggle thus to show
The dull monotony of endless woe?
Suffice it, that it was amongst a race
Then, yet unborn, that I beheld thy face—
Thy angel face, for whom ev'n I would crave
A few years' respite from the welcome grave."
He ceased; and with a tearless deep despair,
Turn'd to the sad one who sat by him there;
And neither spoke;—but o'er his wasted frame
A shaking, as of strong convulsion, came:
And, taking her faint hand between his own,
Quivering he press'd it, with a heavy groan;
And look'd into her face, as if to read
His fate therein—and bow'd his grief-worn head
Upon his arms awhile; then started up
To live—or drink the dregs of sorrow's cup.
And she rose too, who had been sitting by,
Gazing upon those dark curls vacantly;
And once or twice half bending, as she would
Have press'd her lips on them—though stain'd with blood,
She rose, and when he murmur'd forth his fears—
"Is it too horrible? must I depart?"
Look'd up, and with an agony of tears,
Spread forth her arms, and clasp'd him to her heart.

Digitized by Google

THE UNDYING ONE.

CANTO IV.

'Tis done—the night has pass'd away;
And basking in the sunny day,
The laughing fountain's waters bear
No record of each burning tear;—
The silent echoes give no sound
Of shriek or moan; and nothing round
Can tell what breaking hearts have been
So lately in that quiet scene.
But ere the evening falls again,
Many a step o'er mount and glen
Shall hurry far and wide, to seek
Her of the pallid brow and cheek.
Proud is the eye of the bridegroom lord!
He hath girt him round with a trusty sword,
And the horse that hath borne him to battle for years,
Gladly his angry summons hears,
His red nostrils snuffing the morning air,
Nothing he heeds their heavy care,
But waits till his high curving neck shall be freed,
To bound o'er the hills with an arrow's speed.
He is gone—full swiftly he dashes by—
And many a bright and beautiful eye

Digitized by Google

Follows the rider's form;—and dreams
Of pleasant walks by the dancing streams,
Of moonlight whispering in the grove,
Of looks of ardour, and vows of love,
Fill those young hearts: and they wonder why
Visions so happy should make them sigh;
And more they wonder, that any one
Of the numberless forms their eyes have known,
Should have stolen a heart which Carlos woo'd
By the fount, and the lone wood's solitude.

Oh! love—*real* love! intoxicating dream
Of beauty and of happiness! how vain
Are our aspirings after thee, which seem
To bring thee near us!—doubt and causeless pain,
And jealousies, and most unconstant sighs
For something fairer than this world supplies;
And fondness which doth end in faint disgust;
And airy hopes that crumble down to dust;—
These are not love,—though these too oft impart
A false excitement to the swelling heart.

To look upon the fairy one, who stands
Before you, with her young hair's shining bands,
And rosy lips half parted;—and to muse,
Not on the features which you now peruse,
Not on the blushing bride,—but look beyond
Unto the aged wife, nor feel less fond:
To feel, that while thy arm can strike them dead,
No breathing soul shall harm that gentle head:
To *know*, that none with fierce and sudden strife
Shall tear thee from her, save with loss of life:

Digitized by Google

To keep thee but to *one*, and let that one
Be to thy home what warmth is to the sun;
To gaze, and find no change, when time hath made
Youth's dazzling beauty darken into shade,
But fondly—firmly—cling to her, nor fear
The fading touch of each declining year;
This is true love, when it hath found a rest
In the deep home of manhood's faithful breast.

To worship silently at some heart's shrine,
And feel, but paint not, all its fire in thine:
To pray for that heart's hopes, when thine are gone,
Nor let its after coldness chill thine own:
To hold that one, with every fault, more dear
Than all who whisper fondness in thine ear:
To joy thee in his joy, and silently
Meet the upbraiding of his angry eye:
To bear unshrinking all the blows of fate,
Save that which leaves thy sorrow desolate:
Nor deem *that* woe, which thou canst feel is still
Borne with him, and for him; through every ill
To smile on him,—nor weep, save when apart,
God, and God only, looks into thy heart:
To keep unchanged thy calm, pure, quiet love,
If he, inconstant, doth a new one prove;
To love all round him as a part of him,
Ev'n her he worships:—though thine eye be dim
With weeping for thyself—to pray that not
One cloud may darken o'er *their* earthly lot:
With the affection of true hearts, to see
His happiness, which doth not hang on thee:—

Digitized by Google

Oh! this is woman's love—its joy—its pain;
And this—it hath been felt—and felt in vain.

They are dancing again, by the misty veil
Of the star-lit sky and the moonlight pale.
Laughing and murmuring voices rise,
With their gladsome tones, to the peaceful skies:
And no one voice hath a sadder tone,
For the sake of her whose form is gone,
Though her step was light in the dance, and her brow
Fairer than any which gleam there now.
Yet after the dance is done, and faint
Each languid limb on the turf is thrown,
Their gathering voices strive to paint
The stranger-heart that Linda won.
And still, as his wasted form, pale brow
And mournful looks to their thoughts appear;
With his deep, sad voice, they wonder how
He hath pleaded his tale in Linda's ear.
And some dream wildly of wizard bower
Which hath tempted those fair young feet to stray:
And some of the sweet and charmed power
Which lies in the moonlight's holy ray:
And some who love—oh! *they* fondly feel,
In the hopeful heart of the promised bride,
That her soul may be bound in the woe or weal
Of the stranger by the fountain's side:
And none be able to know, or tell,
How such a love in her young heart grew—
Till the charm have bound *their* souls as well,
And the flame burn bright in their bosoms too.

Digitized by Google

They travel fast—the bridegroom lord,
With his prancing steed and his trusty sword;
And the brother-tyrant by his side,
With marble brow and heart of pride.
But vainly they follow o'er vale and hill,
Through the tufted heath, or the cool clear rill;
That mournful pair are far before,
Where the bleak sands lie, and the billows roar.
Far from the smiling land of her birth,
Her early home on the boundless earth,
Hath Linda, with tears, resolved to go,
For her mother's son is her deadly foe.
Stern as he was when she watch'd each look,
And obey'd ere he spoke—oh! how shall he brook
That her heart had swerved, and her vows are naught
For the sake of the love which a stranger brought?
Oh! far may her white foot seek, and reach,
A home on Erin's shingled beach!
Where Miriam dwelt—in *their* bless'd land
Of the free warm heart, and the open hand;
Where no hypocrite's sneer their wrath disguises,
But the sword springs out as the heart's blood rises;
There hath she chosen her home to be:
And their bark bounds over the foaming sea.
Silently watching by Isbal's side,
Sadly she looks on the curling tide;
And gloomily as it roams o'er all,
His eye is a guide where hers shall fall.
Sudden a light shot o'er that eye,
And a quivering through him came:
And Linda, though she knows not why,
Clings trembling to his frame.
Hurriedly he spoke,
As the deep flush broke

Digitized by Google

O'er his face:
"There is a vessel—would it were a wreck!—
I know it by the flag; and on that deck
Are forms my soul can trace.
Though yet I see them not, I know
That, could we meet, a bitter woe
Were thine, their power beneath:
Though yet I hear them not, I feel
Each voice would tear the polish'd steel
From out its idle sheath.
Curse on the sails, whose lagging speed
Doth leave us in our hour of need!
Is there no wind in heaven?
They come—oh! Linda, cling to me:
Come closer yet: more strength will be
To love and vengeance given!"

Vain wrath! Young Linda gazes on the sight
Which thus hath conjured up a desperate fight:
And, in the distance she doth spy a sail,
With its flag fluttering gently on the gale,
White, calm, and peaceful:—strange in truth it seems,
That such a sight hath power to wake such dreams.
Yet doth she shudder, as with vehement force
He clasps her round, and views the vessel's course.
It nears—it nears—and through the signal glass,
The distant forms of crew and captain pass.—
'Tis they! 'tis they! Her brother's haughty form,
Proudly erect, defies the coming storm:
And, seated near him, in his mantle clad,
With brow almost as haughty, but more sad,
Is he who woo'd her heart, when love was yet
A dream—which those who wake, strive vainly to forget!

Digitized by Google

She sees them, but all unconscious they,
Who tracks them thus on their distant way.
They hail the vessel, then turn to gaze
Upon the sunset's parting rays;
And veering in their course, they sever,
Careless if they should part for ever!
But Isbal hath fixed his straining sight
On the gleamy look of her canvass white,
And with impatient glance on high
Chides the full sails that hide the sky;
And yearns, till that distant land be won,
For spirit's wings to bear him on.
Bounds the light ship on her foamy track,
With her crimson pennant floating back:
Onward impell'd by the steady gales,
That are firmly pressing the swelling sails.

On she goes, and the waves are dashing
Under her stern, and under her prow;
Oh! pleasant the sound of the waters plashing
To those who the heat of the desert know.

On she goes—and the light is breaking
In a narrow streak o'er the distant sea;
And the shouts confused of the crew are waking
The silent air with an echo free.

On she goes—and the moon hath risen—
The holy moon that her veil doth shroud;
And like a mournful face from prison,
She looketh out of her watery cloud.

Digitized by Google

Graceful as earth's most gentle daughters,
That good ship sails through the gleaming spray—
Like a beautiful dream on the darken'd waters,
Till she anchors in Killala bay. (⁸)

Erin!—be hush'd, my lyre! Oh! thou,
With ardent mind and eager brow;
With heart and harp together strung,
The hero's soul, the poet's tongue;
Who shall attempt the chorded shell
Which thou hast breathed upon so well?
Or who shall seek that land to praise,
Nor seem to echo back thy lays?
That land, "the land that bore thee;" never
Shall aught thy name from Erin's sever—
Nor dream of Erin's beauty be,
That doth not also breathe of thee.
And if perchance in after years,
Some other harp shall wake our tears;
Or, with a burst of glorious song,
Bear our rapt souls in dreams along:
The songs they sing, the lays they pour,
Shall bring us back *thy* genius—Moore!
Oh! yes—by all that others feel,
When from thy lip the low words steal:
By many an unregarded sigh
The winds have caught in passing by:
By wild far dreams of light divine,
That come not, save to souls like thine:
By the heart-swelling thou hast wrought:
By thy deep melody of thought:
By tear, and song, and ardour won—
The harp of Erin is thine own!

Digitized by Google

A storm is in the sky; a storm on earth;
And terror pale hath hushed the voice of mirth.
And strong determination gleams forth now
From the deep lines of many a careless brow.
A storm is on the sea; a storm in heaven;
And wildly on the vessel's course is driven.
Forth rushes lightning from the lurid skies,
And ere the pilot's lip can pray,—he dies!
Aghast they stand;—the blacken'd corse lies there,
Sickening their helpless hearts with deep despair:
While Isbal waves his vainly lifted hand,
And shouts in deafen'd ears his proud command:
"Each to his post! Myself will take the helm,
Though lightnings dart and billows overwhelm.
Why dream ye thus? Is death so dreadful then
To shrinking things that boast the name of men?
Will ye be daunted that one soul hath gone
Ere he had time to say, 'I go *alone!*'
Struggle for life! for soon the yawning tide,
Which howls and dashes o'er the good ship's side,
Shall come to claim its prey:—each to his post,
And strain and labour, or the ship is lost!"
Alarm, and shame, and wonder fill their hearts;
And then his fiery speech some warmth imparts.
All hands aboard with silent strength obey,
And the strain'd vessel ploughs her labour'd way.

A bark—a bark comes tossing o'er the wave,
(On the dark face of heaven, more darkly seen,)
Right on the vessel's course,—while ev'n the brave
Shudder for breath;—what doth the helmsman mean?
Onward she comes—by raging wave and wind
Helplessly driven with a meteor's speed:

Digitized by Google

Almost she touches;—is the helmsman blind,
That of such danger he doth take no heed?
Well doth *he* know that ship, whose eye hath watch'd
All the long day; and now doth glaring stand
His only fear that heaven perchance hath snatch'd
His deep revenge from out his desperate hand.
She comes!—a shock—a hollow whirling sound—(*)
A wail that o'er the troubled waters went
Of many howling voices;—a harsh sound
Of the keel grating o'er that bark's descent;
And all was over!—Oh! in those few words
How much of agony, and hope, and fear,
And yearnings after life, and treasured hoards
Of young hearts' feelings, cease and disappear!
All—*all* was over! what, we may not know;
But looking back in our own breasts we feel
Much perish'd, with the separate all of those
Who sank beneath that vessel's grating keel.
And with them perish'd Linda's brother stern,
And the young bridegroom in his hour of youth:
And Linda feels her brain and bosom burn—
Oh! it had madden'd her to know the truth!
The murderous truth, that he she loved—for whom
And for whose love she broke her plighted troth,
With strong and ruthless hand prepared the doom,
Which sickens her to dream upon—for both.
But as it was, she gazed into his face,
And round upon the black and empty space,
And then with shudderings cold she bow'd her head,
And gazed upon the waters.—
Have the dead
Power to rise? She sees a single form
All impotently struggling with the storm,

Digitized by Google

And tossing high his arm, as if to crave
A rescue from his comrades' watery grave.
Oh! save him!—save him! Swift a rope is thrown,
And on the deck, with an exhausted groan,
The half-drown'd wretch is laid. With greedy glare
Doth Isbal watch him for a moment there;
And then with faded glance draws calmly back,
And seems to watch the vessel's furrow'd track.
Meanwhile full many a rough but hearty grasp
Greets the lone stranger; but *his* hand the clasp
Returns not—and their words of welcome seem
Spoken to one who hears not, but doth dream.
Wistfully gazing up into their eyes,
As though he understood them not—awhile
All motionless he stands; then to the skies,
Then on the sea, with a most bitter smile.
And thus he spoke, but whom he loved, or why,
Is in His book who suffer'd them to die:—

"It was a pleasant dream—possessing thee,
Albeit thy stay was very short on earth;
And still my hopes and heart are blessing thee,
Thou of the glad bright eyes and voice of mirth.
It *was* a pleasant dream—but thou art gone,
By many a billow cover'd from my sight:
Thou'lt come no more to cheer me when alone—
Thy lips are mute—thine eyes no more are bright.
Oh! thou in whom my life was all bound up,
What is that life without thee? Long ere now
I deem'd that I had drain'd pale sorrow's cup—
Alas! I had not seen death on thy brow.

"Oft, when with boding fears I've sat to watch
For thy dear coming, with dim weary gaze,

Digitized by Google

Or wander'd out thine eye's first glance to catch,
Fancy hath painted them with fading rays.
I've dream'd of danger and of death; and when
Thine answering look hath met my anxious eye;
When I have clasp'd thee to my heart again—
That heart's full joy hath strain'd to agony.
But it hath come at last—the long dark day,
The cheerless absence which hath no return;
And what is left to me? where lies thy clay—
There—*there*, beloved, doth my beacon burn!"

Wildly he gazed upon the green deep wave,
As if he sought a spot to be his grave;
Then turning him where Isbal stood aside,
"My curse upon thee, helmsman!" loud he cried.
He leapt—the waters closed, and murmur'd o'er:
The heart that beat to suffer—felt no more.
And Isbal started, and young Linda wept;
And the heavens brighten'd, and the loud winds slept.
The cold pale moon began once more to shine,
And the tall vessel sped athwart the brine.

'Tis deep blue midnight—many a star
Is twinkling in the heavens afar.
The autumn winds are blowing keen
The straight and steady masts between;
And motionless the vessel lies
As she were traced upon the skies.
Within that anchor'd ship are some
Fond simple hearts who dream of home;
And murmuring in their sleep, they hear
Far distant voices whispering near.

Digitized by Google

Within that anchor'd ship are many
Whose careless dreams (if they have any)
Bring back some lightly-utter'd jest,
To brighten o'er their lonely rest.
Within that anchor'd ship are none
Who sleep not, save the watch—and one
Who may not rest—who dares not dream;
And *he*—whence glows that sudden beam
That shot along his pallid brow?
Again—again—'tis brighter now—
Awake! awake! 'tis danger—death!—
The flames are round, above, beneath;
Fire! on the lonely waste of sea—
Fire! where no human help can be!
Wild, breathless, and aghast, the crew
Crowd the scorch'd deck. A busy few,
With the rude instinct that doth make
Man struggle for existence' sake,
Lower the boats:—one after one
Those frail light barks are landward gone,
Ere Isbal from his vision'd trance
Is roused.—What meets his hurried glance?
Half burnt, half drown'd around him dying,
Are wretches on the waters lying.
He gazes on all with shivering start—
"'Tis the curse—'tis the curse of that broken heart!"
He hails the last boat—"Oh! not for *my* life
Do I ask you to brave the element's strife;
But for her who is dearer than life"—in vain;
A hoarse voice answers him again:
"When *thou* wert helmsman, the ship went down,
And the heavens look'd out with an angry frown.
How know we who or what thou art,
A man in form, but a fiend in heart!

Digitized by Google

Thou didst not shudder, nor quail, nor shrink,
When we heard the waves their death-sob drink;
Though brave men held their breath, to see
Their fellows die so suddenly!
The wrath of heaven is on thy head,
And a cry is come up from the early dead—
It hath wrought on us this awful sign;
And we will not perish for thee or thine!"

It was over now!—and alone they stood
In that fiery ship, on the glowing flood;
With a woman's love, and a woman's fear,
She clung to that bosom, now doubly dear;
And she look'd up into his death-like face,
From the eager clasp of his firm embrace,
With a strange wild smile, which seem'd to say,
"Let us die together." He turn'd away,
And he gazed far out on the lonely sea,
Where the billows are raging desperately;
He gazed far out to the utmost verge,
But the sickening sound of the booming surge,
And the dashing waves, with their ceaseless strife,
Coursing each other like things of life—
And a howl through the lighted firmament,
As the boat, and the boat's crew downward went—
Sounds of sorrow, and sights of fear,
Were all which struck on his eye and ear.
He look'd around him:—the fiery blaze
Mocking the pale moon's quiet rays;
The red flames licking the topmast high,
As if climbing to reach the cool clear sky;
And the waters which came with a hissing splash,
On the side of the burning ship to dash;

Digitized by Google

The fire-tinged sails, and the lonely deck,
Which must soon be a black and helpless wreck;
The perishing fragments of all which lay
So proudly bright at the close of day;
And the memory of that grating sound,
When the keel pass'd over the wretches drown'd:
These, and the thoughts such scenes impart,
Were all that struck on his eye and heart.
All—was it all? Was there no pale form,
Shining amid the element's storm,
With her lip compress'd, and her dark eye proud,
While the flames rose high, and the blast blew loud?
Feeling that now no earthly power
Could sever their hearts for one short hour,
And careless of death, because she knew
That where *he* sank, she must perish too!
He looked on her, and his heart grew sick,
And his filmy glance was dull and thick,
As wildly earnest he gazed once more
From the rolling sea to the distant shore.
A wild light shot o'er his gloomy brow;
"Oh! Heaven, dear Linda, is with us now!
Amid these scenes of fear and dread,
Thy Isbal, still secure, might tread:
The floating wave would bear him on
To live—but he would live alone.
Oh! by the love thou bear'st me still,
Though to me thou owest all earthly ill;
By the hours, and days, and years of bliss
Which made thy dreams, ere life sank to this;
By the hope that hath been, and that still may be,
Plunge into the waves, beloved, with me."
Wildly she gazes, and shrouds her eyes
From the dark confusion of sea and skies.

Digitized by Google

Oh! woman's heart! to die by his side
Less fearful seems than to stem that tide;
Those roaring, raging, horrible waves,
Which are rolling o'er her shipmates' graves.

Onward—onward—and Isbal draws
His labour'd breath with a gasping pause;
The curse is light
On his soul that night;
For a heart is beating against his breast,
Where his lonely thoughts have found sweet rest,
And a calm delight.

Onward—onward—she faints not yet—
Though her cheek be cold, and her long hair wet;
And Isbal yearns,
As her fond eye turns
To search for hope in his eager face,
For land, and a mossy resting-place,
Where nothing burns.

Onward—onward—for weary miles
Through the lone chill waters, where nothing smiles,
And the light hath shrunk—
And the wave hath drunk
The last dull, cheerless, ruddy gleam,
And naught remains but an awful dream
Of the good ship sunk.

Onward—onward—in darkness now,
And the dew is standing on Isbal's brow;

Digitized by Google

And his soul is wrung,
As the arms which clung
Confidingly, droop in their beauty there
On the nervous strength of his shoulder bare,
Where her long hair hung.

Onward—onward—he hears once more
Murmurs and sounds from the blessed shore.
He heedeth not
His long dark lot,
But strains that form in a long embrace,
And tenderly kisses her cold pale face,
And his toil is forgot.

"Thou'rt saved, my Linda! See, the land is won—
The pleasant land where we may live alone:
The deep firm land, where we may stand and gaze
Upon the ocean in its stormiest days.
Linda, my beautiful! oh, blessed be
That day of well-remember'd agony
Which stamp'd the brand of darkness on my brow—
Since I have lived, beloved, to save thee now."

He hath lifted her and laid her down,
And taken her soft hand in his own,
And wrung the brine from out her hair,
And raised its weight from her bosom fair,
Its cold damp weight, that her breath may come
Free from its pure and lovely home.
He hath press'd his cheek close, close to hers,
To feel when the first pulsation stirs,

Digitized by Google

And now he watches with patient love
Till that fainting form begin to move.
Long may he watch. Oh! never more
By the rolling sea, or the pleasant shore,
Shall her mournful voice with its gentle sigh
Whisper soft words of melody.
Never, oh! never more, her form
With faithful step, through sun and storm,
Shall follow him from land to land
Or like his guardian spirit stand.
Long may he watch for that head to rise,
For the gentle glance of those waking eyes;
Cold and pale as she lieth now—
With her weary limbs and her faded brow,
So must she lie for evermore—
She hath pass'd her trials and reach'd the shore!

Ah! who shall tell their agonized despair,
Who, after watchful nights of ceaseless prayer,
And days of toil, and hours of bitter tears,
And agony that does the work of years—
Stand by the bed of death with whirling brain,
And feel they toil'd, and loved, and pray'd, *in vain.*
Sadly and fearfully they shrink from those
Whose looks confirm the story of their woes,
And seek with visionary words to buoy
Their spirits up with prophecies of joy:
Ev'n while their blanch'd lips quiver in their dread,
The faint tongue murmurs, "No, they are not dead!"
And yet we feel they *are.* So Isbal stood
By the deep, rolling, and eternal flood;
And so *he* sought some comfort to impart
With a fond falsehood to his conscious heart;

Digitized by Google

And still repeated, "Lo, she breathes! she stirs!"
When his own breath had waved a tress of hers.
The oft repeated echo died away
Of those vain words; and as the ocean spray
With its light snow-shower drenches her again,
Her lip gives forth uncertain sounds of pain.

In his wrung heart he seeks to guess
When perish'd so much of loveliness;
And in Fancy's dream her arms again
Cling as they clung around him then.
Which of the mountain waves that rose,
Bade her meek eyes for ever close?
Was it her corpse that he bore for miles,
When he gladly dreamt of her grateful smiles?
Or did her white feet touch the shore,
Ere her spirit departed for evermore?
With a straining force his deep thoughts dwell
On each murmur that rose 'mid the ocean's swell.
Was it when feebly her young arms sank,
That the dashing waters her spirit drank,
And her breath pass'd out on the billows high
With a faint and unremember'd sigh?
But no—for long after he spoke to cheer,
And her sweet voice answer'd in his ear.
Was it when darkness fell around,
And the red ship sank with a gurgling sound—
That her angel soul to its haven past
On the unseen wings of the midnight blast?
Did she yearn for the far land hopelessly,
As her stiff limbs shrank from the foaming sea:
Or did she yield her up to death,
With a weary moan, and a gasping breath?

Digitized by Google

Vainly he searches his tortured brain
For a farewell word, or a sigh of pain;
Silently as he bore her on,
Her soul from its gentle frame hath gone,
And never on earth shall his heart discover
The moment her love and her life were over;
Only thus much shall the lost one know—
Where *she* hath departed, he may not go!

With sternly folded arms, and undrawn breath,
He stands and gazes on that form of death.
The deep, the sickening certainty is there,
The doom eternal of his long despair.
O'er the dim wave he flung his desperate arm,
Forgetful in his anguish of the charm
That bound his life. With effort wild and vain
He plunges headlong in the treacherous main;
While the lone sea, with melancholy sound,
Returns him groaning to the mossy ground.
Again he leaps the tide-wash'd bank, which late
He deem'd a shelter from the storms of fate:
The dashing waters yield, and then divide;
But still he sinks not in the whelming tide.
Proudly he stemm'd the billows, when his arms
Bore the faint burden of his Linda's charms;
Proudly he gazed upon the waters high,
Whose strength contain'd no power to bid him die:
But now he curses, with a bitter voice,
The ocean, which doth triumph and rejoice,
As the green billows, heaving in the day
Greedily roar around that lifeless clay.

Digitized by Google

Hark! the wild-owl that echoes through the land,
As his foot spurns the smooth and glittering sand.
That wave its floating weight on shore hath thrown;
And "the Undying One" is left *alone*.

Digitized by Google

THE SORROWS OF ROSALIE.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

I.

Oh, ye for whom this tale of woe is told,
Who tempest-tost on passion's stormy deep,
Too weak for virtue, yet in vice not bold,
Irresolutely turn away and weep:
Deep in your torn and wavering bosoms keep
One love, beyond all others;—'tis a love
Shall never cost you tears, or bid you sleep
Less calmly on your couch, lest it should prove
A vain and faithless dream by wandering fancy wove.

II.

It is the love of God! Your idols tread
Where death hath raised his ever-pointed dart:
"Thou shalt not worship them." So He hath said
Whose word is law. The numbered hours depart,
And the frail idol of each trembling heart
Is snatched in mercy from you, that when riven
Are all the gentle ties, whose magic art
Made earth appear your home, the soul forgiven
May gladly wing its free, unfettered flight to heaven.

Digitized by Google

III.

And ye who make the joyful heart to grieve,
Ye tempters of the weak and sinful! learn
To think upon the future: oh, believe
Days come, when in your hearts, now cold and ster.
The worm that dieth not, *Remorse*, shall burn,
And ye shall mourn the ruin ye have made—
Shed the vain tear o'er the unconscious urn,
Where, early blighted, 'neath Guilt's venomed shade,
Lie young, confiding hearts, by cruelty betrayed.

IV.

The small, still voice shall whisper you, and haunt
Your brightest noon-day hour, your stillest night;
And with its deep, mysterious power shall daunt
Each coward heart amid the halls of light;
Making the day seem hateful to your sight.—
Yes, ye shall writhe beneath th' avenging rod!
Oh, vainly would ye chase your soul's affright;
Or seek to hide beneath the mountain sod,
From the unerring eye of an offended God!

V.

Deem not the tale o'erwrought; ye little think
How many, whom ye knew when young, and gay,
The bitter waters of affliction drink,
And vainly weep their wretched lives away.
Pause o'er the cloud-hid future—shun the ray
Which, meteor-like, misleads, and dies again—
The mournful darkness of each summer's day—
The listless sadness of a heart in pain:—
Tempters and tempted, pause, e'er yet that pause be vain!

Digitized by Google

THE

SORROWS OF ROSALIE.

PART I.

I.

Ye marble-hearted ones, whose sighs and tears
Are granted only to a gilded woe—
Whose sick and misdirected pity fears
To look on all that penury can show,
When guilt and want have made a hell below;
In whom the unreal mockeries of the stage
Alone can wake a momentary glow;
Whom griefs impossible, and mimic rage,
Far more than sorrow's truth, and wan disease, engage:

II.

To such I would not speak—but oh! to *you*
Whose generous hearts can feel another's grief;
Who all you *can*, are willing still to do,
Though loathsome be the wretch who asks relief.
To those who turn—where sorrow claims us chief—
To the lone hut where cheerless misery
Clings wistfully to life, though sad and brief,
And hopes, however vain those hopes may be—
To those alone I call, for *they* can feel for me.

Digitized by Google

III.

Yet little reck I *now* for pity's throb:
Can it recall the years that are no more?
Can it repress the deep convulsive sob
That, choking, comes from my heart's inmost core?
Can it bid those return whose day is o'er?
Can it remove the sad sepulchral stone,
Or raise again my ruined cottage door?
Those whom your pity might have saved, are gone,
And now it is not prized, for I am left alone.

IV.

No friend shall watch my lingering soul depart—
Unwept, unhonour'd, *I* must pass away;
Then pity forced from each reluctant heart
Shall pour upon my tomb its useless ray,
Condemn my faults, yet mourn my clouded day;
Then, when a late compassion smiles in vain,
A hand divine shall bid my sorrows stay;
And I shall see the forms I love again,
And rest my weary head where all are free from pain.

V.

Oh, woman! in this hour of agony
Trample not rudely on the fallen one;
I have been weak, been guilty, but I die
Spurned at, forgotten, friendless, and alone;
All that I had, save hope of heaven, is gone;
From *that* safe port no wand'rer shall be driven;
God, before whom I bow, will hear my moan;
For there's no sin too great to be forgiven
By him who pities all—the Omnipotent of heaven.

Digitized by Google

VI.

Home of my childhood! quiet, peaceful home!
Where innocence sat smiling on my brow,
Why did I leave thee, willingly to roam,
Lured by a traitor's vainly-trusted vow?
Could they, the fond and happy, see me *now*,
Who knew me when life's early summer smiled,
They would not know 'twas I, or marvel how
The laughing thing, half woman and half child,
Could e'er be changed to form so squalid, wan and wild.

VII.

I *was* most happy—witness it, ye skies,
That watched the slumbers of my peaceful night!
Till each succeeding morning saw me rise
With cheerful song, and heart for ever light;
No heavy gems—no jewel, sparkling bright,
Cumbered the tresses Nature's self had twined;
Nor festive torches glared before my sight;
Unknowing and unknown, with peaceful mind,
Blest in the lot I knew, none else I wished to find.

VIII.

I *had* a father—a gray-haired old man,
Whom Fortune's sad reverses keenly tried;
And now his dwindling life's remaining span,
Locked up in me the little left of pride,
And knew no hope, no joy, no care beside.
My father!—dare I say I loved him well?
I, who could leave him to a hireling guide?
Yet all my thoughts were *his*, and bitterer fell
The pang of leaving *him*, than all I have to tell.

Digitized by Google

IX.

Each morn, before the dew was brush'd away,
When the wide world was hush'd in deep repose,—
When only flowerets hailed the early day,
I gathered many a diamond-spangled rose,
And many a simple bud that widely blows;
Then, quick returning to my father's bed,
Before his heavy eyelids could unclose,
I shook away the tears that Nature shed,
And placed them with a kiss beside his slumbering head.

X.

My father!—still I see thy silvery hairs
Uplifted gently by the evening breeze,
That placid brow, furrow'd with many cares,
The Bible resting on thy aged knees,
Thine eyes that watch'd the sunset through the trees,
The while I read aloud that holy book,
Or brought wild flowers with childish zeal to please,
Cull'd by the mossy bank or running brook,
And guess'd thine every wish and feeling from a look.

XI.

And oh! my childhood's home was lovelier far
Than all the stranger homes where I have been;
It seem'd as if each pale and twinkling star
Loved to shine out upon so fair a scene;
Never were flowers so sweet, or fields so green,
As those that wont that lonely cot to grace.
If, as tradition tells, this earth has seen
Creatures of heavenly form and angel race,
They might have chosen that spot to be their dwelling place.

Digitized by Google

XII.

In evil hour (for me unfortunate)
Did the deceiver come; I will not say
That he was all on earth most good and great,
Or fairer than the other sons of clay;
But he was all to *me*—a single day
Spent without *him* was as a year of pain;
And, when he went, I wept whole hours away,
Musing upon that love so light and vain,
Or trembling lest I ne'er should see his face again.

XIII.

Oh, Arthur! if thine eye should view these lines,
Bid not the tear of vain compassion flow;
On thee the sun of pleasure brightly shines,
For thee the ruby wines still sparkling glow,
Though I am pining here in want and woe.
When at thy festive board peals loud and long
The jocund laugh, or music stealing slow,
Think not on *her*, who once with simple song,
And smiles, repaid thee well for luring her to wrong.

XIV.

Oh! still enjoy the cup, the song, the dance,
While yet that life of thoughtlessness may be;
And should some happier beauty's fav'ring glance
Force thee, despite thyself, to think on *me*,
Cold and ungrateful, know that even she
Whom thou hadst injured and then left to die,
In death forgave thee—loved thee—pitied thee:
For, heartless as thou art, the time is nigh
When thou shalt mourn my woes, and echo every sigh!

Digitized by Google

XV.

Oh! still the charm clings round my broken heart
With which his early love its cords had bound;
In vain I bid his imaged form depart,
For when I pray, with sad and falt'ring sound,
His name is on my lips,—and hov'ring round,
He, the young Arthur of my happy days,
Stands on some green and flow'ry spot of ground,
With sunny smile and bright enraptured gaze
Greeting me kindly still with visionary praise.

XVI.

Oh, Arthur! by each fond endearing name—
By every melody in youth I sung—
By my lost hopes—by my departed fame,
By the sad ling'ring dream to which I clung,
By every bitter tear from anguish wrung,
By all my love—by all my untold grief,
Let not *another* weep that *she* has hung
Upon thy words, and die without relief;
For sorrow makes too long a life, however brief.

XVII.

He came—admired the pure and peaceful scene,
And offer'd money for our humble cot.
Oh! justly burn'd my father's cheek, I ween,
" His sires by honest toil the dwelling got;
Their home was not for sale." It matters not
How, after that, Lord Arthur won my love.
He smiled contemptuous on my humble lot,
Yet left no means untried my heart to move,
And call'd to witness *his* the glorious heavens above.

Digitized by Google

XVIII.

Oh! dimm'd are now the eyes he used to praise,
Sad is the laughing brow where hope was beaming,
The cheek that blush'd at his impassion'd gaze
Wan as the waters where the moon is gleaming;
For many a tear of sorrow hath been streaming
Down the changed face, which knew no care before;
And my sad heart, awaken'd from its dreaming,
Recalls those days of joy, untimely o'er,
And mourns remember'd bliss, which can return no more.

XIX.

Lord Arthur came, when evening beams had set,
That then my aged father might not know
How often and how tenderly we met.
My heart was doubly weigh'd by guilt and woe,
And sometimes, or perchance I fancied so,
Methought he gazed on me reproachfully.
Oh! more than once I thought I would not go;
For piteous and remorseful 'twas to see
How bright the old man's smile whene'er he look'd on me.

XX.

But yet I went—my weak and wicked heart
Could not resolve to bid a last adieu;
I could not say I would with Arthur part;
I felt I could not live but in his view,
And deem'd *his* love as fervent and as true.
I went—to shield the future from my sight,
A veil around my reason close I drew;
O'er my dark path there hung no friendly light,
But yet I knew each step led farther from the right.

Digitized by Google

XXI.

It was upon a gentle summer's eve,
When Nature lay all silently at rest—
When none but I could find a cause to grieve,
I sought in vain to soothe my troubled breast,
And wander'd forth alone, for well I guess'd
That Arthur would be lingering in the bower
Which oft with summer garlands I had dress'd;
Where blamelessly I spent full many an hour
Ere yet I felt or love's or sin's remorseless power.

XXII.

No joyful step to welcome me was there;
For slumber had her transient blessing sent
To him I loved—the still and balmy air,
The blue and quiet sky, repose had lent,
Deep as their own—above that form I bent,
The rich and clustering curls I gently raised,
And, trembling, kissed his brow—I turned and went—
Softly I stole away, nor, lingering, gazed;
Fearful and wondering still, at my own deed amazed.

XXIII.

My step had roused him, for he lightly sprung
From the green couch that Nature's hand had made.
Aside the drooping woodbine wreaths he flung:—
"And art thou, then, of Arthur, love, afraid?
Am I less dear to thee in slumber laid?
Or dost thou think I should have watch'd for thee,
Unwearied, till thy footsteps in the shade
Echo'd the sound my heart keeps faithfully,
Sleeping or waking, still my dream of hope to be?"

Digitized by Google

XXIV.

That night, to me a night of misery,
In silence thought upon, in silence wept,—
I gazed, through tears, on the unconscious sky,
While peacefully my poor old father slept.—
That night I vowed (and well my vow I kept)
That Arthur should be more than all to me.
High swell'd my heart, and in my bosom leap'd,
As I look'd round, and thought no more to see
My village, home, or sire—but Arthur's bride to be.

XXV.

'Twas not ambition—no—for though he said
That I should mistress be of hill and dell,
And many a glorious jewel deck my head:
No, 'twas not these,—it was enough to dwell
Poor, unadorn'd, so he had loved me well,
E'en where I was, or in some humbler spot,
Remote and far, where I might truly tell
How well I loved (because 'twas *his*) my cot,
And how I would not change with queens my happy lot.

XXVI.

The morning broke, and I was left alone,
Bewilder'd, sorrowful, as in a dream;
The small birds sang—the heavens serenely shone,
But oh! to me did nothing joyful seem,
And tears unknown—most bitter tears, would stream
For love's rash vow irrevocably made;
And when my father spoke—sincere, I deem,
Was the sad wish my heart's faint whisper said,
On a far colder couch to lay my unconscious head.

Digitized by Google

XXVII.

The evening came—would it had never come!
And I prepared to go, with many a tear;
A sad, yet willing exile from my home,
Forsaking all I held on earth most dear.
My father call'd me, for he loved to hear
The Bible read by his loved child alone:—
I tried to read; but, oh! I could not bear
The fond dim look—the gentle, trembling tone;
I scarcely heard his words, and sorrow choked my own.

XXVIII.

Murmuring I still read on—my words unheeded,
With fear, and doubt, and sorrow almost wild;
From him I could not ask the help I needed,
Till breaking on my trance, in accents mild
And fatherly, he said, "What ails my child?
What sorrow, Rosalie, is in thy breast?
Perchance thy favourite lamb has been beguiled
To quit its home—perchance some ringdove's nest
A truant boy hath torn from out its place of rest.

XXIX.

"Nay, sob not thus, my Rosalie; whate'er
Thy griefs, thou surely, love, cans't tell them *me*."
I could not answer—choking with despair,
I hid my throbbing brow upon his knee;
Then looked up to his face in agony.
I had confess'd, had one word more been said.
But whispering, "This is childish," smilingly,
He laid his trembling hand upon my head,
"Heaven bless thee now, my child! sweet sleep await thy bed!"

Digitized by Google

XXX.

He went; and when I thought upon the morning,
When he would wake to solitary woe,
And when I gazed upon the flowers adorning
The spot I once deem'd happiest below—
When I beheld the Bible cherish'd so,
For sake of those who now were fallen asleep,
I thought within my heart I *could* not go;
And with repentance, silent, sad, and deep,
I sat me down alone in bitterness to weep.

XXXI.

My face was buried in my hands:—a voice
Awoke me from my cheerless dream of grief;
Those tones were wont to make my heart rejoice,
But now—I turned—salt tears had brought relief,
I spoke in hurried accents, faint and brief:—
"Oh, not to-morrow! then I cannot go."
He heard, as though he gave my words belief,
And, turning from me, said, in tones of woe,
"Farewell to thee and life, if thou canst wound me so!"

XXXII.

"Oh, Arthur! stay"—he turn'd, and all was o'er—
My sorrow, my repentance—all was vain—
I dreamt the dream of life and love once more,
To wake to sad reality of pain.
He spoke, but to my ear no sound was plain,
Until the little wicket-gate we pass'd—
That sound of *home* I never heard again,
And then "drive on—drive faster—yet more fast."
I raised my weeping head—Oh! I had look'd my last.

END OF THE FIRST PART.

Digitized by Google

THE

SORROWS OF ROSALIE.

PART II.

I.

It was in spring—that time of ecstasy,
When but to breathe the fresh and gladsome air,
To gaze upon the blue and sunny sky,
The bright green fields, the trees, the meadows fair,
And cull the wanton wild flowers springing there,
To happy youth is worth full many a joy,
Which the cold world vainly deems worthy care.
Then—then to *live*, is hope without alloy,
The sense of being, bliss—which naught on earth can
cloy.

II.

And I had deem'd there was no bliss beyond
That feeling, till we wander'd side by side—
Till shone on me those eyes so brightly fond,
Now my sole sunbeam in the world so wide;
Till we *together* watch'd the waters glide,
In silvery ripples, by the silent shore;
Till I had tried—alas! how vainly tried,
To think on aught as I had thought before.
To cease to think of *him*, must be to think no more.

Digitized by Google

III.

And he had bought for me a little cot,
Where creeping jasmine and light woodbine twined;
Oh! beautiful and bright that fairy spot!
Yet all its loveliness but brought to mind
The one, more beautiful, I left behind;
But still I loved it, for beneath each tree
Arthur's dear form upon those banks reclined.
Whatever faults a stranger's eye might see,
That tiny spot of earth was Paradise to me.

IV.

Day after day, and hour succeeding hour,
For me Time's flight outstripp'd the flagging wind;
And never love had fetter'd with his power
A heart more fondly true, more wholly blind,
To all that might to others seem unkind,
Than mine;—although his absence seem'd an age,
Fondly I made excuses in my mind.
Think me not tedious—scorn me not, ye sage,
But weep that all my bliss is centred in a page!

V.

Oh thou, though faithless, still too dearly loved,
When I remember that short year of bliss—
That sunny dream of love, as yet unmoved—
The transient tear chased by thy tender kiss,
I marvel how I *can* be sunk to *this*.
I see thee still in dreams, and deem, in sooth,
I hear thy voice, and watch no word to miss;
I see those eyes all tenderness and truth—
Alas! I wake in vain to mourn my blighted youth.

Digitized by Google

VI.

It was not like the happiness I knew
When in my first sweet home of peaceful rest—
'Twas joy, or agony—each feeling grew
Wild, stormy, and tumultuous in my breast,
Though every wish was granted soon as guess'd;
Though I had all for which the happiest sigh,
There was one thought—deep, silent, unexpress'd,
Which called the unbidden tear-drop to mine eye,—
A thought of *him I left*—a thought of days gone by!

VII.

Oft would the bitter tear unconscious roll;
And Arthur watch'd, and sought to chase away
All that could shade the sunlight of my soul—
Soothed, praised, caressed, and bade my grief not stay,
Cheeringly speaking of some distant day
When I should turn me to my childhood's home
As Arthur's bride—the gayest 'mid the gay,
And bid my fond and aged father come
To princely halls and bowers, no more from me to roam.

VIII.

Yet when, with timid, trembling voice, I pray'd
That holy ties our hearts might soon unite,
He turn'd, half playful, half displeased, and said—
"The links of love will best true love requite;
Cold are those worldly ties, and no delight
Can those unhappy find who love perforce,
Who drag the unwilling chain because 'tis *right*,
Struggling for duty, shrinking from remorse,
Sighing for earlier times when free their joyous course.

Digitized by Google

IX.

"Oh no, my love!—my life—unchanged, unchanging,
Still let the flow'ry chain so lightly bind,
That hearts may fancy they are free for ranging,
And wander out the charmed links to find;
Yet still return to one most true, most kind,
Half loth to stay, yet powerless to rove,
To all but pleasure and each other blind.
Oh 'tis a glorious life, a life of love!
So may we live on earth as angels live above.

X.

"Content thee, then, my love! for none shall be
So dear to me as thou! and look not grieved,
For I have given my life, my soul to thee,
My future bride!"—He spoke, and I believed;
Oh! who had listen'd and not been deceived!
Alas! I knew not all the bitter woe,
The scorn that waits on her of fame bereaved;
I had but menials round me, proud to show
Respect for Arthur's sake, though *I* was sunk so low.

XI.

Once, *only* once, the witching power to charm
Fled from those lips whose accents were so dear.
It was a summer evening, soft and warm;
I gazed upon the heaven, blue and clear,
From out my little latticed window; near
Was Arthur standing—and the woodbine, climbing,
Shed a wild fragrance round—when on my ear
Fell a sweet sound of distant church-bells chiming,
And onward came young forms, their steps to music timing.

Digitized by Google

XII.

Alas! that day—I oped the casement wide,
And watch'd that gay group with a smiling face—
It was a village wedding; and the bride,
Rosy and rich in all youth's blooming grace,
Came lightly on, past this my fairy place;
Nearer and nearer still I saw them glide—
She turn'd, half startled, as she heard me rise,
When some grave matron, walking by her side,
Whisper'd her—slowly she withdrew her eyes,
With a sad farewell glance of pity and surprise!

XIII.

Silent she passed, last of the white-robed train—
Oh! there was something in her pitying look,
Mingled with dread, that thrilled my heart with pain.
My proud and sinful spirit could not brook
To see those gay ones, as their way they took,
With half suppress'd contempt in every eye:
Tear after tear in vain away I shook,
As all, with downcast glance, went slowly by,
As if they *felt*, not *saw*, some evil thing was nigh.

XIV.

Burst the convulsive sob from out my breast!
On Arthur's arm I leant my throbbing brow.
"And did I then forsake my home of rest
To be so scorn'd, so shunn'd, so hated now?
Oh! take me back where my own flowers still blow,
Where the beloved ones I left are dwelling;
Let me but see them *once* before I go
To that far land where none my sins are telling.
For strong against my breast this breaking heart is swelling!"

Digitized by Google

XV.

"Nay, calm thee, love!"—in vain the words were spoken;
Sob after sob rose thick and chokingly—
My dream was past—Hope's fairy glass was broken,
Dreary and dark my prospects seem'd to be;
The path of life, where once I thought to see
Bright skies above, and flowers of joy beneath,
Faded before me in my agony.—
'Twas all a wilderness, a desolate heath—
"Oh! Arthur, wed me *now*, or this will be my death."

XVI.

He dash'd away the tear that would encroach,
And firmly said, in accents low and deep,
"I could from others bear this wild reproach,
But not from *thee*—Rosa! to see thee weep
Costs me far more than it would *thee* to keep
Thy sorrow within bounds; cease this vain strife,
And let my promise bid thy sorrow sleep.
Soon as a son is born, to glad my life,
Oh, then shall Heaven and man behold thee Arthur's wife!

XVII.

"Pass some short months, and *then*—" he turn'd—a sigh
Burst from his breast, and *I* could say no more;
But fancied, from that hour of agony,
That Arthur came less often than before:
And *when* he came!—ye that are weeping o'er
The lost affections of a heart whose care
Was once to please you only!—ye that pour
Tears silently, then strive your woes to bear,
And try the sunniest smile your faded cheek can wear!

Digitized by Google

XVIII.

Pity me! for it came—the hour of sorrow
To *me*, that had forgotten how to weep;
To me, who gladly hailed each joyous morrow
That woke me from light dreams and peaceful sleep!
Oh, ne'er did happiness its vigil keep
Over the sinful—theirs is transient joy;
The trembling bliss—the feelings wild and deep,
Shooting like lightning o'er the heart—their toy,
Coming in brightness still, more darkly to destroy.

XIX.

And Arthur was not what he was erewhile;
Sad was his eye, and gloomy grew his brow;
Changed were his accents—sorrowful his smile—
Yes,—*he* was altered,—oh! I cared not *how*—
But gazed, and wept in bitterness; and now,
With eyes averted, or impatient tread,
He saw his hapless Rosa's tear-drops flow;
No word of comfort soothingly he said,
But buried in his hands, with mutter'd oaths, his head.

XX.

Oh! it was awful, starting from his trance,
To see him pace with hurried step the room;
Darting bright troubled fires from every glance.
Then calm, but pale, without youth's brightening bloom,
As storms, subsiding, leave a cheerless gloom.
In vain I supplicated him to tell
His grief to *me*, and let me share his doom,
Assured that death with him were welcomed well—
No word he spoke, but still on me those dark eyes fell.

Digitized by Google

XXI.

Months pass'd: one evening, as of early days,
When first my bosom thrill'd *his* voice to hear,
And thought upon the gentle words of praise
Which forced my lips to smile, and chased my fear;
I sang—a sob, deep, single, struck my ear;
Wondering, I gazed on Arthur, bending low—
His features were concealed, but many a tear,
Quick gushing forth, continued fast to flow,
Stood where they fell, then sank like dew-drops on the snow.

XXII.

Oh yes! however cold in after years,
At least it cost thee sorrow *then* to leave me;
And for those few sincere, remorseful tears,
I do forgive (though thou couldst thus deceive me)
The years of peace of which thou didst bereave me.
Yes—as I saw those gushing life-drops come
Back to the heart which yet delay'd to grieve me,
Thy love return'd a moment to its home,
Far, far away from me for ever then to roam.

XXIII.

I gazed a moment, mute with sad surprise;
My bosom thrill'd by that deep sound of woe;—
"Oh Arthur, oh beloved! raise those dear eyes,
Let but my tears with thine together flow!
Whate'er thy grief, let love, let Rosa know."
Startled he turn'd—sad as a funeral chime
The slow words came—"Oh! Rosa, I must *go:*
This night I sail to reach a foreign clime;
Nay, look not thus appall'd—it is but for a time."

Digitized by Google

XXIV.

Vain were his words—chill sank my fainting heart:
"Oh! if dark fate hath doom'd us now to sever,
I do conjure thee, though all hope depart,
By our past love, by every vain endeavour
To hold thee here,—*say*, dost thou go for ever?"
"No; by my hopes of bliss—by all that's dear—
By the blue midnight sky—the silent river—
By Heaven, which only now my vow can hear,
Within three transient months expect me to appear."

XXV.

He went—he *went!* his shadow, as he pass'd,
Traced his dark outline in the silvery light;
And, as he closed the gate, he gave one last
Long lingering look of love, as if the sight
Recall'd to memory many a fairer night;
He raised his eyes to heaven's blue vault serene,
And turn'd away;—he went—the moonbeams bright
Chequer'd with wavy lines the peaceful scene—
And long with dreamy thought I watch'd where he had been.

XXVI.

Still hope was left me, and each tedious hour
Was counted as it brought his coming near;
And joyfully I watch'd each fading flower;
Each tree, whose shadowy boughs grew red and sear;
And hail'd sad Autumn, favourite of the year.
At length my time of sorrow came—'twas over,
A beauteous boy was brought me, doubly dear,
For all the fears that promise caused to hover
Round him—'twas past—I claim'd a husband in my lover.

Digitized by Google

XXVII.

Oh, beauteous were my baby's dark blue eyes,
Evermore turning to his mother's face,
So dove-like soft, yet bright as summer skies;
And pure his cheek as roses, ere the trace
Of earthly blight or stain their tints disgrace.
O'er my loved child enraptured still I hung;
No joy in life could those sweet hours replace,
When by his cradle low I watch'd, and sung;
While still in memory's ear his father's promise rung.

XXVIII.

Three months—three lingering months, had past away,
And my sweet infant had begun to know
Upon whose neck his clasping fingers lay,
And sought by little signs his love to show;
And when my tears unconsciously would flow,
Raised those young innocent eyes, with questioning glance;
Hark! a quick step is trampling through the snow—
'Tis *he*, 'tis *he!* I cried, from distant France!
But my heart echoed low, 'Tis he, 'tis he,—*perchance.*

XXIX.

Close to my beating heart I strain'd my boy,
That moment's bliss repaid whole months of care
Forward I sprang, in fulness of my joy;
In joy!—alas, it was not Arthur there.
Stern was the aspect, haughty was the air
Of him, who gazed around in wondering mood.
"Lady," he said at length, "art thou aware
From whom I come?" Trembling, awhile I stood;
Then wildly cried, "From *him!* oh, are thy tidings good?"

Digitized by Google

XXX.

" Lord Arthur greets thee, and he bade me say,
That he no more thine image may retain;
That thou must cast the lingering hope away,
If hope thou hast of seeing him again;
A second parting would but give thee pain;
And nevermore"—the rest I could not hear:
There *were* words spoken, but I strove in vain
To catch the sense: stricken with doubt and fear,
Sick grew my fainting heart, and dull my senseless ear.

XXXI.

Something, I know, was said in soothing tone,
As if some comfort in the words were told;
Something in praise of that dear little one,
And offers large of gold—accursed gold—
Oh! at that sound how every vein grew cold!
Would *that* bring back the hope that fled for ever?
All rush'd upon my mind—the days of old—
The promise made when we were doom'd to sever;
I ask'd, and weeping memory answer'd, Never! never!

XXXII.

I strove for speech—I lifted up my child;
With quivering lip that breathed imperfect sound,
"Tell him," I said, with voice and gesture wild,
" If in his *heart* some vain excuse be found,
Tell him, *this* tie, and Heaven, will hold him bound;
Tell him, the heart he labour'd to beguile
Will, breaking, firmly clasp his image round;
Tell him, my life will linger but awhile,
Say that you saw his child, my rosy infant, smile.

Digitized by Google

XXXIII.

"Take back your gold!—in the heart's agony
It is not valued—it is nothing worth;
Tell him, if he is changed, I soon shall die,
And *then* can only need a little earth.
Bid him think *once*, amid his hours of mirth,
On the young gladness of our mutual love—
Bid him remember, at my infant's birth,
The promise only heard by Heaven above;—
Oh! once he had a heart—seek *thou* that heart to move."

XXXIV.

He promised, and he went—oh, dire suspense!
To breaking hearts how terrible art thou!
When every sound strikes sickening on the sense,
And the cold drops stand on the pallid brow.
I watch'd—I waited—yea, I hoped e'en *now*—
I thought, perchance, that Arthur's self would come
To bid adieu!—I reck'd not, ask'd not *how*,
But thought, if he revisited his home,
And only *saw* his child, again he could not roam.

XXXV.

The third day broke—a menial servant came,
And brought a letter—well I knew the hand;
Unkind to write—to send—my trembling frame
Could scarce the strength of tottering steps command.
With dim, but eager eyes, each line I scann'd—
Oh! what the words?—the words—away! each one
Had lived for ever, even though writ in sand;
He said he gave me back the heart he won,—
He said—hear it, bright Heaven!—Albert was *not* his son!

Digitized by Google

XXXVI.

I read it—yes! I read it—and my heart
Refused to break! I read it yet *again*,
Gazed on, and bade my spell-bound soul depart—
Look'd up in anguish to the heavens—'twas vain!
I shriek'd, I wept, sole witness of my pain!
Speak for me now, though sinful, lost, and wild,
By the vain passion I might not restrain—
By all my sufferings—by thy mercy mild—
Oh! witness, by all these, he did reject his child!

XXXVII.

It *was* his child! ungrateful and unkind,
Thou could'st not think what yet thou dar'dst to say.
Oh! if remorse hath ever cross'd thy mind,
May Heaven forgive when I am far away!
Mayest thou ne'er think, amidst the proud and gay,
Of *her* who now so freely hath forgiven—
Of her who loved thee in life's earliest day,
Who lives to pray for thee, to love thee even—
Her latest hope, to meet thy pardon'd soul in heaven.

XXXVIII.

I rose—I took my child—the *fatherless!*
Wiped the big tear-drops from my heavy eyes,
That gush'd at every mute and dear caress
My infant gave; and, as the lone dove flies
Far from her widow'd nest, through stranger skies,
To seek her mate, so, reckless of the scorn
Which on the world's sad victim heavy lies,
I went, with racking doubt and anguish torn,
To die, or bid young Hope again with Love be born.

Digitized by Google

XXXIX.

With weary limbs, parch'd lips, and fainting heart,
I reach'd the proud metropolis—around
Were busy throngs, of which I form'd no part;
And cheerful faces, and the jocund sound
Of countless human voices; friends, who found
Those that they sought for; children, that could come
To meet their mother with a joyous bound.
Who welcomed *me?* who bade *me* cease to roam?
Alas! to me this scene was but my Arthur's home!

XL.

I press'd my baby to my throbbing breast,
In the wide world he was my only tie;
Others had parents, husbands, homes of rest,
Loved and were loved again—Oh! what had I?
No voice was there to soothe mine agony.
I wander'd on 'mid crowds, alone, alone;
None bade me stay, none bade me cease to sigh;
By all unpitied, and to all unknown,
I had my love—my grief—my child:—all else was gone.

XLI.

I reach'd his door—that door which once I thought
Had oped to welcome me as Arthur's bride;
Where oft, in joyous fancy, I had brought
My poor old father, evermore beside
His couch to watch, and be his only guide!
Where were those buoyant hopes and feelings *now?*
Where was that vision, raised by youthful pride?
Fled with the pureness of that virgin brow
Which sorrow might have dimm'd, but sin alone could bow.

Digitized by Google

XLII.

I knock'd—oh! louder knock'd my beating heart!
When to the door a heavy footstep came;
The menial smiled, and bade me quick depart,
Muttering "Hard travelling for so fair a dame,"
While indignation shook my trembling frame;
I shrank away, the ready tears gush'd forth,
But pride forbade—I could not speak my name;
A moment's silence, and upon the earth
That pitying servant threw some coins of little worth.

XLIII.

Yea, pity touch'd his heart—but oh! for *me*—
Was *this* my fate?—I was condemn'd to take
From Arthur's servant common charity!
I rose—I said, "Alas! for pity's sake
Let me see him—thy master—let me make
Myself appeal unto his harden'd soul!
Some throb of dying mercy I might wake—
Some feeling interest *cannot* control—
Some wish, the bitter grief he caused me, to console!"

XLIV.

Hard, hard to be refused! he bade me *wait*,
The only favour he could now bestow—
To stand a mendicant at Arthur's gate,
Watching the time when he and all should go
To seek amusement in the sunny glow.
Oh! once the gladsome light had charms for me!
Once I could watch the dark blue river flow,
With smiles of joy, with thoughts of ecstasy;
But lips must cease to smile when hearts no more are free.

Digitized by Google

XLV.

I waited—Heavens! how crept the weary hours,
Step after step, away!—They bring not *him!*
At length I caught his voice—All-gracious Powers!
How throbb'd my heart, how fail'd each quivering limb!
How seem'd each object in my sight to swim!
That light, gay, laughing voice!—it ceased—the sound—
He came, he came, I raised mine eyes, though dim,
And indistinct all figures seem'd around:
I saw *him* well—my hopes, my fears, an answer found.

XLVI.

Beautiful as in life's first early day;
Proud as the eagle on his airy height;
With that bright sparkling eye, whose glancing ray
Spoke from beneath his brow, like dawning light—
With stately form, to fix the wandering sight,
And those dark curls uncover'd to the wind
Which oft, in happier days of sunshine bright,
With garlands wild my sportive fingers twined;
He stood, lingering awhile for those who came behind.

XLVII.

Onward they came—the young, the gay, the free—
With eyes reflecting back the beams that shone,
With careless step, and youthful revelry,
And graceful laughter's light and silvery tone.
They pause—a gay adieu, and they are gone
To meet again at festival or dance;
And one fair creature now was left alone,
On whom my Arthur cast an anxious glance,
And she replied with smiles—a sister's smiles, perchance.

Digitized by Google

XLVIII.

I could not rise—I vainly strove to speak,
The words, imperfect, died upon my tongue;
Like some sad dream we struggling try to break,
The scene around upon my spirit hung;
And ever in my ear the accents rung,
"*If hope thou hast*"—oh! *could* I hope again?
With tender care a mantle Arthur flung
Across that lady's steed, and smoothed his mane,
Then turn'd to mount his own, and seized the tighten'd rein.

XLIX.

Despair gives strength.—With one convulsive bound
I reach'd him, clung to him with fever'd grasp;
And when he gazed in wild amazement round,
And strove to disengage my frantic clasp,
I burst the bonds of silence with a gasp,
And Arthur answer'd. Oh! upon my ear,
Like the cold poison of the deadly asp,
Freezing my life-blood, fell those accents drear—
Yet he had loved me well—what had I *now* to fear?

L.

Hurried and passionate the words he spoke—
Pale grew his cheek, and darker fell his brow;
And from his breast a groan of anguish broke:
"Rosa, I would that thou hadst spared me now,
'Tis vain—'tis past—alas! thou know'st not how
I struggled and entreated—'twas in vain;
I may not now renew my broken vow,—
I may not even visit thee again;
Rosa, forgive me—*I* have suffer'd equal pain."

Digitized by Google

LI.

Wild was my laugh—"Oh! heartless and unkind!
Thou suffer! may'st thou never feel like me!
Yea, give thy vows of passion to the wind;
Heaven heard them, though to man unknown they be;
Heaven sees me shunn'd by all, betray'd by thee;
Lured from the happy home where once I smiled;
Heaven hears my moan of helpless agony—
Heaven hears thee scorn thy young and innocent child—
Heaven sees us stand e'en now, beguiler and beguiled."

LII.

"Rosa! 'tis vain—whate'er I can, I will—
Ask what thou wilt, which riches may bestow;
The cot is thine—mayest thou be happy still!
In vain regret may rise, or tears may flow—
Angels may smile above—man weeps below—
The happiest hours of all my life are past—
The faded flower of love no more can blow—
Thou see'st my bride—my die for life is cast—
Write—ask whate'er thou wilt—this meeting is our last."

LIII.

With desperate step and strong he broke away,
Upon his courser in an instant sprung;
When soft I heard *her* voice in pity say—
"Hast thou relieved her, Arthur?" Still I clung
To him—to life—till at my feet was flung
A purse—a heavy purse—I loosed my hold.
Loud on the sounding stones the iron rung
Of those departing steeds—my blood ran cold—
I gazed on what remain'd—my child, my grief, and gold.

Digitized by Google

LIV.

I did not faint—I did not tear my hair—
I did not shriek to Heaven and man for aid;
Once only, when some gazer's piteous care
Raised up the purse, and gentle offer made,
A groan of anguish, which might not be staid,
Burst forth; all then was mute as my despair.
I lifted up my child, who, half afraid,
Clung trembling to my heart in silence there,
And turn'd me to depart—returning home—ah! where?

LV.

My cot! oh! was it mine? was I to be
A guilty thing, dependent, though unloved!
Yet whither turn, to shun the charity
Of him whose heart so cold and stern had proved?
Would strangers pity when he was not moved!
Or would the humble friends of happier days
Welcome the wanderer, who lonely roved
Through the dark world, shunning her fellows' gaze,
Unheard, unsought, the voice of pity or of praise?

LVI.

Yet there was one—*one* on the boundless earth,
Who would not spurn me, even when fallen and lost?
Whose gentle fondness smiled upon my birth—
Who watch'd if e'er a shade of sadness cross'd
My laughing brow—and when, by passion toss'd,
My heart rebellious rose, had gently cheer'd,
And watch'd, consoled, supported, loved me most.
In sorrow sought, by Nature's ties endear'd—
Father! to thee I turn, thy wrath no longer fear'd.

Digitized by Google

LVII.

Once I bethought me, vain and hopeless thought!
To make appeal to her, that pitying one—
Woman to woman. Then I would have sought
To move her gentle heart with anguish'd moan;
But ever on my ear there fell the tone
Of Arthur's hurried words—"Thou see'st my bride!"
Was she indeed his bride? Yes, hope was gone—
I *felt* it true. Roll on, life's 'whelming tide,
Wreck the frail bark which now hath lost its only guide.

LVIII.

And this was he who loved me; he who came
To whisper vows to my too willing ear
With lip of melody and heart of flame;
Vows whose glad truth I deem'd so trebly dear
To him who breathed them, that had doubt or fear
Been raised within my heart, they could not grow—
He whose bright eyes bespoke a soul sincere—
This, *this* was he who—vain remembrance now!
He lives to scorn the past—he lives to break his vow.

LIX.

Ah no! I could not turn me to that cot
Which in life's gladsome spring I loved so well;
I could not think upon my hopeless lot,
And then return, forgotten, there to dwell
Where once—oh memory! no longer tell
The tale too oft repeated, and in vain.
What reck we of the scenes that *once* befell,
If all the future is composed of pain?
Farewell, thou stranger home! welcome my own again!

Digitized by Google

THE

SORROWS OF ROSALIE.

PART III.

I.

I JOURNEY'D on—the weary sun had set,
And darkness shadow'd o'er the face of heaven;
Sleep, that can bid the wretched to forget,
To my sweet babe its late repose had given;
When changed the aspect of that gentle even,
The bitter blast came sweeping o'er my path;
Far off, in eddying rounds, the snow was driven—
Burst o'er my head the thunder's dreadful wrath—
I turn'd to God, my stay, the hope the wanderer hath.

II.

"Shield, shield my child, All-merciful, All-just!
Grant but the shelter of the meanest shed!
If that mine hour is come, if die I must,
Spare me at least to house *his* gentle head!
Have mercy, oh! have mercy!—Cold the bed
His form must press, if I should perish now.
Yet, yet a little while, and with the dead,
Smiling and thankful, I would lay me low.
Hear me, by all my woes—before thy throne I bow."

Digitized by Google

III.

Oh, night of horror and of agony!
When chilling fear came like some fell disease;
When the blue lightning shot along the sky,
Flashing bright ruin round, its prey to seize;
When the cold wind howl'd through the rocking trees,
And shivering, wet, and weary, I pursued,
Struggling against the strong opposing breeze,
Trembling with anguish, faint for lack of food,
Across the wintry waste, a path unknown and rude.

IV.

At length the whirlwind ceased, the morning broke:
Oh! never had I seen the sun arise,
Ere from my dream of pleasure I awoke,
In all the radiance of blue summer skies,
With half the bliss with which my weeping eyes
Received the gray and melancholy morn,
Which, pale and tearful, seem'd to bid the ties
Which bound me to the world again be born—
Those ties which but last night I deem'd in sunder torn.

V.

I reach'd a hamlet, and a moment's peace
Dwelt in my heart. 'Twas sweet to hear once more
The busy sounds I fancied were to cease
To animate a heart whose beat was o'er.
I gently tapp'd a lowly cottage door,
And ask'd for food with faint and humble voice;
I fed my child, with bliss unknown before,
When I had plenty round and viands choice:
Oh! those who suffer much are those who most rejoice!

Digitized by Google

VI.

Again I turn'd to wend my weary way,
Hoping to reach my home ere evening came;
And the sun gladden'd soon the misty day,
Infusing life and vigour in my frame;
Half faded from my heart the sense of shame,
Arose again the hope that had expired;
And thoughts of him who would not harshly blame,
Of penitence, of love, my bosom fired,
And prayer to Him whom prayer and sorrow never tired.

VII.

I reach'd my home when the warm sun was set—
When o'er the beauties of that peaceful scene
A few faint rosy beams were lingering yet:
I thought, while gazing on that lovly e'en,
On what I was, on what I once had been;
I thought, as round me lay the drifted snow,
How bright the summer when I last had seen
That cottage sleeping in the sunset glow,
Where now are leafless trees, through which the bleak winds blow.

VIII.

Such was the change my heart had undergone—
There all was gloomy, dark, and desolate,
And winter reign'd where brightest spring had shone.
I stood a moment at the wicket gate,
Lingering, and trembling on the verge of fate,
With weeping eyes upraised to that calm Heaven,
With fear and shame, that urged me yet to wait,
While from my heart all confidence was driven;
And now I deem'd my crime too great to be forgiven.

Digitized by Google

IX.

On, Rosa, on—a father *must* forgive!
The heart which judges truly cannot love;
He waits to welcome thee, to bid thee live
For him, no more in misery to rove:
Oh, haste thee yet, a father's pity prove:
I oped the gate, advanced—retreated—no,
I dare not seek that injured heart to move.
What shall I say? yet whither can I go?
Oh, help me, Heaven! give strength for more than mortal woe.

X.

I paused—across the latticed window came,
While cold and hesitating there I stay'd,
The cheerful blazing of the hearth's bright flame—
That hearth where oft in infancy I play'd,
And many a gambol by my father made,
Reckless of stormy winds, which raged without,
Save when, with lisping, innocent tongue, I pray'd
That God would save, in terror, grief, and doubt,
Wandering and weary ones, condemn'd to venture out.

XI.

I was that wanderer now!—I oped the door;
I stood upon the threshold of my *home;*
A gasp of agony,—a moment more,
And pardon'd Rosalie should cease to roam:
To that bright room my faltering steps had come;
Methought e'en now I felt the cheering glow,
Saw the brown bread, the bright ale's sparkling foam,
Which once my hand had bade for him to flow,
To whom but hirelings, now, their tardy duty show.

Digitized by Google

XII.

The latch was lifted, and I gazed around—
But oh, my heart! there were bright faces there,
And cheerful voices, but it ceased, that sound;
A youth, and aged man with silver hair,
Knelt with clasped hands, to breathe their evening prayer;
And a young wife, who rock'd her cradled child,
Ceased her low murmuring song, that on the air
No voice but *his* might sound, and gently smiled,
Till startled by my shriek, which rose long, loud and wild.

XIII.

Yes—bright and cheerful as 'twas wont to be,
The hearth was blazing, but, alas! for *whom?*
Oh, what was I to them—or they to me?
I gazed around, hoping my steps had come
Astray, but no! too well I knew the room;
Too true the certainty struck on my heart—
I read in stranger eyes my dreadful doom!
Their welcome, only an astonish'd start—
Their links on earth, fond ties, in which *I* had no part!

XIV.

"My father! oh, my father!"—vain the cry—
I had no father now; no need to say,
"Thou art alone!" I *felt* my misery—
My father, yet return,—*return!* the day
When sorrow had avail'd is past away;
Tears cannot raise the dead, grief cannot call
Back to the earthy corse the spirit's ray—
Vainly eternal tears of blood might fall;
One short year since, he lived—my hopes now perish'd all!

Digitized by Google

XV.

A shriek, and low I sank upon the ground;
The last dim sound that fell upon my ear,
Those pitying voices murmuring around,
The last dim glance show'd pity's trembling tear;
It ceased—and fled the power to see or hear.
My child was taken from my failing arms;
Happy, unconscious now of hope or fear,
Dead to the poignant sense of earthly harms,
Dried were my bitter tears, and hush'd my heart's alarms.

XVI.

On, on—through many a dark and mournful day
I lived, half conscious, in a dreamy land,
While many a vision came, and pass'd away,
And many a fairy scheme of bliss was plann'd,
And ever by me Arthur seem'd to stand;
With *him* in sunny fields and bowers I ranged,
In scenes where we had wander'd hand in hand;
And I was happy till the vision changed;
'Twas Arthur still, but oh! with heart and looks estranged!

XVII.

And then, methought, beneath a stormy sky,
With his gray hair thin streaming on the wind,
My father stood in hopeless agony;
Reproach'd me as ungrateful and unkind;
And pray'd that *I* as hard a fate might find;
Or on a lonely couch his form was lying,
Whispering sad words, which, still with head inclined,
I vainly strove to hear; and he, while dying,
Cast a reproachful glance at *me* for not replying.

Digitized by Google

XVIII.

And then again it changed, and bound I stood
While demons tore my baby limb from limb,
And still the stream of gushing, living blood
Came trickling on the earth, all fresh from him,
Who might have mingled with the cherubim,
And been as bright as they:—warm o'er my feet,
All seen too plain, though vision-like and dim,
Those crimson rivulets appear'd to meet,
While powerless still I stood, unable to retreat—

XIX.

At length I slept; and when I woke again
Those fever'd dreams had fled, and left me weak,
With but the sense confused of grief and pain:
I gazed around, and feebly tried to speak;
And kindly eyes, that watch'd my slumber break,
Turn'd to the couch,—I ask'd them for my child,
And that young wife replied, in accents meek:
My babe was brought me—I was wan and wild;
And, shrinking back, it turn'd to that kind one, and smiled.

XX.

Long, long I wept with weak and piteous cry
O'er my sweet infant, in its rosy bloom,
As memory brought my hours of agony
Again before my mind;—I mourn'd *his* doom;
I mourn'd my own: the sunny little room
In which, oppress'd by sickness, now I lay
Weeping for sorrows past, and woes to come,
Had been my own in childhood's early day.
Oh! could those years indeed so soon have pass'd away!

Digitized by Google

XXI.

Past, as the waters of the running brook;
Fled, as the summer winds that fan the flowers;
All that remain'd, a word—a tone—a look,
Impress'd, by chance, in those bright joyous hours;
Blossoms which, cull'd from youth's light fairy bowers,
Still float with lingering scent, as loth to fade,
In spite of sin's remorseless, 'whelming powers,
Above the wreck which time and grief have made,
Nursed with the dew of tears, though low in ruin laid.

XXII.

And they had watch'd me all that weary while—
Those kindly hearts, and made my child their own,
And saw with pleasure still its infant smile;
And even now, when fell disease was gone,
Besought me not to wander forth alone
In the bleak stormy world where friends were not;
And bade me stay, although my tale was known,
Here in the shelter of their lonely cot,
Where I might yet attain a not unhappy lot!

XXIII.

But no—I could not stay in that sweet place,
So changed, so fallen from all which once I was,
And see reflected, in each well-known face,
My shame and sorrow—never!—human laws
Were framed against me, while the unpitying cause
Of all my misery, secure from blame,
Pass'd the gay hours in mirth, nor made one pause
To think of me in mournfulness and shame—
Heaven might forgive, but man would scorn my blighted name.

Digitized by Google

XXIV.

And I departed thence, with thanks and tears;
The meed I offer'd they declined to take,
But pray'd Heaven would prolong my baby's years,
That he might wrestle for his mother's sake;
And said, if misery came, that I might make
Their home again my home—ye tender-hearted!
'Twas yours the fount of tenderer grief to wake!
And tears, unfeign'd and half-unconscious, started,
As, slow and mournfully, once more I thence departed.

XXV.

Once more a weary wanderer—once more
Without a shelter for the coming eve!
Why did I dream my woes would soon be o'er?
Why did my heart my reason thus deceive,
To think the sinful could forget to grieve?
Oh! dream soon broken! hope forgotten now!
Last feeling which the human heart can leave,
Teach me again to trust the broken vow!
Friend of the desolate—in misery help me *thou!*

XXVI.

I rested in the churchyard, where, alone,
The verdant mound raised o'er his buried head,
Mark'd by a rude and solitary stone,
My father lay—the long-lamented dead!
I knelt, and many a bitter tear I shed.
"O thou much injured, yet devoutly loved,
Who first in infancy my footsteps led!
If pardon may be found for her who roved,
And left thee lonely—oh, may Heaven, mayest thou be moved!

Digitized by Google

XXVII.

"If days of agony and nights of tears
Can aught atone for passion's wild excess—
If mercy e'en the worst of sinners cheers,
When sunk in penitence and mournfulness—
Oh! then let Mercy hear my moan, and bless,
Although unworthy, her who prostrate lies—
Hear me in anguish and in bitterness!
If grief can reach thy home, beyond the skies,
A late repentance take, since death the rest denies."

XXVIII.

All that remain'd, the grave, the silent grave
Of him o'er whose unconscious form I pined,
In early youth the generous and the brave,
In age the tender-hearted and the kind,
The past, the happy past! rush'd o'er my mind,
Tinging with hues, from Memory's painful dart,
Those busy scenes with *his* dear image twined:
And then the future struck upon my heart—
That future in which *he* should never bear a part.

XXIX.

That future came—sad months had roll'd away—
Tears had been shed, and sighs been heaved in vain;
And I, that Rosalie, so young and gay,
Was now a wither'd form of want and pain;
My voice, which now but sounded to complain
In hollow accents, startled e'en *my* ear;
And my weak limbs could scarce the power retain
To drag me forth, in lingering doubt and fear,
Imploring food for him who now alone was dear.

Digitized by Google

XXX.

Oh, Heaven! the hour arrived when I had naught,
When sick and sorrowful I gazed around,
Knowing, alas! the little store I brought
Was all exhausted—where could help be found?
Hard hearts had they to whom I now was bound;
For the dark wretched room in which I lay
They ask'd for payment—scarce the faltering sound
Of vain excuse and vainer prayer to stay
Had pass'd my lips, when stern they bade me speed away.

XXXI.

"Away, and in the loneliness of night!"
To wait fresh pain with ev'ry varying hour;
"Oh! yet delay—abuse not thus your right!
List to the pelting of the dreary shower!
Angry and fierce the opposing tempests lower;
Oh! yet till daylight!"—vain, alas! the cry!
With brow repulsive, and resistless power,
She thrust me forth beneath the inclement sky—
Woman to woman did this deed of cruelty.

XXXII.

A miserable night of useless weeping,
Shivering beneath the pillar'd portico
Of some great house, where all were softly sleeping,
Deaf to the storm that beat, the winds that blow,
Reckless of those that wander to and fro,
Houseless and homeless, near their proud abodes.
Unconscious slumberers! little do ye know
The nightly weight of misery which o'erloads
Near *you*, unpitied crowds, and to destruction goads!

Digitized by Google

XXXIII.

The morrow—and the gray and silent streets
Swarm'd with the varied multitudes anew,
Still changing with each feverish hour that fleets.
The busy many and the anxious few
In quick succession pass before my view.
And now my infant, pining in my arms,
With cheeks like faded roses in the dew,
Awoke in me a mother's dread alarms—
Hunger and cold oppress'd and nipp'd his baby charms.

XXXIV.

The day wore on, the gleamy sun was setting,
A deep conviction stole upon my mind;
All but my cherish'd, innocent babe forgetting—
I rose—I cried, "Have mercy, passers kind,
Upon my child! let misery pity find—
Oh! hear me"—and they pass'd one after one,
Some frown'd—some cast a pitying look behind,
And some few gave—at length the day was gone,
And then I bow'd my head, and wearily sank down.

XXXV.

But I had food for *him*, though I was left
Unpitied thus to struggle with my fate—
This ling'ring, mournful hope was not bereft,
That he would live to feel a generous hate
Of all the cold restraints of pomp and state;
And then, when proud and beautiful he stood,
His father would, repentant, though too late,
Sigh o'er past evil, and neglected good,
With useless tears, oft shed in penitential mood.

Digitized by Google

XXXVI.

'*Twas not to be*—day vanish'd after day,
And fewer gave, and fainter grew my prayer—
In vain I watch'd my baby as he lay—
Night came—his couch was in the open air—
What could avail a mother's tenderest care!
With miser hand—the pittance hoarded still,
Dealt out to him alone a frugal fare,
But to delay, not banish, future ill,
While famine spared the babe whom misery was to kill.

XXXVII.

At last 'twas spent—I ask'd for alms in vain—
Tired of relieving one who still pray'd on,
With frowning brow they turn'd from sight of pain,
With silent tongue and tearless eyes were gone.
I waited till the close of day, but none
Had taken pity on me, and I went
Once more to him who doom'd me to be low;
Mothers are humble—o'er my child I bent;
I rose to ask his alms who scorn'd the gold he sent.

XXXVIII.

Lonesome and wearily I reach'd the door,
But he was gone—gone with his happy bride,
Where—oh! I ask'd not—wish'd to hear no more;
His heart was far away—the world was wide,
And I was lonelier than all beside!
Another day of sad and anxious weeping;
Another day of famine—all denied;
Another night my mournful vigils keeping
Above my pining child, whom hunger hinder'd sleeping.

Digitized by Google

XXXIX.

Drearily had the heavy days gone by,
And Albert faded—fainter grew his cries—
Oh! ye that ever bent in agony
Above your pallid infant! ye that rise,
And glance, half fearfully, with 'wilder'd eyes,
Expecting death—then kneel in tears to pray,
With tongue that speech, articulate, denies,
That God will yet awhile the stroke delay!
Think what *I* suffer'd then, from weary day to day.

XL.

You softly place that little languid head,
You tempt him with the comforts spread around,
But I could envy now the meanest shed—
My babe was *starving*—bless'd if I but found
A morsel destined for the hungry hound!
Moving his pale sweet lips with grateful smile,
Unwitting of the fate that o'er him frown'd;
His was the present—gladden'd for a while—
The future *mine*, of woe no hope might now beguile.

XLI.

There came a day—I sat alone—alone!
The dismal showers had drench'd my thread-worn dress,
And, seated on the cold and dripping stone,
Without the power to ask for alms—still less
The strength to wander in my wretchedness,
My dying baby laid upon my knee;
I look'd on those who pass'd, and sought to guess
Where pity dwelt, still gazing wistfully,
With hope, but half extinct, for that which could not be.

Digitized by Google

XLII.

A carriage stopp'd—a lady richly dress'd
Alighted, and I rose in doubt and fear—
The faint and murmuring tones, but half express'd,
Fell on a harden'd heart and deafen'd ear;
She pass'd—I gazed—and felt the blow severe;
But as she went, upon the stones there fell
A sparkling cross, of jewels rich and rare;
Rush'd o'er my mind the thoughts that dared not dwell—
I had a child—*that* child!—oh! needs there more to tell?

XLIII.

I seized it—fled—behind me rose a shout—
On!—on!—my trembling knees could scarce sustain
The weight above—near, nearer came the rout—
On! on!—oh! shall the effort be in vain?
A few yards more, and then would end my pain—
I reach'd a shop—flung down the cross, and said,
"Food for my child!" I could no more restrain
My weakness and my woe—I snatch'd the bread,
Gave it to *him*, and sunk lifeless, unconscious, dead!

XLIV.

I woke—oh! would that I had slept for ever!
Stern forms were standing round—I heard the cry
Of that dear little one they sought to sever
From his poor mother! one long gasping sigh,
One lingering pause of nature's agony,
And I recover'd: let it not be told
What follow'd next—suffice it, that to die
Contains no pang so sickening, deep, and cold,
As that which rent my heart in that barbarian hold.

Digitized by Google

XLV.

An hour, and I was pent in prison walls—
The shriek of woe, the bursting sob, the tear—
Not *that*, the soft and sad, which gently falls,
But scalding bitterness was shedding here—
Oh, God! those prison'd hours, so long, so drear!
Still, still I feel the damp and heavy cell
Strike on my numbing sense, palsied with fear;
Yet I had *him*, loved tenderly and well,
Dear link of life, to whom I clung, whate'er befell.

XLVI.

Where is my child? great God! forgive these moans!
Forgive the question—wildly, vainly spoke!
'Tis over now, but *then*—ye sad gray stones,
Graves of the lovely and the loved, revoke
Your cruel mandate; let the chain be broke,
And give me back my own—my *own!* alas!
'Tis mine no more—the dead may not be woke—
Unfading treasures misers may amass,
But rosy cheeks—bright eyes—like airy visions pass.

XLVII.

I watch'd—I pray'd—I knelt all desolate,
While feverish throbb'd my baby's pulse—I tried
Not to repine at the decrees of fate;
I sought for resignation—yea, I cried,
"Thy will be done,"—but no—it was denied.
Oft as I gazed upon that flushing cheek—
Oft as those eyelids turn'd, submission died;
I held his hand, so languid, faint, and weak,
And laid my lips on his, with vain attempt to speak.

Digitized by Google

XLVIII.

Three nights—the fourth, sleep closed my weary eyes
While kneeling by his couch—a happier dream
Stole o'er my mind—methought I saw him rise
From slumber's arms, with eyes whose sunny beam
Outshone his own—by our own trickling stream
I stood, and still my father bless'd my boy,
While bright and joyous, as on earth could seem,
All shone around—'twas hope without alloy—
A sound—a painful start—and broke my dream of joy.

XLIX.

I bent above my child—the life was gone!
Cold was the hand and pulseless was the heart,
And I was lock'd in darkness, and alone!
I could not watch the lingering ray depart
From those half-conscious eyes—Death's silent dart
Had pierced him whom the stormy lightning spared—
Whom famine fail'd to slay: a groan—a start—
Were welcomed now with rapture—Nature dared
All agonies but one; in *silence* she despair'd.

L.

Was it then true?—It was.—No hideous dream,
"Making night horrible," obscured my sense—
The soul was fled—how nothing all things seem
When those we toil'd for are departed hence:
There, with a mournful silent eloquence,
Rending my heart, lay the untasted crust—
Alas! the day they bore my infant thence,
In vain I pray'd the merciful—the just—
They laid my rosy babe low with the worm i' the dust.

Digitized by Google

LI.

My trial came, and I could only say
I lived—I breathed—I felt nor hope nor fear;
My thoughts were in a distant world, away
With him who *was*—who once had been so dear!
One only sentence struck upon my ear,
A question of that wretched day—"My Lord,
She gave it to her *child!*" was answer'd—drear
And dark as was my soul, I *felt* that word—
My shriek so long, so wild, was never wilder heard.

LII.

It pass'd, that day, and then they set me free—
I gazed in melancholy stupour round:
The prison walls had been the same to me—
Sorrow remain'd—sorrow that knew no bound!
They gave me shelter—*I* nor smiled nor frown'd—
My heart was dead within me—sad I sate,
With but one thought, my baby's grassy mound;
Night came—I rested—food was brought—I ate,
Nor ever murmur made for my unhappy fate.

LIII.

Years have gone by—my thoughts have risen higher—
I sought for refuge at the Almighty's throne;
And when I sit by this low mouldering fire,
With but my Bible, feel not quite alone,
Lingering in peace, till I can lay me down,
Quiet and cold, in that last dwelling place,
By him o'er whose young head the grass is grown—
By him who yet shall rise with angel face,
Pleading for me, the lost and sinful of my race.

Digitized by Google

LIV.

And if I still heave one reluctant sigh—
If earthly sorrows still will cross my heart—
If still to my now dimm'd and sunken eye
The bitter tear, half check'd, in vain will start;
I bid the dreams of other days depart,
And turn, with clasping hands, and lips compress'd,
To pray that Heaven will soothe sad memory's smart:
Teach me to bear and calm my troubled breast;
And grant *her* peacein Heaven who not on earth may rest.

Digitized by Google

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

ON THE PURPLE AND WHITE CARNATION.

A FABLE.

'Twas a bright May morn, and each opening flower
Lay sunning itself in Flora's bower;
Young Love, who was fluttering round, espied
The blossoms so gay in their painted pride;
And he gazed on the point of a feather'd dart,
For mischief had filled the boy-god's heart;
And laugh'd as his bowstring of silk he drew,
And away that arrow at random flew;
Onward it sped like a ray of light,
And fell on a flower of virgin white,
Which glanced all snowy and pure at the sun,
And wept when his glorious course was run:
Two little drops on its pale leaves lay
Pure as pearls, but with diamond ray,
(Like the tear on Beauty's lid of snow,
Which waits but Compassion to bid it flow;)
It rested, that dart; and its pointed tip
Sank deep where the bees were wont to sip;

Digitized by Google

And the sickening flower gazed with grief
On the purple stains which dimm'd each leaf,
And the crystal drops on its leaves that stood
Blush'd with sorrow and shame till they turn'd to blood.

It chanced that Flora, wandering by,
Beheld her floweret droop and die!
And Love laugh'd in scorn at the flower queen's woe,
As she vainly shook its leaves of snow.
Fled from her lip was the smile of light:—
"Oh! who hath work'd thee this fell despite!
Thou who did'st harm, alas! to none,
But joyed'st all day in the beams of the sun!"
"'Twas Love!" said the flower, and a scented sigh
Loaded the gale that murmured by.
'Twas Love! and the dew drops that blush'd on the wound
Sank slow and sad to the pitying ground.

"'Twas Love!" said Flora: "accursed be the power
That could blight the bloom of so fair a flower.
With whispers and smiles he wins Beauty's ears,
But he leaves her nothing save grief and tears.
Ye gods! shall he bend with such tyranny still
The weak and the strong to his wanton will?
No! the hearts that he joins may rude discord sever;
Accursed be his power for ever and ever."

She spoke, and wept; and the echo again
Repeated the curse, but all in vain—
The tyrant laugh'd as he flutter'd away,
Spreading his rainbow wings to the day,
And settling at random his feather'd darts
To spoil sweet flowers or break fond hearts.

Digitized by Google

He fled—and the queen o'er her flower in vain
Pour'd the evening dew and the April rain,
The purple spots on her heart still were.
And she said, as she wept her fruitless care,
"The blight and the stain may be wash'd away,
But what *Love* hath ruin'd must sink in decay."

And she sent it on earth, to dwell below
In the autumn fog and the winter snow.
And even, 'tis said, on summer eves
O'er that sad lost flower she wails and grieves;
And the drops that by mortals as dew are seen
Are the tears of the mourning flower-queen.

And when men are gazing with fond delight
On its varied leaves and call them bright,
And praise the velvet tints, and say
There never was flower more pure and gay;
That floweret says, as it droops its head,
"Alas! for the day when by love I bled;
When my feathery flowers were pure and white,
And my leaves had no earthly stain or blight,
When no chilling blasts around me blew,
And in Flora's garden of light I grew.
Oh! the blight and the stain may be wash'd away,
But what *Love* hath ruin'd must sink in decay."

Digitized by Google

THE CARELESS WORD.

A WORD is ringing through my brain,
It was not meant to give me pain;
It had no tone to bid it stay,
When other things had past away;
It had no meaning more than all
Which in an idle hour fall:
It was when *first* the sound I heard
A lightly utter'd, careless word.

That word—oh! it doth haunt me now
In scenes of joy, in scenes of woe;
By night, by day, in sun or shade,
With the half smile that gently play'd
Reproachfully, and gave the sound
Eternal power thro' life to wound.
There is no voice I ever heard,
So deeply fix'd as that one word.

When in the laughing crowd some tone,
Like those whose joyous sound is gone,
Strikes on my ear, I shrink—for then
The careless word comes back again.
When all alone I sit and gaze
Upon the cheerful home-fire blaze,
Lo! freshly, as when first 'twas heard,
Returns that lightly utter'd word.

Digitized by Google

When dreams bring back the days of old,
With all that wishes could not hold;
And from my feverish couch I start
To press a shadow to my heart—
Amid its beating echoes, clear,
That little word I seem to hear:
In vain I say, while it is heard,
Why weep?—'twas but a foolish word.

It comes—and with it come the tears,
The hopes, the joys of former years;
Forgotten smiles, forgotten looks;
Thick as dead leaves on autumn brooks,
And all as joyless, though they *were*
The brightest things life's spring could share.
Oh! would to God I ne'er had heard
That lightly utter'd, careless word!

It was the first, the only one
Of those which lips for ever gone
Breathed in their love—which had for me
Rebuke of harshness at my glee:
And if those lips were here to say,
"Beloved, let it pass away,"
Ah! then, perchance—but I have heard
The last dear tone—the careless word!

Oh! ye who, meeting, sigh to part,
Whose words are treasures to some heart,
Deal gently, ere the dark days come,
When earth hath but for *one* a home;
Lest, musing o'er the past, like me,
They feel their hearts wrung bitterly,
And, heeding not what else they heard,
Dwell weeping on a careless word.

Digitized by Google

THEY LOVED ONE ANOTHER.

THEY loved one another! young Edward and his wife,
And in their cottage-home they dwelt, apart from sin and strife.
Each evening Edward weary came from a day of honest toil,
And Mary made the fire blaze and smiled a cheerful smile.
Oh! what was wealth or pomp to them, the gaudy glittering show
Of jewels blazing on the breast, where heaves a heart of woe!
The merry laugh, the placid sleep, were theirs; they hated sloth,
And all the little that they had, belong'd alike to both,
For they loved one another!

They loved one another; but one of them is gone,
And by that vainly cheerful hearth poor Edward sits alone.
He gazes round on all which used to make his heart rejoice,
And he misses Mary's gentle smile, he misses Mary's voice.
There are many in this chilly world who would not care to part,
Tho' they dwell together in one home, and ought to have one heart,

Digitized by Google

And yet *they* live! while never more those happy ones
may meet;
And the echo from her home is gone of Mary's busy feet:
And *they* loved one another!

. . . . . .

They loved one another! but she hath pass'd away,
And taken with her all the light, the sunshine of his day;
And Edward makes no loud lament, nor idly sits and
mourns,
But quietly goes forth at morn, and quietly returns.
The cottage now is still and dark, no welcome bids him
home,
He passes it and wanders on, to sit by Mary's tomb.
Oh! weep my friends—for very sad and bitter it must be
To yearn for some familiar face we never more may see—
When we loved one another!

Digitized by Google

MY HEART IS LIKE A WITHERED NUT.

My heart is like a wither'd nut,
Rattling within its hollow shell;
You cannot ope my breast, and put
Any thing fresh with it to dwell.
The hopes and dreams that fill'd it when
Life's spring of glory met my view,
Are gone! and ne'er with joy or pain
That shrunken heart shall swell anew.

My heart is like a wither'd nut;
Once it was soft to every touch,
But now 'tis stern and closely shut:—
I would not have to plead with such.
Each light-toned voice once clear'd my brow,
Each gentle breeze once shook the tree
Where hung the sun-lit fruit, which now
Lies cold, and stiff, and sad, like me!

My heart is like a wither'd nut—
It once was comely to the view;
But since misfortune's blast hath cut,
It hath a dark and mournful hue.
The freshness of its verdant youth
Naught to that fruit can now restore;
And my poor heart, I feel in truth,
Nor sun nor smile shall light it more!

Digitized by Google

MY CHILDHOOD'S HOME.

I HAVE tasted each varied pleasure,
And drunk of the cup of delight;
I have danced to the gayest measure
In the halls of dazzling light.
I have dwelt in a blaze of splendour,
And stood in the courts of kings;
I have snatch'd at each toy that could render
More rapid the flight of Time's wings.
But vainly I've sought for joy or peace,
In that life of light and shade;
And I turn with a sigh to my own dear home—
The home where my childhood play'd!

When jewels are sparkling around me,
And dazzling with their rays,
I wept for the ties that bound me
In life's first early days.
I sigh for one of the sunny hours
Ere day was turn'd to-night;
For one of my nosegays of fresh wild flowers,
Instead of those jewels bright.
I weep when I gaze on the scentless buds
Which never can bloom or fade;
And I turn with a sigh to those gay green fields—
The home where my childhood play'd.

Digitized by Google

ESCAPE FROM THE SNARES OF LOVE.

Young Love has chains of metal rare,
Heavy as gold—yet light as air:
It chanced he caught a heart one day
Which struggled hard, as loath to stay.

Prudence, poor thing, was lingering near—
She whisper'd in the captive's ear,
"Cease, little flutterer; bear thy chain,
And soon thou shalt be free again!"

No; I assert my right to fly—
The chain shall break, and Love shall die.
What! I remain a willing slave?
No—freedom, freedom, or the grave!

Meanwhile Love slumber'd by his prize,
His languid limbs and closing eyes
Prudence beheld—she spoke again,
"Oh! yet a moment bear thy chain!"

Unheeded prayer! the struggling heart
Strove still the slender links to part,
While timid Prudence gazed and sigh'd,
Weary of strife and loath to chide.

One moment more the links had broke,
But slumbering Love, alarm'd, awoke:

Digitized by Google

With iron rivets bound the chain,
And turn'd secure to sleep again.

Let hearts which now in bondage weep,
Repose, till wearied Love shall sleep:
Oh! struggle not, lest he should wake!—
Slip off the chain—*it will not break.*

Digitized by Google

IFS.

Oh! if the winds could whisper what they hear,
When murmuring round the sunset through the grove;
If words were written on the streamlet clear,
So often spoke fearlessly above:
If tell-tale stars, descending from on high,
Could image forth the thoughts of all that gaze,
Entranced, upon that deep cerulean sky,
And count how few think *only* of their rays!

If the lull'd heaving ocean could disclose
All that has pass'd upon her golden sand,
When the moon-lighted waves triumphant rose,
And dash'd their spray upon the echoing strand.
If dews could tell how many tears have mix'd
With the bright gem-like drops that Nature weeps,
If night could say how many eyes are fix'd
On *her* dark shadows, while creation sleeps!

If echo, rising from her magic throne,
Repeated with her melody of voice
Each timid sigh—each whisper'd word and tone,
Which made the hearer's listening heart rejoice.
If Nature could, uncheck'd, repeat aloud
All she hath heard and seen—must hear and see—
Where would the whispering, vowing, sighing crowd
Of lovers and their blushing partners, be?

Digitized by Google

AS WHEN FROM DREAMS AWAKING.

As when from dreams awaking
The dim forms float away
Whose vision'd smiles were making
Our darkness bright as day;
We vainly strive while weeping,
From their shining spirits rack,
(Where they fled while we were sleeping,)
To call those dear ones back!

Like the stars some power divides them
From a world of want and pain:
They are there, but daylight hides them,
And we look for them in vain.
For a while we dwell with sadness
On the beauty of that dream,
Then turn, and hail with gladness
The light of morning's beam.

So, when Memory's power is wringing
Our lonely hearts to tears,
Dim forms around us bringing
That brighten'd former years:
Fond looks and low words spoken,
Which those dreamy days could boast,
Rise; till the spell be broken,
We forget that they are lost!

Digitized by Google

But when the hour of darkness rolls
  Like heavy night away;
And peace is stealing o'er our souls,
  Like the dawn of summer day:
The dim sweet forms that used to bless,
  Seem stealing from us too;
We loved them—but joy's sunniness
  Hath hid them from our view!

Oh, could day beam eternally,
  And Memory's power cease,
This world a world of light would be,
  Our hearts were worlds of peace:
But dreams of joy return with night,
  And dwell upon the past—
And every grief that clouds our light,
  Reminds us of the last!

Digitized by Google

OLD FRIENDS.

How they are waned and faded from our hearts,
The old companions of our early days!
Of all the many loved, which name imparts
Regret when blamed, or rapture at its praise?
What are their several fates, by Heaven decreed,
They of the jocund heart, and careless brow?
Alas! we scarcely know and scarcely heed,
Where, in this world of sighs, they wander now.

See, how with cold faint smile, and courtly nod,
They pass, whom wealth and revelry divide—
Who walk'd together to the house of God,
Read from one book, and rested side by side:
No look of recognition lights the eye
Which laughingly hath met that fellow-face;
With careless hands they greet and wander by,
Who parted once with tears and long embrace.

Oh, childhood! blessed time of hope and love,
When all we knew was Nature's simple law,
How may we yearn again that time to prove,
When we look'd round, and loved whate'er we saw.
Now dark suspicion wakes, and love departs,
And cold distrust its well-feign'd smile displays;
And they are waned and faded from our hearts,
The old companions of our early days!

Digitized by Google

THE BRIDE.

She is standing by her loved one's side,
A young and a fair and a gentle bride,
But mournfulness hath cross'd her face
Like shadows in a sunny place,
And wistfully her eye doth strain
Across the blue and distant main.
My home! my home!—I would I were
Again in joyous gladness there!
My home! my home!—I would I heard
The singing voice, like some small bird,
Of him, our mother's youngest child,
With light soft step, and features mild.—
I would I saw that dear one now,
With the proud eye and noble brow,
Whose very errors were more loved
Than all our reason most approved.
And she my fairy sister, she,
Who was the soul of childish glee;
Who loved me so—oh, let me hear
Once more those tones familiar, dear,
Which haunt my rest; and I will smile
Even as I used to do erewhile.
I know that some have fall'n asleep—
I know that some have learnt to weep—
But my heart never feels the same
As when those light steps round me came;

Digitized by Google

And sadness weighs my heavy eye
Beneath this cheerless stranger sky;
Tho' fewer now might round me come—
It is my home—my own old home!

She is back again in her sunny home,
And thick and fast the beatings come
Of that young heart, as round she sees
The same sweet flowers, the same old trees;
But they the living flowers she loved,
Are *they* the same? are *they* unmoved?—
No—Time, which withers leaf and stem,
Hath thrown his withering change o'er them.
Where there was mirth, is silence now—
Where there was joy, a darken'd brow—
The bounding step hath given place
To the slow-stealing mournful pace;
The proud bright eye is now less proud,
By time, and thought, and sickness bow'd.
And the light singing voice no more
Its joyful carols echoes o'er,
But whispers; fearful some gay tone
May wake the thought of pleasures gone.
It *is* her home—but all in vain
Some lingering things unchanged remain;
The present wakes no smile—the past
Hath tears to bid its memory last.
She knew that some were gone—but oh!
She knew not—youth can never know
How furrow'd o'er with silent thought
Are brows which grief and time have taught.
The murmuring of some shadowy word,
Which *was* a name—which now, unheard,

Digitized by Google

May wander thro' the clear cold sky,
Or wake the echo for reply:
The lingering pause in some bright spot
To dream of those who now are not:
The gaze that vainly seeks to trace
Lost feelings beaming on a face
Where time and sorrow, guilt and care,
Have past and left their withering there:—
These are her joys; and she doth roam
Around her dear but desert home;
Peopling the vacant seats, till tears arise,
And blot the dim sweet vision from her eyes.

Digitized by Google

THE PILGRIM OF LIFE.

Pilgrim, who toilest up life's weary steep,
To reach the summit still with pleasure crown'd;
Born but to sigh and smile, to sin and weep;
Dost mark the busy multitudes around?
Dost mourn, with those who tread with fainting feet,
And blighted worn-out heart, the self-same road?
Dost laugh with those who think their travel sweet,
And deem existence no unwelcome load?—
Ah, no! unconscious of *their* joy or woe,
Quick hurrying onward still, or gazing back,
With feeble lustre round their planet glow
A few beloved, connected with thy track;
Dear links of life, for whom to toil is bliss;
Circlet of stars in young hope's diadem;
Gay lightsome hearts who know no joy but this—
To be *together* is enough for them.
Thou pausest on thy way—one light is set—
No power of love relumes the torch of life;
Whate'er it was, 'tis lost—and vain regret
Pursues the rosy babe, or faithful wife.
Tis past—'tis gone—the brightness of those eyes
Can cheer no more thy melancholy home:
But grief may not endure—new joys arise;
The past is not—but thou hast years to come!
New joys arise—eager thou pressest on,
Hope's brilliant mockery deceiving still.

Digitized by Google

And now thou weepest o'er delusions gone,
  Now hail'st with transport days devoid of ill.
Yet ever as thou goest on thy way,
  However bright may be the present hour,
Clings to thy mind with brightest, purest ray,
  The joy thou couldst not hold, the faded flower—
Still dearest seems the *past;* and as each light,
  Extinguish'd, leaves thee lone, through memory's tears
More dim the *future* rises to thy sight,
  More bright the visions of thine early years.
Pilgrim of Life! why slackenest thou thy speed?
  Why is that brow of eager hope o'ercast?
A pause—a struggle—and the hour decreed
  Mingles for aye the *present* with the *past!*

Digitized by Google

THE CAPTIVE PIRATE.

The captive pirate sat alone,
Musing over triumphs gone,
Gazing on the clear blue sky
From his dungeon window high.
Dreamingly he sat, and thought
Of battles he had seen and fought;
And fancy o'er him threw her spell.
He deem'd he had not bid farewell
To the friends who loved him best;
O'er the white wave's snowy crest
Seems he now once more to sail,
Borne by the triumphant gale:
Cheerily the light bark bounds,
In his ears the music sounds
Of hoarsely mingling waves and voices,
And his inmost soul rejoices!
He gives the signal of command,
He waves—he drops—the lifted hand!
It was a sound of clashing steel—
Why starts he thus? what doth he feel?
The clanking of his iron chain
Hath made him prisoner *again!*
He groans, as memory round him brings
The shades of half-forgotten things.
His friends! his faithful friends! a sigh
Bursts from that bosom swelling high.

Digitized by Google

His bark! his gallant bark!—a tear
Darkens the eye that knew not fear.
And another meaner name
Must lead *his* men to death or fame!
And another form must stand
(Captain of his mourning band)
On the deck he trod so well,
While his bark o'er ocean's swell
Is sailing far, far out at sea,
Where he never more may be!
Oh! to be away once more
From the dark and loathsome shore!
Oh! again the sound to hear
Of his ship's crew's hearty cheer!
Souls who by his side have stood,
Careless of their ebbing blood,
Wiped the death-dew from their brow,
And feebly smiled their truth to show!
Little does the pirate deem
Freedom now were but a dream;
Little does the chieftain think
That his lost companions drink
Strugglingly the salt sea wave,
Once their home, and now their grave!
And the bark from which they part,
(While his sad and heavy heart
Yearns to tread her gallant deck,)
Helpless lies, a heaving wreck!

And little will *they* deem, who roam
Hereafter in their floating home,
While their sunlit sail is spread,
That it gleams above the dead—

Digitized by Google

That the faithless wave rolls on
Calmly, as they were not gone,
While its depths warm hearts doth cover,
Whose beatings were untimely over!
And little will they deem, who stand
Safe upon the sea-girt land,
That to the stranger all it gave
Was—a prison and a grave!
That the ruin'd fortress towers
Number'd his despairing hours,
And beneath their careless tread,
Sleeps—the broken-hearted dead!

Digitized by Google

I WAS NOT FALSE TO THEE.

I WAS not false to *thee*, and yet
My cheek alone look'd pale!
My weary eye was dim and wet,
My strength began to fail.
Thou wert the same; thy looks were gay,
Thy step was light and free;
And yet with truth my heart can say,
I was not false to *thee!*

I was not false to thee; yet now
Thou hast a cheerful eye;
With flushing cheek and drooping brow
I wander mournfully.
I hate to meet the gaze of men,
I weep where none can see;
Why do *I* only suffer, when
I was not false to *thee?*

I was not false to thee; yet oh!
How scornfully they smile,
Who see me droop, who guess my woe,
Yet court thee all the while.
'Tis strange! but when long years are past,
Thou wilt remember me;
Whilst I can feel until the last,
I was not false to *thee!*

Digitized by Google

THE GREEK GIRL'S LAMENT FOR HER LOVER.

Imra! thy form is vanish'd
From the proud and patriot band;
Imra! thy voice is silent,
'Mongst the voices of the land.
And bravely hast thou fallen;
In joy didst thou depart;
Their chains shall never bind thee,
Young hero of my heart!

But with *thee* the dream is over
That bound my soul so long;
And the words of fame and glory
Have vanish'd from my song:
My heart which bounded proudly
Is as sad as sad can be;
I thought it beat for freedom,
But I feel it beat—*for thee.*

I thought the victory's triumph
Would have made my soul rejoice,
But that was when I listen'd
To the music of thy voice.
The dreams of fame and conquest,
Of my country being free;
What love were they to Zoë,
But most blessed dreams of *thee?*

Digitized by Google

It is past—thy voice may never
Speak of triumph or of love;
And the bright hope that was burning
Hath flown with thee above.
This earth contains no dwelling,
No land of rest for me;
When Hellas *was* my country,
I dwelt in it with *thee!*

Digitized by Google

OH! LIFE IS LIKE THE SUMMER RILL.

Oh! life is like the summer rill, where weary daylight dies;
We long for morn to rise again, and blush along the skies.
For dull and dark that stream appears, whose waters in the day,
All glad in conscious sunniness, went dancing on their way.
But when the glorious sun hath 'woke and look'd upon the earth,
And over hill and dale there float the sounds of human mirth;
We sigh to see day hath not brought its perfect light to all,
For with the sunshine on those waves, the silent shadows fall.

Oh! like that changeful summer rill, our years go gliding by,
Now bright with joy, now dark with tears, before youth's eager eye.
And thus we vainly pant for all the rich and golden glow,
Which young hope, like an early sun, upon its course can throw.
Soon o'er our half-illumined hearts the stealing shadows come,
And every thought that woke in light receives its share of gloom.
And we weep while joys and sorrows both are fading from our view,
To find, wherever sunbeams fall, the shadow cometh too!

Digitized by Google

WHEN POOR IN ALL BUT HOPE AND LOVE.

When, poor in all but hope and love,
I clasp'd thee to my faithful heart;
For wealth and fame I vow'd to rove,
That we might meet no more to part!
Years have gone by—long weary years
Of toil, to win thee comfort now—
Of ardent hopes—of sickening fears—
And wealth is mine—but where art *thou?*

Fame's dazzling dreams, for thy dear sake,
Rose brighter than before to me;
I clung to all I deem'd could make
My burning heart more worthy thee.
Years have gone by—the laurel droops
In mockery o'er my joyless brow:
A conquer'd world before me stoops,
And Fame is mine—but where art *thou?*

In life's first hours, despised and lone,
I wander'd through the busy crowd;
But now that life's best hopes are gone,
They greet with pride and murmurs loud.
Oh! for thy voice! thy happy voice,
To breathe its laughing welcome now;
Wealth, fame, and all that should rejoice,
To me are vain—for where art *thou?*

Digitized by Google

WE HAVE BEEN FRIENDS TOGETHER.

We have been friends together,
In sunshine and in shade;
Since first beneath the chestnut trees
In infancy we play'd.
But coldness dwells within thy heart,
A cloud is on thy brow;
We have been friends together—
Shall a light word part us now?

We have been gay together—
We have laugh'd at little jests;
For the fount of hope was gushing
Warm and joyous in our breasts.
But laughter now hath fled thy lip,
And sullen glooms thy brow;
We have been gay together—
Shall a light word part us now?

We have been sad together,
We have wept with bitter tears,
O'er the grass-grown graves, where slumber'd
The hopes of early years.
The voices which are silent there
Would bid thee clear thy brow;
We have been *sad* together—
Oh! what shall part us now?

Digitized by Google

THE BOATSWAIN'S SONG.

"So we cheer'd to keep our hearts up."
LORD NUGENT.

A CHEER to keep our hearts up,
A cup to drown our tears,
And we'll talk of those who perish'd,
Our mates in former years.
The Betsey was a vessel
As tight as ship could be—
And we cheer'd to keep our hearts up,
As she toss'd upon the sea.

Thro' one dark day we struggled
To stem the foaming tide;
Night came—the straining vessel
All helplessly did ride.
The storm was raging loudly,
The angry heavens did frown—
A cheer to keep your hearts up—
The Betsey, she went down!

The morning broke which many
Might never see again,
And thick and blind and heavy
Came down the drenching rain:

Digitized by Google

We got the smallest boat out,
  Jack, Tom, and I, and gave
A cheer to keep our hearts up,
  As we toil'd against the wave.

Three days we struggled onward,
  Without a sight of land;
And we grew so faint and failing,
  We could scarcely bear a hand.
It's a bitter thing to battle,
  With the ocean for your foe:
We cheer'd to keep our hearts up,
  But the cheer was hoarse and low.

Then we thought, with sinking spirits,
  Of the shore we'd never see:
Tom wept, and thought of Mary—
  Jack talk'd of home with me.
Each brawny arm grew fainter,
  The boat was thinly stored:
A cheer to keep your hearts up—
  Poor Jack went overboard!

At last, somehow we landed
  Where the cliff was steep and high;
We told Jack's poor old mother,
  (We were too much men to cry,)
They'd ha' liked to see me Boatswain,
  The Betsey's gallant crew,
Come, a cheer to keep our hearts up,
  We shall all of us die too.

Digitized by Google

THE BRIDAL DAY.

Go forth, young bride! the future lies before thee;
Hidden in clouds are all the coming hours;
None, none can tell what lot is brooding o'er thee;
How much thy path contains of thorns and flowers.
Thy childhood's home, where thou wert late reposing,
In happy slumbers, innocent and free,
This night excludes thee, when its doors are closing,
Only a visitor henceforth to be!

Leaving that home, hast thou secured another,
Standing wide open to receive thy feet;
Loved by his sisters, welcome to his mother,
Shall kindly smiles thy gracious presence meet?
Or holdest thou in fear, that dreadful treasure,
Love's only anchorage in one human heart,—
Learning its strength of silver links to measure,
When friends and foes alike conspire to part?

Art thou beloved, and dost thou love him truly,
By whom, with whom, thy lot of life is cast?
Or hast thou rashly, weakly, and unduly,
In wrath, or scorn, or grief, thus seal'd the past?
If stung by memories thou must dissemble,
Of one who left thee, (fickle and unkind!)
Thy pride thus seeks to wound the inconstant,—tremble!
Back to *thy* heart that shaft its way shall find!

Woe for the bitter day, too late repenting
Th' irrevocable step, the broken rest,—

Digitized by Google

When thou shalt lean thy weary head, lamenting,
On the lost refuge of thy mother's breast!
There, in the recklessness of early sorrow,
Holding no hope of brighter days to come,—
Yearning to die before the darken'd morrow,
And be calm—buried near thy childhood's home!

Shalt thou, in this strange world of serpent slander,
Escaping all its venom and deep shame,
In tranquil paths obscurely happy wander,
Where none shall point thee out, for praise or blame?
Or shalt thou dwell in mingled smiles and frowning,
Half envied, half enshrined, by Fashion's slaves;
Then, shipwreck'd sink, like one who suffers drowning
After vain struggle with opposing waves?

Will *he*, thy mate, be true to vows of duty,
Or shalt thou weep, with eyelids veil'd and dim,
The lost advantage of thy powerless beauty,
Which, praised by others, kept no hold on *him?*
Shall some fair temptress, like a dazzling meteor,
Teach him thy more familiar charms to slight—
Thy deep love weigh'd against each novel feature,
A balance sated custom renders light?

Who shall decide? Thy bridal day! Oh, make it
A day of sacrament and fervent prayer,
Though every circumstance conspire to take it
Out of the common prophecy of care!
Let not vain merriment and giddy laughter
Be the last sound in thy departing ear,—
For God alone can tell what cometh after,
What store of sorrow, or what cause for fear!
Go forth, young bride!

Digitized by Google

FLORENCE.

"Of all the fairest cities of the earth,
None is so fair as Florence!"*—So wrote one
With whom the spirit of true Beauty walks
Attendant and familiar: he who made
His "Italy" our guide-book and companion
To all the memories of that sunny land,
Which now and ever, in compatriot hearts,
Must co-exist with memory of him.
Therefore I quoted him. When leaving Florence
With three companions, (one a sculptor,—one
A painter yet unknown to future fame,—
And one a gentle maid,) we four agreed,
Half jesting, half in earnest, to look back,
And speak farewells to that delightful spot.
"Farewell!" the sculptor said; "a long farewell,
City of statues! Farewell, Parian Venus,
Whose form of beauty cannot fade or change!
We drop and wither like the autumn leaves,
Closing the eyes that saw thee in blind death,
As age succeeds to age; but thou, sweet marble,
Shalt greet the generations yet to come
With freshness of imperishable charm!"
"And farewell," said the painter, "lovely city!
That liest in the glow of southern light,

* Rogers's Italy.

Digitized by Google

Holding within thy bosom pictured stores
Of richest value: farewell, ancient city,
Where Raphael and Angelo look'd forward,
In the strong hope of an inspired youth,
To glory all the world looks back upon!"
Then spoke the maid; but after much persuasion,
And blushing even to her downcast eyes:
And still the lower sank her voice, the more
Our hearts stood still to listen: yet she said
Nothing but "FAREWELL, FLORENCE!" Farewell,
Florence!
How often, when I wake, and when I dream,
The unutterable shadow of sweet thoughts
That pass'd across her brow,—the gentle tone
Which, like a chord of music singly struck,
Held several parts of melody,—the blush
Of innocent confusion on her cheek,—
Return to haunt and thrill my inmost soul,
As in the silence following those words!

Digitized by Google

ARCADIAN SHADES.

"Et ego in Arcadia."

The shepherd sits beneath the bough,
With ruddy cheek and even brow;
The green trees shade his careless head,
Their gnarled roots around him spread;
Across the streamlet flowing near
His fluted pipes sound loud and clear;
Soft springs the moss beneath his feet,—
Sing, "Oh, the shepherd's life is sweet!"

Tho' storms may come, with sudden showers,
Tho' wild winds blow, thro' darken'd hours,
'Tis sweet to watch the clouds, and spy
Blue windows in that leaden sky;
To see the sun come forth; the throng
Of wild birds dip and soar along;
All Nature's freshen'd charm to greet,—
Sing, "Oh, the shepherd's life is sweet!"

Or stretch'd full length, in summer's prime,
Upon a bank of scented thyme,
To watch the white flocks nibbling feed,
The swaying of the water-reed,

Digitized by Google

Where, half a yard beyond the brink,
The cattle, stooping down to drink,
Their own bright shadows bend to meet,—
Sing, "Oh, the shepherd's life is sweet!"

Those sleek-fed kine, with Juno's eyes,
So patient-calm, so gravely wise,
I love to watch them onward go,
With heavy tread, demure and slow;
I love to see the maidens come
To milk their charge and guide them home,
With side-long smile, and bare-white feet,—
Sing, "Oh, the shepherd's life is sweet!"

And one young maiden loveth me
With honest meek simplicity;
And, while the patient creature stands
Beneath her kind familiar hands,
Her blushing cheek bends lowly down,
With half a laugh, and half a frown,
While I my true-love vows repeat,—
Sing, "Oh, the shepherd's life is sweet!"

And when the daylight waneth fast,
And hours of lightsome toil are past,
And, changing like a pleasant dream,
The sunset melts to moonlight gleam;
Then lingering on our homeward way,
We whisper all the words we say,
And almost hear the heart's loud beat,—
Sing, "Oh, the shepherd's life is sweet!"

Digitized by Google

PICTURE LIFE.

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamed of in your philosophy."

SHAKSPEARE.

[A superstition exists among the American Indians that it is unlucky to have a portrait taken, as a portion of the life and strength of the person copied is transferred to the picture. The Chief of one of their war-tribes being in prison, endeavoured to prevent the possibility of taking *his* likeness, by hiding his face on his folded arms. This Chief died in captivity.]

YOUNG girl, that wanderest musing, pensive, slow,
Through the dim picture-gallery for hours,—
Thy white robe fluttering gently to and fro,
Like a winged insect settling among flowers,—
Why dost thou think of *us* as of the *dead?*
We are alive, though not with life like thine;
Dumb, but yet conscious, we await thy tread;
Helpless and silent, for thy presence pine!
Canst thou believe the double pulse that stirr'd
The busy beating of two human hearts,—
The painter's life, who to a blank transferr'd
A pictured form which never thence departs,—
And theirs, who sat, full of unspoken dreams,
So mutely still for copying, while he brought
Into the faint-sketch'd features vivid gleams
Of the quick passing daylight,—went for naught;
And that the silent studio, when he lock'd
The unfinish'd task of days of patient care,

Digitized by Google

Held only dreams the sense of sight to mock,
Cold painted effigies of what was fair?

Ah! poorly purchased with such wealth of pains
The meaner triumphs of his art would be,
But that his work a living spell retains,—
Like gentle Ariel prison'd in the tree!
And hence the haunting power to pictures given,—
The quaint conceits that force a sudden smile,—
The saint-like forms which lift the thoughts to heaven,—
The love-dreams which our beating hearts beguile.
Yea, the worst drawing, some unskilful elf
Unworthily hath hung upon the wall,
Like a weak infant, holds within itself
Some measure of the life which dwells in all.

Look round upon us, young believing heart,
With warm breath sighing on thy fresh red lip;
Look round upon us, nail'd and hung apart;
Cluster'd and grouped in strange companionship!
Here, Raphael, for ever gazing forth
With passionate and melancholy eyes,
Watches for beauty in the pale cold North,
Or dreams of Southern lands and sunny skies:—
Here the pale Ceuci's sorrowful appeal
Subdues the heart to pity as of yore:—
Here the tried Patriarch stays the lifted steel,
And listens to the awful Voice once more:—
Here, little Loves, with eyes that wanton roll,
And garlands flying round them, throng the air:—
Or meek Madonnas fill the inward soul
With deep reflection of unspoken prayer.

Digitized by Google

And *I* am here! who may not woo thy gaze,
Nor call thee, though of all my joy bereft,
In the dim twilight of departing days,
When the long gallery thy feet have left,
No longer echoes to a living sound,
But dark and darker still the shadows come,
Blotting me out, with all the objects round,
And covering with a veil thine ancient home.
Oh, Night! blank pause, wherein I see thee not,
Nor hear thee, nor await thee: cold, and dull,
And desolate Night, embittering my lot,
Which seem'd already bitter to the full!
When I—for ever wakeful—hear each chime
Of the revolving hours, while thou art sleeping,
Thro' the slow midnight into morning prime
Thy closed eyes in a happy slumber keeping,—
Beautiful eyes!, whose tender, humid ray,
Like a spring rain, refreshes my worn sight,—
Heaven bless the light that enters them by day,
And the soft lids that cover them by night!—
Oh, how I love to see thy sweet form stand,
Musing and pensive, with a statue's grace,
Holding aside thy ringlets with thy hand,
And looking fearless in my pictured face;
Not without vague and feminine wish to learn
What feats of glory crown'd my blood-stain'd sword.
Ah! love, had I the power to look less stern,
And whisper in thine ear one gentle word!

Never again believe the pictured eyes
That meet thine own with ever watchful glance,
Are but the blending of commingled dyes,—
A combination rare of skill and chance!

Digitized by Google

Never again believe the look of woe
  Hath not some sense obscure of mortal pain!
Never again believe Love's ardent glow
  Is but the radiance of a painted stain!
Believe in Picture Life! though thou wert born
  In this prosaic, scientific age,
Which laughs all dreaming mystery to scorn,
  And tears from Nature's book its magic page.
And, oh! come often to this long dim room,
  And pause beneath this dull frame where I live;
For to my weary life of silent gloom,
  Joy, light, and sunshine, thou hast power to give!

Digitized by Google

JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER.

In the young light of her beauty she came forth!
Wo is me!
With her bracelets, and her jewels, and her rings,
Fair to see:
In clothing proud and gay,
As was meet for rich array,
When a warrior won the day
Gallantly!

In the hurry of her welcome she came forth!
And she smiled;
For she deem'd her father's triumph should be hers,
(Hapless child!)
And with white and twinkling feet
She came dancing on, to meet
The death-word she must greet,
Dark and wild!

To the sound of gladdening music she came forth!
With a song,
Which her young companions chorus'd, as they flew
Light along!
Darkly glooms her father's brow
As he looks upon her now;
He is thinking of his vow,
Rash and wrong!

Digitized by Google

She shall never greet his proud return again!
Nevermore!
He shall never hear the welcome sweetly said
Heretofore!
He shall never see her come
From the portals of his home,
For her place is in the tomb;—
Life is o'er!

He hath doom'd her, in his rash ambitious hope:
(Hear him groan!)
Was the victory over thousands worth the loss
Of that *one?*
Will it nerve him so to bear
All this weight of dreadful care,
That he dies not of despair,
When *alone?*

Oh ye fathers, *ye* can answer with what pangs
He was tried,
When the rosebud in the desert of his home
Roughly died;
By the innocent young face,—
By the cordial soft embrace,—
By the daughter's simple grace,—
At your side!

Digitized by Google

BINGEN.

A SOLDIER of the Legion lay dying in Algiers,
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of woman's tears;
But a comrade stood beside him, while his life-blood ebb'd away,
And bent, with pitying glances, to hear what he might say.
The dying soldier falter'd, as he took that comrade's hand,
And he said, "I never more shall see my own, my native land;
Take a message, and a token, to some distant friends of mine,
For I was born at Bingen,—at Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and crowd around,
To hear my mournful story, in the pleasant vineyard ground,
That we fought the battle bravely,—and when the day was done,
Full many a corse lay ghastly pale, beneath the setting sun.
And, midst the dead and dying, were some grown old in wars,—
The death-wound on their gallant breasts, the last of many scars:

Digitized by Google

But some were young,—and suddenly beheld life's morn decline,—
And one had come from Bingen,—fair Bingen on the Rhine!

"Tell my mother, that her other sons shall comfort her old age,
And I was aye a truant bird, that thought his home a cage:
For my father was a soldier, and even as a child
My heart leap'd forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce and wild;
And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty hoard,
I let them take whate'er they would—but kept my father's sword;
And with boyish love I hung it where the bright light used to shine,
On the cottage-wall at Bingen,—calm Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with droop-ing head,
When the troops are marching home again, with glad and gallant tread,
But look upon them proudly, with a calm and steadfast eye,
For her brother was a soldier too, and not afraid to die.
And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in my name
To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame;
And to hang the old sword in its place, (my father's sword and mine,)
For the honour of old Bingen,—dear Bingen on the Rhine!

Digitized by Google

"There's another—not a sister;—in the happy days gone by,
You'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled in her eye;
Too innocent for coquetry—too fond for idle scorning,—
Oh! friend, I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes heaviest mourning!
Tell her the last night of my life—(for ere this moon be risen,
My body will be out of pain, my soul be out of prison,)
I dream'd I stood with *her*, and saw the yellow sunlight shine
On the vine-clad hills of Bingen,—fair Bingen on the Rhine!

"I saw the blue Rhine sweep along—I heard, or seem'd to hear,
The German songs we used to sing, in chorus sweet and clear;
And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting hill,
That echoing chorus sounded, through the evening calm and still:
And her glad blue eyes were on me, as we pass'd with friendly talk,
Down many a path beloved of yore, and well-remember'd walk;
And her little hand lay lightly, confidingly in mine,—
But we'll meet no more at Bingen,—loved Bingen on the Rhine."

His voice grew faint and hoarser,—his grasp was childish weak,—
His eyes put on a dying look,—he sigh'd, and ceased to speak:

Digitized by Google

His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of life had fled,—
The soldier of the Legion in a foreign land was dead!
And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she look'd down
On the red sand of the battle-field, with bloody corses strewn;
Yea, calmly on that dreadful scene her pale light seem'd to shine,
As it shone on distant Bingen,—fair Bingen on the Rhine!

Digitized by Google

ELVIRA.

A FRAGMENT.

And she will come—her sweet lute strung behind,
And, her dark tresses streaming to the wind,
Death on her cheek, and madness in her air,
Will rave in all the wildness of despair.—
Oh! how can our existence be so dear,
Embitter'd by the frequent burning tear?
Why were we form'd to live, to die in pain,
To wish for what to hope, alas! were vain—
While senseless, soulless, grovelling forms of clay
Laugh at the pangs they cannot chase away?
Oh! what is memory, what is hope?
Memory! a dream—within whose boundless scope
All we *have* loved comes rushing o'er the mind:
We wake to weep o'er joys we've left behind.
Hope! 'tis the expectation unfulfill'd,
When all our fairest views are blighted, kill'd;
'Tis the delusion sent, by heavenly care,
To save mankind from horror and despair—
Delusion oft repeated, oft destroy'd,
That still deceitful fills the aching void
Of hearts that cannot look beyond a scene
Which soon may be as it had never been.
Then she will cease, and gaze full wistfully
On pity's tear, that trembles in mine eye,
As if her glimmering light *half* served to show
Elvira's wrongs had caused that tear to flow;

Digitized by Google

And she will lay her hand upon mine arm,
And raise those eyes of soul-subduing charm,
Whose speaking rays of trembling blue unfold
All that her wandering speech hath left untold;
And, throwing back the locks her brow that veil,
Will wildly whisper forth her mournful tale:
"Bright beneath dazzling painted lamps there shone
The gilded splendour of the Spanish throne,
While merrily the inspiring music sounded,
And swift and gracefully the light foot bounded;
And lords and ladies, oh! as bright and fair
As stars in a dark heaven, were gather'd there.
But I saw one, in whose blue eye the light
Than painted dazzling lamps was far more bright;
The silver music of whose voice, to me,
Was sweeter than sounds of minstrelsy;
To whom more beauty of its kind was given
Than any of those glancing stars of heaven:
And as those beauteous orbs of light shine on,
Reckless of whom or what they smile upon,
So beautiful, *so* cold, my path he cross'd,
Unconscious at each step a heart was lost;
And one, which came as light and free as air,
Fell from the height of joy to dark despair—
I saw but *him*, though he saw *all* but *me*—
Deep lies his image in my memory.
And think not, loved one, though we part for ever,
That bands the heart entwine so soon can sever;
Oft, oh! still oft, shall steal across my soul
The thoughts I vainly labour to control;
And as my parting look on Carlos fell,
To *think*, though not to *breathe*, a sad farewell—
The tear unbidden started to mine eyes,
Forlorn as Eve gazed back on Paradise."

Digitized by Google

Now she hath ceased—her white arm raised on high,
The soul of love is beaming in her eye:
But memory soon hath quench'd that meteor ray,
And she hath turn'd to wend her weary way;
And bending o'er her lute's bewildering strings,
To hide her tears, thus mournfully she sings:—

Oh! are we doom'd to part?
And is thy maid forsaken?
Then give me back my heart—
The heart which *thou* hast taken.

The blushing flower is dead,
Ere yet we see it blowing;
And man's false love is fled,
While echo breathes his vowing!

As summer winds that blow,
As rivers swiftly gliding;
So quick her flight to woe,
In such frail love confiding.

Then steel your hearts, ye fair!
Ere yet you feel them burning;
For mine is gone, and care
Forbids its e'er returning.

Thus sings she, dewy flowerets weep to hear—
E'en the inconstant rose will drop a tear;
And, as her sickening colour fades, will sigh
To the sweet wanton zephyr wandering by—
"Hark to that poor lost maid, how sweet she sings!
To prove"—what would she prove? "That love has [wings."
Carlos is gone, and quickly zephyr flies—
The fond rose fades—and sad Elvira dies.

Digitized by Google

THE YOUNG CRUSADER.

CLEAR and bright the moon was peeping
From the fleecy clouds of snow;
Near a young crusader sleeping,
Thus a voice was singing low:—

"Perjured false one, who could'st leave me!
Leave thy helpless Moorish maid;
Swear and vow, but to deceive me,
See the price by Neilah paid!

"See these features, palely gleaming
As the moonlight o'er the sea;
These eyes, that late with love were beaming,
Never more shall gaze on thee.

"As dies the shoot that's roughly parted
From its own, its parent tree,
So thy Neilah, broken hearted,
Dies, no more beloved by thee!

"Wounded, when the conflict's rattle
Ceases, *thou* may'st seek repose,
E'en upon the field of battle;
But my wounds will never close.

Digitized by Google

"Yet thy Neilah still will love thee,
Till friendly death shall end her woe;
While the sun shall shine above thee,
Shadows *still* his light must throw."

Starts the warrior, wildly raving,
From the dream that breaks his sleep;
His loved one, with her locks loose waving
O'er him seems to bend and weep.

Repentant thoughts his mind revolving,
He rushes towards the weeping fair;
Like a flake of snow dissolving,
With sighs his Neilah melts in air.

Madly fought he on the morrow,
Rage and love alternate burn;
Quickly death relieves his sorrow,
Faithless hearts may read and learn!

Digitized by Google

OH! COULD I COME WHEN FAYS HAVE POWER.

Oh! could I come when fays have power,
And Sleep o'er mortals holds her sway,
There in that silent moonlight hour,
I'd steal thy fickle heart away;
I'd bear it far, where none might see,
True constancy from mine to learn;
And still, while it remain'd with me,
'Twould be a pledge for thy return.

But, oh! where shall I seek that heart
Which thousands claim, but none may keep?
The gift which daylight sees depart,
Is it resumed before thy sleep?
Shall I seek out each beauteous maid
Who o'er thee held a transient sway?
In vain—where'er thy heart was laid,
Her tears have wash'd the trace away.

Then must I sit within my bower,
Unwitting where the prize to find,
And smile, as each successive hour
Sees changing still thy wavering mind;
And still repeat the wish in vain,
That thou wouldst live for me alone—
Or that, to ease each maiden's pain,
Thy cruel power to please were gone.

Digitized by Google

LE RANZ DES VACHES.

Quand reverrai-je en un jour
Tous les objets de mon amour ?
Nos clairs ruisseaux,
Nos hameaux,
Nos côteaux,
Nos montagnes,
Et l'ornement de nos montagnes,
La si gentille Isabeau ?
Dans l'ombre d'un ormeau,
Quand danserai-je au son du chalumeau ?

Quand reverrai-je en un jour
Tous les objets de mon amour ?
Mon père,
Ma mère,
Mon frère,
Ma sœur,
Mes agneaux,
Mes troupeaux,
Ma bergère ?

Digitized by Google

TRANSLATION.

When will that day of sunshine dawn for me
When I the objects of my love shall see?
Our purling rills,
Our homes of ease,
Our towering hills,
Our leafy trees;
And *her*, the pride of hill or dell,
My gentle blue-eyed Isabel?
Beneath the elm that shades the flowery plain,
When shall I dance to shepherd's reed again?

When will that day of sunshine dawn for me
When I the objects of my love shall see?
My father dear,
And gentle mother,
My sister fair,
And thee, my brother?
My playful lambs, that know my voice,
And at the well-known sound rejoice;
My goats, that round me in wild gambols play'd,
And thee, my life, my bride, my village maid?

Digitized by Google

LINDA ALHAYA.

Slow rippling in the zephyr's breath,
The murmuring waters flow beneath:
Warm glows the sun—sweet breathes the air:
Why are these scenes, though bright and fair,
To me a dreary wilderness?
Linda Alhaya![*] canst thou guess?

Why do I gaze on flowerets blue,
Which rival heaven's own matchless hue,
And wander by their native stream,
Though it to other eyes may seem
Unworthy of my constancy?
Linda Alhaya! tell me why?

Why do I gaze on them, and smile,
Then sit me down and weep awhile?
Sadly, but fond, as they recall'd
Something which held my heart enthrall'd:
Then slowly wend my weary way—
Linda Alhaya! canst thou say?

Linda Alhaya hears me not—
Linda Alhaya has forgot
That e'er her starry path I cross'd,
Where every end but joy was lost.

* *Linda Alhaya*—literally, *a pretty jewel.*

Digitized by Google

And hast thou lost all thought of me,
Linda Alhaya! can it be?

Not so have I *thee*, sweet maid—
Deep in my heart my love is laid;
Scentless and wither'd each flower to me—
Leafless and scathed each towering tree:
Oh, Linda Alhaya, canst thou not guess?
Thou wert my rose of the wilderness!

Linda Alhaya! those flowerets blue
Match not thine eye's soft liquid hue,
But they the self-same language hold,
Waving above those waters cold:
And as we parted on this spot,
They said, "Farewell, forget me not!"

Those flowerets may bud, and bloom, and die,
Above the brook that wanders by;
And while they live, their blossoms seem
Reflected in its silver stream;
But when rude Time the buds shall sever,
Their images are fled for ever.

Oh! thus shall it never be with *me*,
While I have breath and memory;
The stream of life may swell its tide—
Thy image still secure will bide!
My faithful heart in death shall tell,
Linda Alhaya, I loved thee well.

Digitized by Google

CHE DE VOS E DE ME DIRAN?

FROM THE SPANISH.

What will they say of me, my love,
What will they say of you,
When they see thine eyes' bright loving glance,
And mine replying too?

Fear not, my love—they'll say of *me*,
That vainly earthly suns may rise,
When sunshine beams so radiantly
From the blue heaven of those eyes.
They'll say of *thee*, that thou wert sent
Here on this darkling earth to roam,
To win, by beauty's blandishment,
Weak mortals to thine angel home.

But what, love, will they say of you,
What will they say of me,
When in my evening bower they find
None save my harp and thee?

Fear not, my love, what tongues may dare—
Of me the world can only say,
That, while such twilight waits me *there*,
I need not wish for brighter day.

Digitized by Google

Of thee they'll say, the silver chords
With which thy fairy harp is strung,
Were breathed on by a spirit's words,
And keep the notes that spirit sung.

But oh! what will they say of you—
What *can* they say of me,
Should I at length become your bride,
As I have vow'd to be?

Fear not, my love—they'll say that I
Can never more have wish or prayer;
That having *thee*, until I die
No thought is left that claims a care.
Of *thee* they'll say—to speed the tale
In vain was speech to mortals given;
For what may tongues and words avail,
When hearts and looks are all our heaven!

Digitized by Google

VERDAD! VERDAD!

FROM THE SPANISH.

LUIDA! I *never* thought, I own,
When some proved false that so would you;
That e'en *your* heart would turn to stone,
And throw me off—not true! not true!

'Twas all *your* fault—you kept away,
With fairer, newer loves to range;
And I wept all the summer's day,
To think a youth like you could change.

True, true—I fled the enchanting lyre,
The thrilling voice, the notes I knew,
Because another dared aspire
To win your heart—not true! not true!

With eyes averted all the while,
You stood in gloomy silence there;
The words which meant to win my smile,
Unheard, were wandering on the air.

True, true—I own I turn'd away,
Because your eyes, on others bent,
Seem'd fraught with many a lightning ray
To blast the hopes your smile had lent.

Digitized by Google

Not true! it is not true—my eyes
  Were fill'd with tears for your neglect;
If *you* think they are sunny skies,
  From others what can you expect

True, true—you were a little moved,
  Nor smiled on those who came to woo—
But none like me have ever loved;
  Forgive, and say '*tis* true, 'tis true!

Digitized by Google

THE ONE YOU LOVED THE BEST.

Oh! love—love well, but only once! for never shall the dream
Of youthful hope return again on life's fast rolling stream;
No love can match the early one which young affection nursed—
Oh, no—the one you loved the best is she you loved the first.

Once lost—that gladsome vision past—a fairer form may rise,
And eyes whose lustre mocks the light of starry, southern skies;
But vainly seek you to enshrine the charmer in your breast,
For still the one you loved the first is she you loved the best.

Again—'tis gone—'tis past away—those gentle tones and looks
Have vanish'd like the feathery snow in summer's running brooks;
With weary pinions wandering love forsakes the heart—his nest,
And fain would rest again with her whom first you loved, and best.

Digitized by Google

Perchance some faithful one is found, when love's
romance is o'er,
With her you safe through storms may glide, to reach
life's farthest shore;
But all too cold and real now you deem your home of
rest,
And you sigh for her you loved the first—for *her* you
loved the *best.*

Digitized by Google

I WOULD THE WORLD WERE MINE.

Oh! I would the world were all mine own,
With its gay green fields, and its rosy bowers,
And its drooping trees, where I alone
Might gather the buds that first were blown,
And weave a thousand fairy bowers
For thee—for thee!

Oh! I would the world were mine, with all
Its changeful skies which the soft stars beam in!
No scorching rays of the sun should fall,
But it should be to me, to all,
A moonlight world for Love to dream in
Of thee—of thee!

Oh! I would the world were mine, for then
I'd still the waves of the boundless ocean,
And swiftly I'd fly from the haunts of men
In some fairy bark which return'd again
The dark blue water's rippling motion,
With thee—with thee!

Oh! would that the world indeed could be
All, all my own—'twould then be thine!
Thy heart were world enough for me,
And, to gain it, I'd give the earth and sea—
Oh! worlds on worlds, if they were mine—
To *thee*—to thee!

Digitized by Google

ON T. B. S.

He hath fallen asleep—that beautiful boy!
All the young and the gay of other days
Have welcomed his spirit, with songs of joy,
To their far home, lighted with starry rays!

He hath fallen asleep! We shall hear no more
That cheerful voice, with its musical tone!
The laugh, and the song, and the jest are o'er,
And he lies in a stranger land, *alone!*

He hath fallen asleep!—those dark fringed lids
Have closed o'er the glorious light of his eye!
It shall sparkle no more, till the trumpet bids
The dead to arouse them, where they lie!

He hath fallen asleep!—that noble form
Lies motionless now, in its cold dark bed—
That young gay heart is food for the worm,
And his rest is the dreamless sleep of the dead!

He hath fallen asleep!—and between us is flowing
The watery world of the boundless deep;
And the flowers of a foreign land are growing
O'er the grave of him who hath fallen asleep!

Digitized by Google

WHILE I THINK OF YOU, LOVE!

When the sun is shining brightly on a blithesome summer's day,
While others dance and sing, I think on him who's far away;
Amid the gay I wander on, as sad as sad can be—
Oh! while I think of *you*, love, do you think of *me?*

When the evening shadows fall, love, and silence reigns around,
And the weeping flowers shake the sparkling dew-drops on the ground;
When the pale moon shines so mournfully upon the land and lea—
Oh! while I think of *you*, love, do you think of *me?*

And when the night is come, love, and the weary sun is set,
While others sleep, my constant eyes with tears the pillow wet;
I rest in vain my aching head, where none my grief may see—
Oh! while I think of *you*, love, do you think of *me?*

And when other suitors come, love, to tempt with smiles and gold,
And tell me that thy heart for me is passionless and cold,
I turn in scorn and grief away, and say it cannot be—
When I *always* think of *you*, love, sure you sometimes think of *me!*

Digitized by Google

ON T. B. S.

Blow, ye loud winds! roll on, thou restless main!
For he we loved will *never* sail again!
Once, as the vessel left the fading shore,
We listen'd to the billows' reckless roar,
And shrank in terror as we raised our eyes,
And pray'd for calmer seas and brighter skies,
And gentler winds, to waft the young, the gay,
Far from his native land, on stormy seas away!—
But now, no more we raise that useless prayer,
Vain are the prosperous gales and favouring air—
What reck we *now* that calm is every wave?
The sunbeams fall upon his distant grave!
What reck we that, calm rippling to the shore,
They murmur round *his* bed, their sounds shall wake no more?—
Blow, ye wild winds! roll on, thou restless main!
For he we loved shall *never* sail again!
Roll, ye toss'd vessels! on the stormy sea,
No bark brings back the young, the gay, the free!
No more we watch each snowy, sunlit sail
That swells impatient in the homeward gale;
No more we strain our orbs to that dark speck
We fancied was the vessel, on whose deck
The wanderer doom'd, alas! again to roam,
Stood gazing on that land, his ocean-circled home.
His *home!* oh, say is that in English land?
Then wherefore lingers he on foreign strand?

Digitized by Google

His home! oh! far away on distant shore
He lies, nor dreams of home or country more!
No more those bright eyes sparkle at the sound—
"Haste! for the bark is now for Britain bound."
That warm, light heart which bounded at each meeting,
God gave the word, and it hath ceased its beating—
Sail, ye toss'd vessels; on the stormy sea,
Bark after bark returns—in vain! for *where* is *he?*

Digitized by Google

THE BIRTH-DAY.

This is thy birth-day! when we should be gay;
Shall we go out before the glowing noon,
And weave the lingering flowers of parting May,
With the first rosebuds of voluptuous June?
Shall we congratulate the laughing earth
That once again the perfumed spring is come—
Her joyous child, who heralded thy birth,
And made one long, glad summer of thy home?

This is thy birth-day! thine, who wert so loved!
Who *wert*—my Gilderoy! what art thou now?
Have the slight cares and sorrows thou hast proved
Hollow'd thy cheek, or darken'd o'er thy brow?
Fond hearts are beating in thy quiet home:
Awake, thou sleeper! 'tis a day of joy;
Where all is gladness, surely thou wilt come—
Why art thou silent still, my Gilderoy?

This is thy birth-day! thine, who wert so young,
So full of life, so graceful, and so gay;
Why is the bitter tear of anguish wrung
From eyes which were not wont to weep to-day?
Smile on us now, as in the days of yore,
When friends stood round to hail another year—
Alas! the lip we loved shall smile no more!
This is thy birth-day—but *thou art not here!*

Digitized by Google

THE DARKNESS OF THE GRAVE.

THE darkness of the grave hath bound him,
A shroud, for a cloak, is cast around him—
Night and day o'er his tomb I weep,
But he hears me not, for he lies asleep!
"Come back to love and life, my love!
Come back and chase my woe,
For the sun is shining bright above,
And the flowers are fair below."

To the lone and cheerless tomb they bore him,
And the chill cold earth they scatter'd o'er him;
That heavy mould, as it heap'd his bed,
Fell on my heart like a weight of lead;
And I sung, "Come back to life, my love!
Come back and chase my woe,
For the sun is shining bright above,
And the flowers are fair below!"

Light cannot pierce the earth above him,
The gentle light of eyes that love him—
The sun cannot warm with its rays of gold,
He hath come to his end like a tale that is told;
"Come back! in vain—those darken'd eyes
This world no more shall see—
No more for thee shall beam yon skies,
Nor flowers be cull'd for thee!"

Digitized by Google

FAREWELL.

"FAREWELL, my best beloved—farewell!"
Such were the sounds that came
(Utter'd with smiles), the last which fell
From lips that loved thy name;
And Heaven bless thee, wheresoe'er
Those joyous footsteps roam,
And guide, without a sigh or tear,
My wanderer back to home!

Farewell, my best beloved! 'tis past,
Yet little did I deem
That gay adieu should be the last
Recall'd in memory's dream.
I could have wish'd—the wish is vain—
More sad had been the hour,
Which beams through every thought of pain
With agonizing power.

For still through tears that dim my view,
Through sobs that choke my breath,
That vision, with its bright adieu,
Forbids the thought of death!
Farewell, I did not see thee die,
I did not hear thy knell;
Does sorrow, therefore, lighter fly?
My best beloved—farewell!

Digitized by Google

THY WILL BE DONE.

Thy will be done! how hard a thing to say
When sickness ushers in death's dreary knell;
When eyes that sparkled bright and gay,
Wander around with dimly conscious ray,
To some familiar face, to bid farewell!

Thy will be done!—the faltering lips deny
A passage to the tones as yet unheard;
The sob convulsed, the raised and swimming eye,
Seem as appealing to their God on high
For power to breathe the yet imperfect word.

Orphan! who watchest by the silent tomb
Where those who gave thee life all coldly sleep;
Or thou, who sittest in thy desolate home,
Calling to those beloved who cannot come,
And thinking o'er thy loneliness, dost weep!

Widow! who musest over by-gone years
Of life, and love, and happiness with him
Who shared thy joys and sorrows, hopes and fears,
Who now art left to shed unnoticed tears,
Till thy fair cheek is wan, and eyes grow dim!

Husband! who dreamest of thy gentle wife,
And still in fancy see'st her rosy smile

Digitized by Google

Brightening a world of bitterness and strife;
Who from the lonely future of thy life
Turnest, in dreariness, to weep the while!

Mother! whose prayers could not avail to save
Him whom thou lovedst most, thy blue-eyed boy!
Who with a bitter agony dost rave
To the wild winds that fan his early grave,
And dashedst from thy lips the cup of joy!

And thou! not widow'd, yet bereaved one,
Who, buried in thy tearless, mute despair,
Roamest a desert world alone—*alone*—
To seek *him* out who from thine eyes is gone,
Scarce able to believe he is not there!

Mourners! who linger in a world of woe,
Each bowing 'neath his separate load of grief,
Turn from the silent tomb, and, kneeling low
Before that throne at which the angels bow,
Invoke a God of mercy for relief!

Pray that ye too may journey, when ye die,
To that far world where blessed souls are gone;
And, through the gathering sob of agony,
Raise, with a voice resign'd, the humble cry,
"Father—Creator—Lord! thy will be done!"

Digitized by Google

MUSIC'S POWER.

Have you never heard, in music's sound,
Some chords which o'er your heart
First fling a moment's magic round,
Then silently depart?
But with the echo on the air,
Roused by that simple lay,
It leaves a world of feeling there
We cannot chase away.
Yes, yes,—a sound hath power to bid them come—
Youth's half-forgotten hopes, childhood's remember'd home.

When, sitting in your silent home,
You gaze around and weep,
Or call to those who cannot come,
Nor wake from dreamless sleep;
Those chords, as oft as you bemoan
"The distant and the dead,"
Bring dimly back the fancied tone
Of some sweet voice that's fled!
Yes, yes,—a sound hath power to bid them come—
Youth's half-forgotten hopes, childhood's remember'd home.

And when, amid the festal throng,
You are, or would be gay—
And seek to wile, with dance and song,
Your sadder thoughts away;

Digitized by Google

They strike those chords, and smiles depart,
As, rushing o'er your soul,
The untold feelings of the heart
Awake, and spurn control!
Yes, yes,—a sound hath power to bid them come—
Youth's half-forgotten hopes, childhood's remember'd home.

SAY NOT 'TIS DARK.

Say not 'tis dark!—the night
Is never dark to me;
Around my couch they come in light—
Visions I would not see.

Forms I have loved,—as bright
As in life's joyous years;
Say not 'tis dark!—the murkiest night
Hath light enough for tears!

Digitized by Google

BUT THOU!

DELIA! some few short years ago
Yon fountain heard thee breathe a vow—
Still sparkling in the sunny glow,
With murmuring sound and constant flow,
That fount plays on—but *thou!*

Delia! ringlet bright and rare,
Which wanton'd o'er thy snowy brow,
In hours of bliss was given there;
Time has not changed a single hair,
'Tis still the same—but *thou!*

Delia! the heart that fondly loved,
Loves thee despite thy folly now;
Though thou hast seen its pangs unmoved,
In sadness tried—in sorrow proved—
'Tis faithful yet—but THOU!

Digitized by Google

I DO NOT LOVE THEE!

I do not love thee! no, I do not love thee!
And yet when thou art absent I am sad;
And envy even the bright blue sky above thee,
Whose quiet stars may see thee and be glad.

I do not love thee!—yet, I know not why,
Whate'er thou dost seems still well done, to me—
And often in my solitude I sigh—
That those I *do* love are not more like thee!

I do not love thee!—yet, when thou art gone,
I hate the sound (though those who speak be dear)
Which breaks the lingering echo of the tone
Thy voice of music leaves upon my ear.

I do not love thee!—yet thy speaking eyes,
With their deep, bright, and most expressive blue—
Between me and the midnight heaven arise,
Oftener than any eyes I ever knew.

I *know* I do not love thee!—yet, alas!
Others will scarcely trust my candid heart,
And oft I catch them smiling as they pass,
Because they see me gazing where thou art.

Digitized by Google

LILLA VANNEN.

[*Vannen*, in Norwegian, signifies *friend*; and *Lilla*, *little* or *lowly*. The expression, *Lilla Vannen*, would answer to the term in our language of *Humble Friend*.]

I was ill, and thought of thee,
Lilla Vannen!
My soul dwelt mournfully,
Lilla Vannen!
On the well-remember'd times,
When we heard the village chimes
Thro' the avenue of limes,
Lilla Vannen!

In my sickness and great pain,
Lilla Vannen!
The old light shone again,
Lilla Vannen!
The child-like faith in God
When we two together trod
O'er the daisy-spangled sod,
Lilla Vannen!

The lowly church stood there,
Lilla Vannen!
And I saw thee kneel in prayer,
Lilla Vannen!

Digitized by Google

While a glory and a grace
Shone in lieu of beauty's trace,
On thy pale and homely face;
Lilla Vannen!

In thy pure and quiet eye,
Lilla Vannen!
Dwelt a light that could not die,
Lilla Vannen!
No sparkle of vain joy
Which an hour could fade or cloy,
But glad hope without alloy,
Lilla Vannen!

To a worldly path I stray'd,
Lilla Vannen!
Thou didst keep the tranquil shade,
Lilla Vannen!
Thou didst keep thy simple faith,
Girded firm for life or death,
With calm pulse and even breath,
Lilla Vannen!

Thou hadst courage then to blame,
Lilla Vannen!
(Tho' thy soft words gently came,)
Lilla Vannen!
And to say the world's success
With no aim that God could bless
Was a life of bitterness,
Lilla Vannen!

Thy gentle words came true,
Lilla Vannen!
All was alter'd to my view,
Lilla Vannen!

Digitized by Google

I was vain, and sought to charm,
Yet I wish'd no mortal harm,
And my love was deep and warm,
Lilla Vannen!

But the dark days came at last,
Lilla Vannen!
They were bitter—they are past,
Lilla Vannen!
And I rose against the blow,
But my heart is broken now,
Very dreary is my wo,
Lilla Vannen!

Would I had thee here to-day,
Lilla Vannen!
By my side to kneel and pray,
Lilla Vannen!
But thy funeral bell hath toll'd,
And thou liest still and cold,
'Neath the churchyard's heavy mould,
Lilla Vannen!

I mourn'd thee not aright,
Lilla Vannen!
I was dazzled by false light,
Lilla Vannen!
A few impassion'd tears
Mark'd the love of many years,
All that memory endears,
Lilla Vannen!

Now my life is ebbing fast,
Lilla Vannen!
And my pulse beats slow, at last,
Lilla Vannen!

Digitized by Google

And my past career doth seem
Like a wild and drunken dream,
All its joy a lurid gleam,
Lilla Vannen!

But I dare not pray alone,
Lilla Vannen!
I can only weep and moan,
Lilla Vannen!
I need thy voice to cheer
The deep fainting of my fear,
And to tell me God will hear
Lilla Vannen!

In the evening of each day,
Lilla Vannen!
When the hot light dies away,
Lilla Vannen!
And the soft dew comes to rest
On the green earth's quiet breast,
Like a thing which God hath blest,
Lilla Vannen!

From my casement, lone and still,
Lilla Vannen!
I look out on plain and hill,
Lilla Vannen!
And I watch the evening star
Shining bright from worlds afar,
Where thou art, and angels are,
Lilla Vannen!

Digitized by Google

THE FAIRY BELLS.

I DREAMT—'twas but a dream—thou wert my bride, love;
I dreamt that we were wandering side by side, love—
I Earth's happiest son, and *thou* her loveliest daughter,
While fairy bells came tinkling o'er the water:
Merrily, merrily, merrily they fell,
The echoes of that fairy bell!

That vision pass'd away, and thou hast left me
To mourn the hopes thy falsehood hath bereft me.
No more I claim thy promised hand—
No more in dream I see thee stand—
While soft, sweet, and low it fell,
The echo of that fairy bell!

Now, when I'm musing sad and lonely,
With but my harp and thy remembrance only,
In vain, as on its chords I bend,
One joyful note I seek to send—
For sad, sad, and changed they seem,
The fairy bells of that dear dream!

Digitized by Google

LOVE NOT!

Love not, love not! ye hapless sons of clay!
Hope's gayest wreaths are made of earthly flowers—
Things that are made to fade and fall away
Ere they have blossom'd for a few short hours.
Love not!

Love not! the thing ye love may *change*—
The rosy lip may cease to smile on you—
The kindly-beaming eye grow cold and strange—
The heart still warmly beat, yet not be true.
Love not!

Love not! the *thing* you love may *die*—
May perish from the gay and gladsome earth;
The silent stars, the blue and smiling sky,
Beam o'er its grave, as once upon its birth.
Love not!

Love not! oh, warning vainly said
In present hours as in years gone by;
Love flings a halo round the dear one's head,
Faultless, immortal, till they change or die.
Love on!

Digitized by Google

OH, LOVE ME! LOVE ME STILL!

Oh, love me! love me still!
Though thou art doom'd to leave me;
Whilst thou art blest, no ill
Of frowning fate can grieve me.
Then love me! love me still!

What, though the cold world smile,
Its scorn can never move thee;
Then turn thee yet awhile,
Till I can cease to love thee!
And love me! love me still!

And as the crush'd flower sends
Its soul of perfumed breathing,
To him whose footstep bends
The blossoms 'neath its wreathing,
And, dying, haunts him still;

So my crush'd heart to thee
Will send love's last faint sighing;
Thy dreams of her shall be
Whom thou art vainly flying!
Who loves thee, loves thee still!

Digitized by Google

OH! THERE'S NOTHING WORTH LOVING!

Oh! there's nothing worth loving when thou art gone!
There's nothing worth loving when thou art gone!
Had I all the treasures the wide world could buy,
I'd part with them all for one glance of thine eye.
I care not for riches, I ask not for gold—
The *heart* gives itself, though the *hand* may be sold:
Let others rejoice in their pomp and their show,
So 'tis mine to be with thee, wherever we go.
For there's nothing, &c.

I care not for dwelling in sunny bright lands,
Where blue waters are rolling o'er sparkling sands;
Tho' they dance in their channels, so clear and cold,
Like oceans of diamonds, or dust of gold:
No, bear me afar, to some distant shore,
So *thou* art with me, I ask no more;
Dark, gloomy, and sad, though that land may be—
Oh! the light of thy smile is enough for me!
For there's nothing, &c.

Let others be loving in myrtle bowers,
Where zephyr is fanning the glowing flowers—
Oh! gloomier far were those shades to me
Than Africa's deserts, if shared with thee—
Then wilt thou send roving my heart in pain,
When I ask of thee but to love again?—
No, list, ere the soul of love be fled;
Ere the lute be hush'd, and its owner dead!
For there's nothing, &c.

Digitized by Google

OH! DEEM NOT THOU.

Oh! deem not thou, because I smile
On others who around thee rove,
That I forget that weary while
The dream of thee—the dream of love.
Oh, no!—the eye whose vision's bound
Is far beyond what others see,
May *glitter*, as it glances round—
It only *beams*—when fix'd on thee!

The clouds which o'er yon heaven sail,
May make its blue *appear* less bright;
But far beneath their jealous veil,
Th' eternal stars still keep their light:
And *thus*, whatever feeling seems
The spirit of the cloud to be—
Deep in my inmost heart there beams
A star of love—the love of *thee!*

Digitized by Google

THE MOTHER'S LAMENT.

WHERE shall I wander, and whither shall I go,
Since o'er my pretty sailor-boy the cruel waters flow?
Who shall I seek, to be like my dearest child,
To speak with that sweet voice, that choked among the waters wild?
I'll wander through the streamlet, I'll wander o'er the land,
I'll wander till I reach again the glittering sand:
I'll call to my dear sailor-boy, across the dreary sea—
'Twas there I parted from him; will he come again to me?

I'll listen to the murmuring waves, that break along the shore,
And think it is his bounding step, who can return no more;
I'll watch the cloud's dark shadow, that steals along the sea,
And dream it is his graceful form that steals across to me.
I'll watch the splendid light, that breaks so softly o'er his grave;
His eyes were blue and sunny bright, who sleeps beneath the wave:
I'll think it is *his* glance that comes, so smiling o'er the sea;
His glance! his voice! his step! alas! will *he* return to me?

Digitized by Google

THE CAPTIVE.

In my dungeon I sat weeping,
Till I sank to brief repose—
And forgot, while I was sleeping,
That I slept among my foes!
For sweet music round came floating,
Music of my native land,
For whose dear sake my life devoting,
I had sought a foreign strand.

Ravish'd, I enraptured listen'd
To the well-remember'd lay—
In mine eye soft tear-drops glisten'd,
Which I would not wipe away:
In mine ear were voices ringing—
Tones whose magic now has past;
Rosy lips around me singing,
Which have breathed and sung their last!

Oh, 'twas sweet! but soon awaking,
I could hear no sound at all—
Save the mournful billow breaking
Hoarsely o'er my dungeon wall.
Back the cruel winds had driven
What had been so dear to me;
I caught it, like a harp from heaven,
Fading o'er the dreary sea!

Digitized by Google

I'LL WEEP FOR THEE EVER.

I'LL weep for thee ever! when the sun is shining bright,
And when the lonely stars are out, upon the dark blue night;
When the moon is sadly shining upon the heaving sea,
Oh, then, my loved and lost one, I'll weep and think of thee.
I'll weep for thee ever!

I'll weep for thee ever! although they chide my tears,
I cannot but be mournful, when I think of by-gone years;
And when I meet thine early friends, still sad those hours may be,
They shall not say, my lost one, I had no thought of thee!
I'll weep for thee ever!

I'll weep for thee ever! though all be bright around,
When I listen to the merry dance, and list to music's sound;
They little think who fondly watch, my careless smile to see,
What bitter thoughts, my lost one, are hid beneath, of thee.
I'll weep for thee ever!

Digitized by Google

I'll weep for thee ever! through many a future day,
There are on earth remember'd griefs, time cannot chase
away;
When tears have ceased to dim my eyes, my lonely life
shall be,
One thought of my loved and lost one, the mournful
thought of *thee*.
I'll weep for thee ever!

Digitized by Google

I HAVE LEFT MY QUIET HOME!

GIPSY'S SONG.

I HAVE left my quiet home,
With thee through the world to roam—
Every hope is gone but thou,
Wherefore frown upon me now?
Far away my mother keeps
Vigil in her lonely cot,
And, gazing from the lattice, weeps
To think upon my wandering lot.

I have left my native hills
With their silvery gushing rills;
I have left my sunny land
On a foreign soil to stand:
Dark, alas! this stranger sky,—
That I left behind was bright;
Once thy smile could chase each sigh,
Wherefore hath it lost its light?

Tell me not I am to blame,
That I am no more the same;
Changed in form I well may be,
But I never changed to *thee!*
True, my cheek is fading fast,
Worn with many a sense of ill;
And my rosy bloom is past—
But my *heart* is faithful still!

Digitized by Google

I have left my quiet home,
With thee through the world to roam;
Every hope is lost but thou,
Do not frown upon me now!

Digitized by Google

TO STAND UPON A SUNNY SPOT.

To stand upon a sunny spot,
While life's young hours are bright;
And gaze where clouds and mists are not,
On some rich scene of light—
With some dear soul, whose gentle voice
Seems timed to please your ear;
To say how deeply you rejoice
In all the beauties near;—
Oh, *this* is joy, and while we live
Life hath no summer hour to give!

To be, when life's romance is o'er,
In that remember'd scene;
When those who gazed with us before,
Are, as they had not been!—
To stand upon that sunny ground,
Beneath the self-same skies,
And hear the lingering echo round
Repeat your lonely sighs;—
Oh, tears are vain in such an hour,
Grief in *that* stroke exhausts its power!

Digitized by Google

TO-MORROW.

Bright smiling eyes!
Where sunshine lies,
  Undimm'd by crime or sorrow,
Beam while you may,
And still be gay,
  For ye shall weep—to morrow!

Young lips! where the
Mistaken bee
  The rose's juice would borrow,
Harsh fate hath made
Your bloom to fade—
  Ye may not smile—to-morrow!

Voices! whose tone
Have made your own
  Hearts, which have known no sorrow,
Breathe, breathe the vow,
The ear that now
  Lists, will be deaf—to-morrow!

Fond hearts! which beat
The loved to meet,
  Joy from the *present* borrow;
That idol form
Must feed the worm,
  And fill the grave—to morrow!

Digitized by Google

AS LONE I SIT.

As lone I sit, to dream upon
The hopes of other days,
I weeping hail the cheerful sun,
Or Dian's mournful rays:
My yearning fancy still returns,
For joys long lost to pine;
My broken heart in sadness mourns
The treachery of *thine!*

I heard thy light laugh's silver sound,
As when *I* laugh'd with thee;
And try to smile on all around,
As careless, and as free.
Alas! like flowers whose rosy leaves
Are o'er a tombstone shed,
The hollow smile in vain deceives—
The heart—the *heart* is dead!

Digitized by Google

I WON'T REPEAT.

One morning, at an early hour,
I met fair Phillis in a bower;
She sigh'd, and blush'd, and hung her head,
While thus to her I softly said:
"Why, Phillis! what can ail you, dear?
You blush, and sigh, and no one near;—
You love! you love! confess 'tis true:
I won't repeat: so tell me—*do!*"

Then Phillis spoke, as with a smile—
I stood and watch'd her all the while—
"Young Colin seeks my heart to move,
And oh, my friend! I fear to love!"
To Colin then I told the tale,
And Colin turn'd from red to pale:
"Why, Colin, what is come to *you?*
I won't repeat: so tell me—*do!*"

The shepherd told me all his pain;—
I ran and told it all again:
But Phillis gave herself such airs
It fills poor Colin's breast with cares;
And I can hardly tell, I'm sure,
If she will grant at last a cure.—
I've told you all, and what think *you?*
I won't repeat: so tell me—*do!*

Digitized by Google

OH! SAD IS THE HEART.

Oh! sad, sad is the heart that keeps
A lonely vigil through the night;
And dim, dim is the eye that weeps,
While others close till morning light.
Dark was thy brow that parting day,
And in thy very smile was pain;
And loath wert thou to go away,
Though *then* we thought to meet again.

Oft have I thought thou wouldst not come
To cheer thy sad and faithful maid;
Oft have I mourn'd my lonely home,
But deem'd not thou wert lowly laid.
Oh! long, long may I weep and sigh,
Through many a dark and dreary day,
Ere he returns to greet my eye,
Who was so loath to go away!

Digitized by Google

CORIOLANUS.

All, the soldier's heart withstood,
With a hero's dauntless mood,
Till that *one* voice smote his ear,
(Choked with agony and fear,)
Which from childhood's hour had proved
Most revered and best beloved!
Deem it rather praise, than blame,
If that man of mighty fame
Yielded to the suppliant tongue
Which his cradle-hymn had sung,
Leaving, link'd with all his glory,
That most sweet and touching story,
How the warrior's heart could melt,
When the son so deeply felt!

Proud one! ruler of the earth!
Scorn not her who gave thee birth!
Scorn her not: although the day
Long hath waned and past away,
When her patient lullaby
Hush'd thy peevish wailing cry;
When the rocking on her breast
Lull'd thee to thy helpless rest;
When, if danger threaten'd near,
Thou didst fly, in guileless fear,

Digitized by Google

Doubting not the safety tried
By her loved familiar side,
Doubting not her circling arm
Could protect from every harm.
Time's swift river rolls along—
She is weak, and thou art strong!
From her fair face day by day
Lingering beauty fades away,
And her step is lifted slow,
And her tresses streak'd with snow;
Her little stock of worldly lore
Thou hast outstripp'd, and knowest more;
She who led thine earlier age
To dwell upon the pictured page,
Bends with strain'd attention now,
With perplex'd and anxious brow,
While of politics and wars,
Of the course of moon and stars,
Of discoverers by which
Science shall the world enrich,
(Things beyond her scant dominion,)
Thou dost give thy grave opinion.
If, while thou dost wisely speak,
She seem ignorant and weak,
Let this thought thy bosom stir—
She is what thou wert to her;
Guard her, keep her from all pain,
As she sought to guard thee then!

Now return the patient care,
When her curls of glossy hair
Bending down with mother's love
Shadow'd thy young brow above!

Digitized by Google

Now return the watches kept
When thy cradled chidhood slept,
And her smooth and glowing cheek
(Rosy as the apple streak)
Scarcely show'd a tinge less bright
In the morning's coming light,
So full she was of youthful strength,
So brief appear'd the wan night's length,
When full of love, and hope, and joy,
She rock'd to rest her slumbering boy!

And if (for it may well be so,
Since nothing perfect dwells below)
Thy understanding, grown mature,
Perceives defect which must endure,
Now return indulgence given,
(Meek and merciful as heaven,)
When *thy* faults her patience tried,
Dullness, stubbornness, or pride.
Oh! that loving heart was human—
Not a goddess, but a woman,
Watch'd thy course of weaker years,
Guarding them through smiles and tears:
Thou, with all thy strength and lore,
Art the child she nursed before,—
Also, an imperfect creature,
Faulty by thy very nature:
If a hard or peevish word
From her lips thou now hast heard,
Bear it—she hath borne with thee
When thou hadst not sense to see
Her endurance well might prove
Patience hath its root in *Love*.

Digitized by Google

Love her, therefore! shame not thou,
Like the hero, to avow
That thy mother's voice hath power
In thy fate's decisive hour.
All the love that thou canst give,
All the days ye both shall live,
Warm although the pulse it stirs,
Trust me, will fall short of *hers*.

Digitized by Google

I HAVE A ROSE.

I HAVE a rose—a faded rose—
Dearer than many a fairer flower;
It will not bend when zephyr blows,
It will not freshen in the shower:
Where is the giver?
Where!

I have a sunny lock of hair—
Bright was the brow o'er which it waved—
Unchanged by time, undimm'd by care—
A thing which love from sorrow saved:
Where is the owner?
Where!

I have a heart—a lonely heart—
O'er which at evening stealing come
Sweet tones, which *now* might well depart,
Breathing of happiness and *home:*
Where is the speaker?
Where!

I have a future—lonely now—
Days which to me are dark as night—
A sadden'd soul—a gloomy brow:
Oh, thou! who mad'st that future bright,
Where art thou vanish'd?
Where!

Digitized by Google

WITH SNOWY SAIL.

With snowy sail, before the gale,
The faithless vessel left the shore;
Nor signal gave—the parting brave—
They parted *then*, to meet no more.
How could they think, who stood to drink,
Safe voyage to that eager crew,
That gallant deck would be a wreck,
To which would cling a dying few.
With snowy sail, &c.

No bursting sigh, no tearful eye,
Went with that proud ship o'er her track:
The breeze was light, the sun was bright,
The cheer on shore was answer'd back;
When those who sank, the salt foam drank,
Their dying eyes look'd o'er the wave;
Where watching stand, an eager band,
To those who struggling find a grave!

So faithless prove the barks of love—
And hope, which leave life's flowery shore,
Nor signals give, that while we live
The bark of hope returns no more!

Digitized by Google

FAREWELL TO THEE, THOU SUNNY ISLE!

FAREWELL to thee, thou sunny isle!
The waves around our bark are dancing;
Our snowy sail, unfurl'd the while,
In the noonday beam is brightly glancing.
Yet ere we sail
Once more we hail
The land where first the sun shone o'er us;
Where'er we rove,
With looks of love
We'll turn to thee—the land that bore us!

Farewell to thee, who from our eyes
Are shrouded by the tears that blind us;
Each passing breeze shall waft our sighs,
To those we love, and leave behind us!
Yet though we roam
Far, far from home—
Whatever storms may hover o'er us,
Where'er we rove,
With thoughts of love
We turn to thee—the land that bore us!

Our home! oh, still that magic name
Shall breathe a holy spell around us—
And make us, e'en mid shouts of fame,
Sigh for the early links that bound us!

Digitized by Google

The flowery ties,
The young bright eyes,
That still in dreams seem watching o'er us;
Oh! while we rove,
The forms we love
Still people thee—the land that bore us!

The storms may rise, the winds may roar,
Triumphant still we sail through danger,
So we behold the land once more
That welcomes back the weary stranger.
The port we hail,
Furl up our sail,
While those we love stand mute before us;
No more we rove,
With joyful love
We leap on *thee—the land that bore us!*

Digitized by Google

WHEN FIRST I LOVED THEE.

When first I loved thee
There was a sunny gladness in my home,
When time had proved thee,
Hope fled—and darkness shed a cheerless gloom!
Young and light-hearted,
I made thee then an idol to adore!
When hope departed,
I said, "Farewell! I'll think on thee no more!"

Oh, they were weary hours,
When first I tried what I had been, to be—
I brought my birds, my flowers,
Alas! they put me all in mind of *thee!*
Each thing reminds me
Which now I love, of what I loved before—
Fond memory binds me
To think on thee—or else to think no more!

Digitized by Google

MY OWN LAND.

THOUGH each beam hope hung o'er thee be shaded,
My own dear unfortunate land
Though fallen, and sunk, and degraded,
Thy sons leave thy desolate strand;
My heart—oh, no other shall share it,
Happy and fair though that other may be—
From my weary-worn breast they may tear it,
But its beatings shall still be for *thee!*

Even I, even I, must wander—
But as the ship bears one away,
I turn, as my sad heart grows fonder,
To the west where thou liest and say:
"Land of the brave and true-hearted!
They may fetter our *limbs*, but our *spirits* are free;
And how can they say we are parted,
When my soul, when my soul—is with thee?"

Digitized by Google

OUR EARLY LOVE.

Our early love! our early love!
Oh! what, in all these scenes of strife,
Comes with a soothing power above
Those magic words of light and life?
What in our young hope's early spring,
Brightens anew the brightest scene— '
What, when those hopes have taken wing,
Smiles on the wrecks of what hath been?
The thought of our early love!

When those once dear, but led astray,
By tempting hours or anguish'd pain,
Have wander'd from the peaceful way,
And sighing, would return again:
When weeping, wearily, they come—
What makes us pardon all the past,
And welcome to their hallow'd home
The wanderer, from our bosom cast?
The thought of our early love!

What to the harden'd bosom brings
The suffocating sense of tears?
Sweet dew which to an eyelid springs
That hath not known its balm for years.
A breeze blown through our native trees—
The sunlight on a well-known spot—
The murmuring of some gentle breeze
For what hath been and now is not—
The peace of our early love!

Digitized by Google

HARSH SCORN.

HARSH scorn hath hail'd thy blighted name,
Thou frail but lovely thing;
And the slight precious flower of Fame
Is slowly withering!
When lightly, 'mid the proud and gay,
Of thee and thine they speak—
I hear—I hear—and turn away,
To hide my fever'd cheek:
Those who have the power to crush thee have the will,
And yet, it matters not—I *love* thee still!

When o'er thy pale and gentle form,
In fitful slumber laid—
I bend, and curse the canker-worm
Which such a flower betray'd:
I think how far more fair thou art
Than all who scorn thy doom,
And wish my proud and swelling heart
Were withering in the tomb!
The joyous spring is dark—the summer chill—
And yet, it matters not—I *love* thee still!

When back to mine, those timid eyes
In mournful fondness turn,
For those pure days my bosom sighs
Which never can return:

Digitized by Google

That I might die before a breath
Of slander hurt thy name;
Nor live to feel the double death
Of torture and of shame!
Oh! had I thought, how deep a power to kill—
And yet, it matters not—I *love* thee still!

Digitized by Google

THOU ART GONE LIKE A SHADOW.

Thou art gone like a shadow, on some sweet fountain,
Thrown by a light cloud upon a summer's day;
When the red sun sinks behind the lofty mountain
We look for it again, but 'tis vanish'd away.

Thou art gone like a ripple on the dark blue river,
Where floats a flower by a young hand thrown;
The deep blue water will flow on for ever,
When the flower and the hand that flung it there are gone.

Thou art gone like some faint strain of music, stealing
O'er the lonely heart in a distant day;
Some stray chord wakes a half-remember'd feeling,
When the singers and the strain have pass'd away!

Digitized by Google

IN CHILDHOOD'S BRIGHT HOURS.

In childhood's bright hours
We wish for long years,
Nor think that hope's flowers
May be water'd with tears:
In the brightness of beauty
Our fate appears cast—
We dream of the future,
And smile on the past!

Youth's transient pleasures
A few words may tell—
The fond word of welcome,
The bitter farewell;
The sigh and the smile,
Which we tremble to miss—
While we sigh for the future,
And deem 'twill bring bliss!

Sad and benighted
In age's dim day,
Hope's beacon, scarce lighted,
Shines dim on our way.
Though the past be of sorrow,
The future of tears—
Yet lingering, clinging,
We sigh for more years!

Digitized by Google

I WOULD I WERE THE SLIGHT FERN GROWING.

"Que ne suis je la fougère?"—*Old French Ballad.*

I would I were the slight fern, growing
Beneath my highland Mary's tread;
I would I were the green tree, throwing
A shadow o'er her gentle head.
I would I were a wild flower, springing
Where my sweet Mary loves to rest;
That she might pluck me while she's singing,
And place me on her snowy breast.

I would I were in yonder heaven
A silver star, whose soft dim light
Would rise to bless each summer even',
And watch my Mary all the night.
I would, beneath those small white fingers,
I were the lute her breath has fann'd—
The gentle lute, whose soft note lingers,
As loath to leave her fairy hand.

Ah, happy things! ye may not wander
From Scotland to some darker sky,
But ever live, unchanging, yonder—
To happiness and Mary nigh!
While I at midnight, sadly weeping,
Upon its deep transparent blue
Can only gaze, while all are sleeping,
And dream my Mary watches too.

Digitized by Google

OH, ERIN! SWEET ERIN!

TO THE AIR NO. 6, IN THE "LEGENDS OF THE LAKES,"
BY T. CROFTON CROKER.

Oh, Erin! sweet Erin! thy strains
To the heart-broken exile are dear;
And each note in its sweetness remains
Long, long on the listening ear.
But even when those sounds should be gay,
Such sorrow is mix'd with their tone,
And each note melts so slowly away
That our hearts feel their sadness alone.

Oh, 'tis thus when life's sunshine is o'er,
And its visions in darkness are hid,
When the friends of our youth are no more,
And our hearts do not beat as they did,—
A sound will bring back thoughts that pass,
Like a shadow, on all that is glad;
We may laugh if we will, but, alas!
E'en the sound of our laughter is sad.

* By T. Crofton Croker.

Digitized by Google

THEY BID ME RAISE MY HEAVY EYES.

They bid me raise my heavy eyes,
  Nor mournful still in tears complain—
They bid me cease these broken sighs,
  And with the happy smile again;
They say that many a form of light
  Is gliding round me while I pine,
But still I weep—though fair and bright—
  It is not *thine!*

They tell me there are eyes, whose rays
  Of sunny light should bring relief;
Whose looks of love, and earnest gaze,
  Should win me from my dream of grief—
But mournfully I turn to greet
  Each kindly eye that answers mine:
Alas! though fond the glance I meet—
  It is not *thine!*

When some young voice hath won my ear,
  With notes that might have been thine own,
So gay, so light, so silvery clear,
  They linger with me when alone:
Till some strange tone the vision breaks,
  My heart to gladness will incline;
But, oh! how sadly *then* it wakes—
  It *is* not thine!

Digitized by Google

LONG AGO.

Long ago, oh! long ago!
Do not those words recall past years;
And, scarcely knowing why they flow,
Force to the eyes unbidden tears?
Do ye not feel as back they come,
Those dim sweet dreams of olden days,
A yearning to your childhood's home,
Peopled with tones of love and praise,
Long, long ago?

Long ago! when many a sound
Awoke to mirth which saddens now;
And many an eye was sparkling round,
That weeps beneath a darken'd brow:
When with our whole young happy hearts,
We loved and laugh'd away the time;
Nor thought how quickly all departs,
So cherish'd in life's early prime,
Long, long ago!

Long ago! the hopes we nursed
Of happiness, of earthly fame,
Were bright, as bubbles are, that burst—
A glittering drop—an empty name;

Digitized by Google

Oh, but to be one hour again—
Whatever that sweet hour might cost—
Free from dim memory's torturing pain,
With those we loved, with those we lost,
Long, long ago!

Long ago! who breathes there here,
O'er whom the past hath no such power?
Young heart, if now thy sky is clear,
Beware, beware the future hour:
Perchance the chords that echo now,
In after years thou'lt hear again;
And, gazing on each faded brow,
Wilt, sighing, say, "I heard that strain"
Long, long ago!

Digitized by Google

TO R. B. S.,

AT MADRAS.

FAR o'er the dim and dreary-rolling wave,
Whose moaning waters many a country lave;
Through the dark veil of distance and of time,
From Britain's shore to India's burning clime,
My wandering fancy roves, unchain'd and free,
And my heart sends its greeting unto thee.
To thee, my brother! oft in dreams I roam,
'Neath the blue heaven of thy stranger home;
And strive in vain the shadowy change to throw
Which Time hath wrought upon thy youthful brow:
In vain, though all around, each varying hour,
Fades, sinks, and changes! 'neath the spoiler's power;
Though reason argues, *some* sweet ray is gone—
Some cloud hath darken'd where *all* cloudless shone—
And the gay look of youth hath given place
To soberer hues, which time and sorrow trace;
The sun-burnt cheek less full—in vain! in vain!
Thou to my fancy dost unchanged remain.
Even as we parted, still I see thee stand,
Thy glowing cheek by western breezes fann'd:
Thy open, generous, manly look, that threw
Its glance of gladness round, as if it drew
Its joy from others' happiness, is bright,
As if no tears since shed could dim its light.

Digitized by Google

Yes, thus, with boyhood's sunshine on thy brow—
Its smile on thy full lip—I see thee *now*.
My brother! is it then a weary dream—
Art thou no longer what thou still dost seem?
And is thy voice now ringing in mine ear—
All that will be unchanged from year to year?
Alas! alas! that thou, e'en thou, must share
The ills and changes all earth's creatures bear?
And now where art thou? on that foreign strand:
In dreary musings of thy native land,
Dost *thou*, too, gaze across the heaving main?
Dost *thou*, too, image forth thy home again,
With all its store of laughing eyes and voices,
And long-past joy, that now no more rejoices?
Dost *thou*, too, from thy bosom draw a tress,
The dear memorial of lost loveliness?
And sadly dreaming, see once more arise
The wild dark beauty of those eager eyes,
Whose light once flash'd beneath the sun-burnt brow,
Where waved that lock—where naught is waving now
Save southern flowers: *their* colours are not dim—
They bloom in silence near, but not for him:
Oh, not for him! unseen, uncull'd, they wave,
And bud, and bloom, and wither—on a grave!
Thou dost—for did not these belong to thee?
Oh vainly wide between us rolls the sea—
The same young hopes and feelings have been ours:
Together we have pluck'd the same sweet flowers,
Sung the same songs, and, 'neath one mother's care,
Humm'd with infant lisp the same sweet prayer.
And still the same deep thoughts to all will come,
Though waves and deserts part them from their home:
Still the same griefs will move each distant breast;
And the dim memories of that home of rest

Digitized by Google

Force the big tear in solitude to start:
Or with vain longings wring the lone and yearning heart!
And there is happiness in this—to know
That wheresoe'er thou art, in weal or woe—
Fond hearts are beating, unto whom thy name
Is dearer than the trumpet voice of fame:
And eyes are beaming *here*, that might they live
In all the sunshine which the world could give,
Would deem it darkness wert thou never there,
In the young gladness of their life to share.
Sorrow may try us, but our hearts will cling
Even closer in the hour of sorrowing;
And keep the fervent fondness of our youth
With less of passion, but with more of truth.
So the storm passes o'er the weed that binds
The forest tree, and with its ruffling winds
Scatters its fragile blossoms, and lays low
What buds of beauty had begun to blow:
But when the dewy morn again hath sent
Its blush of light into the firmament,
There we may see wan-withering in the air
The buds of last night's sunset—Yea, and there,
Weak but unwavering—tearfully but true,
The clinging plant remains, to bud and bloom anew.

Digitized by Google

CHATELAR'S FAREWELL.

FAREWELL, thou dearest of all things,
Beneath the bright and blessed sky;
Since thy loved voice the mandate brings,
'Twill not be hard to die:
And yet, *was* it thy voice which spoke
The wild and withering word of Death?
Thy voice, whose tone the love awoke
Which haunts my parting breath!

Oh! when the heart which hath so well
Its deep and lone devotion proved,
Is still—and tongues have ceased to tell
How guiltily it loved—
Wilt thou, wilt *thou*, who, for that crime,
Hath doom'd its warm life-blood to pour,
Think sometimes of the olden time,
The smile and song of yore?

Yes, Mary, yes! each burning thought
The quivering lip refused to own;
Each glance of love shall rise unsought,
And haunt thee when alone!
When watching as *we* watch'd the rays
Of evening's pale and gentle star,
Memory will bring my shorten'd days,
Thou'lt weep for Chatelar.

Digitized by Google

A DREAM OF ERIN.

It was a dream—one of those airy things
That, though unreal, with bright imaginings
Will fill the ardent spirit—and I stood
By the lone shore of the deep heaving flood
Listening unto the music of those waves,
And dreaming of a land—the land of slaves!
Sudden the waters hush'd, and all around
Fell in the moonlight, still as fairy ground,
And a low moaning voice the silence broke,
Deepening its words to music as it spoke;
I turn'd, and saw a creature of thin air,
Wan, melancholy, beauteous, moving there:
And ever as the silent ocean spray
Dash'd o'er its form—it seem'd to melt away,
Yet in its gentleness again renew'd
Its murmur'd woe to that lone solitude.
'Twas Erin's genius—well her voice I knew—
Half wail—half music—sad, but tender too.
Green as those glassy waters was her vest,
And thus the sleeping island she address'd:—
Land of the brave, whose boast is to be free,
England! arise, and chain the encroaching sea!
Whilst thou dost sleep, the wakeful billows foam—
Fast o'er thy shore the proud invaders come;
And stealing on unseen, each night and day,
Waste some small portion of thy strength away.

Digitized by Google

Still as those waters—sleepless as those waves—
England, I call thee from a land of slaves!
Hear, tyrant sister! careless of her sigh,
And treacherous in thy tyranny, hear the cry!
Wake from thy heavy slumber, feign'd so well,
And breathe reluctantly the potent spell—
E'er the chafed waters, rising in their pride,
Roll on in power, and whelm thee with their tide!
Vainly in silence wouldst thou hear my moan,
Vainly with silence greet my anguish'd groan;
Vainly incline thy coward ear to those,
To me—to thee—to all but interest, foes;
Who bid thee (let the timid souls beware)
Leave the lone island to her own despair:
And vainly wouldst thou drown, with fierce debate,
All thoughts but those most foreign to her fate.
The hour of silence comes—and, lo! again
Her maddening voice will rise o'er mountain and o'er main!
Thou who dost falsely say that all are free,
When govern'd by thy happy laws and thee,
England, I call thee! do thou answer me!
Is freedom *theirs* whose infant words proclaim
(By others taught) the blessing but a name;—
Who from a father's lips—a mother's tears—
Learn what themselves will teach in after years?
Is freedom theirs, whose weary life is spent
In feverish pining, war, and discontent;
Whose very tongues, subservient to your will,
Must speak the given mandate, or be still?
Is freedom *theirs* whom no ambition fires,
Or, useless all, flames, sinks, and then expires;
Who enter life, debarred life's choicest flame,
The patriot's ardour, and the statesman's name?

Digitized by Google

Oh! think not thus securely souls to blind,
Nor leave the body free, yet chain the mighty mind.
And ye, young ardent sons of England's coast,
Are foreign woes the woes that move ye most?
Are brothers than the stranger brave less dear?
Is grief insipid when it draws so near?
Go—ye who weep o'er Hella's classic plains,
Ye, who lament the fallen Spartans' chains,
Who call'd the feeble treacherous fawning Greek,
And taught him how a hero's son should speak;
Breathed in his ear the words of life and light,
And sent the timorous shrinking slave to fight:
Go, Briton, to your British brothers tell,
The tale of freedom ye have learnt so well;
They wait no warning from a foreign tongue,
They want no songs as ye to Greece have sung;
Each gallant heart, all lowly though it be,
Pants with the wish of Nature to be free!
And wherefore stand ye calmly gazing on,
As one by one those broken hearts are gone;
Is the dark picture drawn too near, too real,
For souls that all-poetically feel?
Is Ireland, with her rough and rugged name,
Unworthy notice from the sons of fame;
Do her swart children gaunt and haggard rise,
In all the wretchedness that want supplies;
And is their squalid poverty a ban
Against the common rights of common man?
Away, ye fawners on the crowd's applause,
Ye great upholders of a little cause;
And ye, my unforgotten sons, appear,
And ring your names in Albion's slumbering ear!

* * * * * *

* * * * * *

Digitized by Google

And first arose the bright and noble shade
Of him, the loved, the murder'd, the betray'd;
And proudly still that brow of beauty burns,
And fondly still to Erin's shore he turns:
Unconquer'd, even in death, the patriot zeal
That arm'd the hero for his country's weal.
Yes! he was of the beautiful of earth;
That brow was made for glory and for mirth;
But fate, who clouded all his store of life,
And saw him perish in unequal strife,
Bade disappointment follow where he trod,
Lest earth should kneel, and own him for a God.
Lo! by his side, inferior far in name,
Another candidate for death and fame;
Firm in his purpose, steadfast there he stands,
And grasps his sword with both his glowing hands:
On his broad forehead beams the meteor light
Of hope unquench'd, unwavering, pure and bright,
Which still in whispers promise future joy,
Shone to delude, and flatter'd to destroy;
And then methought there wander'd after him
A gentle form with long, lone watchings dim,
Sorrows and tears had left their withering trace,
And clouded o'er his fair and eager face.
Young mournful spirit! thy unnoticed name
In happier times had graced the rolls of fame;
And when thy arm sunk powerless in the grave,
Remain'd a watchword to the truly brave;
They past, and many a shadow from the tomb
Rose in dark power, and fleeted through the gloom;
While the sad spirit wrung her hands, and sent
A wail of woe into the firmament.
Ye, who for Sparta would have sung and bled,
Hear the upbraiding of the mighty dead;

Digitized by Google

Far, where the moaning waters idly roll,
Lies many a young Leonidas in soul;
And they who call thee, in thy pride of power,
Have they not weakly waited for their hour?
Have they not borne in silence and with shame,
Patient—enduring—when you thought them tame;
Have they not learnt to hate the sound of chains,
To raise their voices on their native plains;
To check each vain complaint, each fruitless sigh,
To bleed—to starve—to struggle, and to die?
They have;—and though no classic words may grace
The resting places of the fallen race,
Yet they had names, which have not sunk to rest,
But thrill with trembling every faithful breast;
And there *are* times when sore hearts feel these wounds,
When names are spells, and words not empty sounds;
When the tame sword, which slept for idle years,
Unstain'd with blood, and rusted o'er with tears,
Starts from the scabbard like a shooting star,
And gleams the foremost in the front of war.
Sudden, methought, the vision seem'd to smile,
And sunshine gladden'd o'er the waking isle—
And many a well-known voice burst on my ear,
To Erin welcome, and to England dear!
Young, glorious forms were they, and as each one
Pleaded that injured cause—The deed was done.
Sad Erin's bonds were broken—wild and high
Peal'd the loud shout of freedom to the sky!
And murmuring voices from exulting bands,
England and Erin mingling hearts and hands,
Thrill'd through my heart, and proudly bid it bound,
Till it awoke, with swelling to that sound!

Digitized by Google

ALLAN PERCY.

It was a beauteous lady richly dress'd;
Around her neck are chains of jewels rare,
A velvet mantle shrouds her snowy breast,
And a young child is softly slumbering there.
In her own arms, beneath that glowing sun,
She bears him onward to the greenwood tree;
Is the dun heath, thou fair and thoughtless one,
The place where an earl's son should cradled be?
Lullaby!

Though a proud earl be father to my child,
Yet on the sward my blessed babe shall lie:
Let the winds lull him with their murmurs wild,
And toss the green boughs upward to the sky:
Well knows that earl how long my spirit pined:
I loved a forester, glad, bold, and free
And had I wedded as my heart inclined,
My child were cradled 'neath the greenwood tree.
Lullaby!

Slumber thou still, my innocent—mine own,
While I call back the dreams of other days:
In the deep forest I feel less alone,
Then when those palace splendours mock my gaze.

Digitized by Google

Fear not, my arm shall bear thee safely back;
I need no squire, no page with bended knee,
To bear my baby through the wild wood track,
Where Allan Percy used to roam with me.
Lullaby!

Here I can sit, and while the fresh wind blows,
Waving the ringlets of thy shining hair,
Giving thy cheek a deeper tinge of rose,
I can dream dreams that comfort my despair;
I can make visions of a different home,
Such as we hoped in other days might be;
There no proud earl's unwelcome footsteps come,
There, Allan Percy, I am safe with thee!
Lullaby!

Thou art mine own—I'll bear thee where I list,
Far from the dull proud tower and donjon keep;
From my long hair the pearl chains I'll untwist,
And with a peasant's heart sit down and weep.
Thy glittering broider'd robe, my precious one,
Changed for a simpler covering shall be;
And I will dream thee Allan Percy's son,
And think poor Allan guards thy sleep with me.
Lullaby!

Digitized by Google

PRAYER.

MORNING.

In the morning of thy days,
When thy youth is glad and strong;
When thine eye hath glancing rays,
And thy light step leaps along;
When thy cheek is red with health,
And thy locks are glossy bright;
When in poverty or wealth
Thou canst equally delight;
Holding in thy heart a store
Of fresh hopes to bear thee on,
(Waves all rolling to the shore,
Glittering in the rising sun!)
When a circle of home-friends,
Yet unbroken, hems thee round,
And each voice its welcome sends
With a sweet familiar sound;
When the future, yet untried,
Seems all promise, and all joy;
Love rewarded—want supplied—
Happiness without alloy;—
Then, though brilliant be thy morn,
Cloudless and serene thy sky,
From the day when thou wert born,
Look to that when thou must die.

Digitized by Google

Many a cloud of sin and strife
Must obscure the distant heaven,
Ere thou yieldest up thy life
To the God by whom 'twas given!
Therefore in the morning light,
In the sultry noontide glow,
Yea, till evening dew doth fall,
Prav to Him, through joy and woe!

EVENING.

In the evening of thy day,
When thy step is slow and weak;
When thy locks are silver-gray,
And thy tongue must feebly speak;
When thine eyes can scarce discern
Faces most familiar dear;
And thy deaf ears vainly turn
Where the song resoundeth clear;
When thou creepest to the fire,
Warming thy poor wither'd form;
And the stretch of thy desire
Is safe shelter from the storm;
When thy years are garner'd up
In the harvest of the past,
And the dregs of life's low cup
Are brief days, that cannot last;
When thy home friends, one by one,
Have departed to their rest,
Thou, the last leaf, fluttering on
Boughs no more in verdure drest;
When—the summons heard at length—
Death's strange shadows round thee close;—

Digitized by Google

In thy weakness shall be strength,
  In thy weariness repose,
If thou did'st remember still
  Thy Creator in thy youth,
Doing all His gracious will,
  Walking by the light of truth.
Fear not thou to lose thy way,
  When the evening gloom hath come—
God, whom thou didst serve all day,
  Bids His angels guide thee home!

Digitized by Google

THE BROKEN HEART.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF H. HEINE.)

The mother at the lattice stands,—
The son in bed doth lie,—
"Rise, William! the procession
Is slowly wending by."

"Alas! I neither hear nor see,
So deep my grief, so sore;
I think of my dead Margaret,
And my heart aches more and more!"

"Rise! take thy rosary and book,
To Kevlaär let us go;
The Holy Virgin, she can cure
Thy sick heart of its wo!"

The holy banners flutter wide;
The litanies are sung;
And from Cologne to Kevlaär,
Pass on, both old and young.

The mother leadeth in the crowd
Her sick son tenderly;
And both join chorus in the hymn—
"Blessed be Thou, Marie!"

Digitized by Google

The Virgin stands at Kevlaär,
Array'd in vesture fine;
And many a sick and grieving wretch
Kneels humbly at her shrine:

They bring her simple offerings,
For simple worship meet;
Wax figures of deceased limbs,*
Wax hands and waxen feet.

And he who brings a waxen hand
Is heal'd of hurt or wound;
And he who brings a waxen foot,
Straightway his foot is sound.

Lame men came into Kevlaär,
Who might go dancing thence;
And crippled fingers wake the harp
To music's eloquence.

The mother took a waxen torch
And shaped it to a heart:
"Take that to her who healeth all,
And she shall cure thy smart!"

Sighing, he took the imaged heart,
And at the shrine he bent;
His tears and words together gush'd,
With passionate lament.

* This is a common species of votive offering in the Catholic churches; the sides of the walls adjoining the altars of favourite chapels are frequently covered with them.

Digitized by Google

"To thee, O Blessed One of Heaven!
To thee, O Virgin pure,
Humbly and sadly I make known
The sorrow I endure!

"I dwelt beneath my mother's roof,
Where Cologne's spires ascend,
And many a church and chapel there,
Thy worshippers attend.

"And near us dwelt poor Margaret,—
But she is dead and gone!
Virgin! I bring a waxen heart,
Cure thou,—oh! cure my own!

"Heal my sick heart! and I will pray
Early and late to thee;
And gladly and devoutly sing—
'Blessed be Thou, Marie!'"

The sick son and the mother, both
In one low chamber slept;
The Holy Virgin enter'd there,—
Without a sound she stept.

She bent above the sick man's bed—
She lightly laid her hand
Upon that young and aching heart,—
Her smile was soft and bland!

Dreaming, the mother saw her come,
And dreaming saw her go;
And, waking, heard the watch-dog bark,
And saw the sunrise glow.

Digitized by Google

And there her son lay motionless,
Stretch'd out all pale and dead,
While on his cheek the morning sun
Shone with a life-like red!

Bewilder'd, sad, she clasp'd her hands,
And sank on bended knee;
But soon with faltering voice she sang—
"Blessed be Thou, Marie!"

Digitized by Google

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

Oh! magic spell, that rulest o'er the heart
Of old and young, of ignorant and wise;
Spirit, that liest hidden in the chords,
From which no winged form is seen to rise:

Whence art thou? wherefore canst thou soothe, or rouse,
Enchant to rapture, or subdue to grief?
Whence the faint pining for vague melodies
To give the sad and burden'd soul relief?

The old man heareth suddenly by chance
Some air familiar in his vanish'd years,—
Dim falls the shadow 'neath his drooping lids,
And all his melting soul dissolves in tears!

The Switzer serving in a foreign land,
Under the milder glow of southern skies,—
The mountain-music of his childhood hears,
And straightway sickens, pines away, and dies!*

Quick grows the beating of the lover's heart;—
A woman's pulse sinks fainting in the throng;—
The one hath heard a ballad that he knows,—
The other listens to a cradle-song!

* Some of the Swiss airs, and more especially the Rans des Vaches, have been forbidden by military orders, "as causing desertions, fevers, and deaths."

Digitized by Google

The one beholds a visionary face
  Uplifted to his own for loving praise,—
The other sees a little curly head
  Low buried, long ago, in hopeful days!

And many a heart, though firmly nerved to bear,
  Will open to that key of magic sound;
When tones that never more can thrill with life
  Come with pale ghosts of memory crowding round.

Then, while the unknown echoes wander by,
  Which strangers hear not, in our own sad breast,
We look on things around with vacant eye,
  Dreaming of those who dwell in silent rest!

Digitized by Google

THE ECHO.

THERE is a mournful echo in my soul,
A dim sweet echo of bright days gone by—
And wandering visions o'er my spirit roll,
Making me pause and weep I know not why.
Pleasure is round my path, and many a joy
Wooes me alluringly to win my smile—
But sadly still I view each glittering toy,
And turn with yearning tears to weep the while.
Alas! all round is fair and bright and gay,
But the lost days of old—oh, where are they?

There is a mournful echo in my heart,
Murmurs and whispers from the lonely grave—
Where rest in their dark slumber, loath to part,
The loved, the lost, and all the peace they gave.
My hand is clasp'd—but not by those of yore,
And kindly looks are cast on me in vain—
They bring me thoughts of those whose eyes no more
Shall beam my glance of gladness back again.
With dreamy fondness, sad I turn away,
The welcome friends of old—oh, where are they?

There is a mournful echo in mine ear,
A dim, faint echo of each silver tone,
Link'd with lost things, still wept for, still most dear,
Though o'er those beaming brows the grass is grown;

Digitized by Google

Voices are round me with a laughing sound
That thrills my heart to sadness as it falls,
And young bright rosy lips are breathing round;
But vainly through those bright and desert halls
Those stranger tones are ringing loud and gay,
The voices of my youth—oh, where are they?

Digitized by Google

ADVENTURES OF A WOOD-SPRITE;

OR,

THE FAIRY OF THE HAWTHORN TREE

Once on a time, on a summer's day,
When mowers were tossing the new-made hay,
And children were playing in garden bowers,
And butterflies flitting among the flowers,
And dragon-flies darting here and there,
All gold and green in the sunny air—
A hawthorn tree, that so long had stood,
Its trunk was all gnarl'd* and knotted wood,
And its bark half cover'd with lichen† and moss,
Was cut down, to make a new path across
The gentleman's lawn where it shelter'd so long
The tom-tit's nest and the robin's song:
Woe is me, ah! woe is me!
A Wood-sprite lived in that hawthorn tree!

In every tree a wood-sprite lives:
With the tree, it suffers, or thrives;
And if the tree be cut suddenly down,
The sprite has no longer a home of its own,
Nor a shelter to hide its head from the storm,
Nor a place in winter to keep it warm.

* *Gnarl'd*—rough, knotty bark of a tree.
† *Lichen*—a sort of gray moss on old wood.

Digitized by Google

They are very timid, and when they spy
Men or children approaching nigh,
Quick, they get into the hollow bole,*
As a frighten'd rabbit skips back to its hole;
And seldom indeed, in the broad noonday,
Can these little creatures be seen at play:
But at night, in the moonlight, they all come out;
They frisk, they laugh, they frolic about;
From the slender branches they twist and swing,
Or they all take hands in a fairy ring.
And where their little quick feet have been,
The grass becomes of a fresher green:
When you walk out, you are sure to know
The spots where those little feet come and go,
For wherever a circle of green looks bright,
There the wood-fairies danced last night.
But woe is me, ah! woe is me!
For the fairy that lived in that hawthorn tree!

When first she heard the woodman come
And hack the bark, outside her home,
Her heart beat quick; and she lay quite close,
Only once peep'd out the tip of her nose
To see what the man could be about,
Knocking away, with such noise and rout:
When the sharp hatchet went through the wood,
Amazed, and trembling, there she stood;
But when the trunk began to crash,
Out she leapt, with a sudden dash,
And, hop, skip, jump, away she ran,
Round the hatchet, over the man,

* *Bole*—the stem of the tree.

Digitized by Google

Who thought he saw a white rabbit pass,
As she flitted over the sunny grass.

Fast she ran: and she kept away
All the morning, and all the day;
But when the sun had set in the west,
And every bird was asleep in its nest,
And little children were lying, warm—
The least of all, on the nurse's arm,
And the others, in cots, and cribs, and beds,
With cozy pillows beneath their heads—
Back the poor little Wood-sprite came,
Weak and weary, sick and lame;
Back she came, in the pale moon's light,
And sat there crying and sobbing all night!
Round and round the stump of the tree
Where her happy home used once to be,
She wander'd, sorrowful, faint, forlorn,
Till the sun rose up for another morn;
And people who heard her wailing cry
Thought that the wind was sweeping by,
While leaning down, on a branch that broke,
Thus the poor little Fairy spoke:—

"Oh! my tree, that I loved so well!
Oh! my home, where I used to dwell!
Pleasant branches! where perfumed flowers
Blew in the spring-time's sunny hours;
Where, in the summer, all day long,
The birds sat trilling a merry song,
And the squirrel look'd, with his big brown eyes,
Down at the earth, and up at the skies:
Pleasant branches! whose green leaves made
In the warmth of summer a cool sweet shade,

Digitized by Google

And a thick soft shelter when autumn rain
Came pattering down on the boughs in vain;
Where icicles hung, and frosty rime,
Like diamonds and glass, in the winter time,
And bunches of ripe red berries gave,
Food such as Robin Redbreasts crave:
Woe is me, ah! woe is me!
Why did they cut down my hawthorn tree?"

Then she thought sadly; what could she do,
Without a home in a tree that grew?
And she went to the wood-sprites she knew the best,
And begged them for shelter, warmth, and rest:
But though, for a time, they let her come,
They could not give her a settled home:
There was no room but for those, they said,
Who *in* the trees were born and bred;
And she couldn't expect they would strip themselves
And their own little brood of lovely elves!*

The proud Wood-sprite, in the stately beech,
Made her a haughty angry speech,
Wondering how she could dare to apply
To a tree so gracefully tall and high:
The strong Oak gave her leave to creep
Into his huge old trunk to sleep,
While his daughters went to dance and play,
But when they return'd she must wend her way:
The rustling Poplars, whose gray leaves quiver,
The sharp-leaved Willows, down by the river,
The soft green Limes, (those honey'd trees,
Where in June you hear the murmuring bees,)

* *Elves*—fairies.

Digitized by Google

The stiff Scotch Fir, whose brown trunk shines,
So golden bright when the sun declines,
The silver Birch, and the gentle Larch,
The Sycamore with its stately arch,
The Elm, and the lovely Mountain Ash,
Which bends where the falling torrents dash,
With its fan-like leaves so long and light,
And its bunches of berries red and bright:
Each and all forsook her, although
They told her they loved her, long ago,
When her white May-flowers scented the breeze
And made the air pleasant to all the trees,
When the hawthorn tree was not yet cut down,
And the little Wood-sprite had a home of her own!

Yet she did pretty well, till winter came.
Humble and slowly, she took with shame
Whatever shelter the trees would give,
To help her without a home to live.
But one wild night, in a cold November,
(Oh! night whose grief she must aye remember!)
When the whistling wind howl'd cold and loud,
And the moon was hid in a mass of cloud,
And the sudden gusts of the driven rain
Beat like hail on the window-pane,
In that drear night, of darkest horror,
The Wood-sprite found, with anxious terror,
Every tree was shut and closed;
And of all the fairies who there reposed,
Not one could spare her a jot of room;
They left her, at last, to her dreadful doom!
The strong wind carried her off the ground,
Beat her, and hurl'd her and swung her round;

Digitized by Google

Lifted her up in the sleety air;
Wafted her here, and drifted her there;
In vain she struggled, with piercing shriek,
The wind was mighty, and she was weak;
Out of the wood, away it bore her
Where valley and hill lay stretch'd before her,
Over the villages, over the towns,
Over the long smooth Dorsetshire downs,
Many a breathless terrified mile,
Till, past even Weymouth, and Portland Isle,
Woe is me, ah! woe is me!
The little Wood-sprite was blown out to sea!

She sank, half dead, in the cold green wave;
But the mermaids who sat in the rocky cave,
(Little creatures who live in the sea,
As the Wood-sprite lived in the hawthorn tree;
Who drink out of shells, and braid their hair
With pearls and coral so rich and rare;
Who swim like fishes, but dive away
If they think that men look on at their play;)
These little sea-creatures pitied her case
When they look'd on her pale and weary face,
And seeing she was but a land-sprite's daughter,
And could not live in the cold blue water,
They lifted her gently up in their arms,
Striving to quiet her wild alarms;
And they swam with her, all that stormy night,
Till they put her on shore in the Isle of Wight.

The storm went down: and calm and still
The red sun rose upon Fairy Hill,*

* *Fairy Hill*—a place in the Isle of Wight, near Ryde, and oppo. Portsmouth.

Digitized by Google

(A place where the mermaids love to play
On the smooth sand edging the tiny bay.)
And the Wood-sprite sat alone once more
And look'd about on the quiet shore.
She saw the white-sail'd ships go by,
And she sigh'd, with a heavy grievous sigh,
To think that whatever wind might blow
She had no home to which she might go—
No one to help her, no one to care
If she died of hunger and sick despair!
Now, down on the shore by Fairy Hill,
Some fir-trees grew, (and they grow there still!)
The wood-sprite that own'd them was strong and kind,
And he heard her sigh on the moaning wind,
And started out of his clump of trees
To give the poor Hawthorn Fairy ease.

He laid some berries down on a stone;
And he gather'd his fir-cones, one by one,
And broke them, and pick'd the freshest seed
And fed the poor little sprite at her need.
And when she was better, and grew more gay,
He carried her down with the waves to play;
And when the Queen's yacht was leaving Ryde,
With a fair fresh wind, and a flowing tide,
What do you think this wood-spirit did?
In one of the sails of the yacht he hid,
With the Hawthorn Fairy, safe and sound,
While his strong arm held her firmly round,
For fear the storm should come again
And carry her out on the foaming main.

And when they reach'd land, he bore her on
From the dawn of day till the set of sun,

Digitized by Google

To an old, old oak, in Windsor Park,
In whose hollow trunk, so wide and dark,
Fifty wood-sprites live and play,
Who welcomed her like a holiday!

And there she lives; and if you could know
The moment, exactly, you ought to go,
And could just get leave to be out at night,
You might see them dance in the clear moon's light;
Where they hop, and leap, and frisk, and spring,
And mark the grass with a fairy ring!

And let all kind gentlemen warning take
For this poor little Wood-sprite's mournful sake;
And when any new paths are mark'd and plann'd,
And the woodman comes with his axe in his hand,
To cut down some hawthorn that long has stood,
And drive its fairy out in the wood,
Let him have strict orders to plant anew
A young tree, near where the old tree grew,
To shelter the sprite from day to day,
That she may not by storms be blown away.

Digitized by Google

THE STORY OF BLANCHE AND BRUTIKIN.

In a lone cottage, long ago,
Upon a dreary moor,
While the wind whistled, bleak and sad,
Beyond the well-closed door;
Sick unto death, a shepherd lay,
His two young children near,
And feeble was the dying voice
Those children strove to hear.
All that the wise old shepherd said
I scarce have time to tell;
He bade his children pray to God,
And love each other well;
He bade them guard his flocks by night
From hungry wolves that prowl'd;
And shelter them in wintry hours,
When storm-winds moan'd and howl'd;
And through the rich green valley,
And up the sunny hill,
Lead them in summer time to drink
Beside the mountain rill:
And well and faithfully obey
These clear and plain commands,
Till the great lord of the manor
Came back from foreign lands.

He bade them humbly trust in God,
And in their Bible read,

Digitized by Google

That the Father of the fatherless
Might help them at their need:
And carefully repair and keep,
That they might safely dwell,
Two houses he had built for them,
When he was strong and well:
Two small neat houses, side by side,
With windows set in each;
And roses growing round the door,
Which little hands might reach.
And thus the good old shepherd died,
And left his children lone;
And they buried him, and carved his name
Upon a churchyard stone.

Then both these orphans grieved: and both
Intended to obey
The gentle loving words they heard
The dying shepherd say.
But one was selfish, lazy, rude,
Unfit for steady life;
Hard to persuade, or teach, or guide,
And prone to brawling strife.
And in a few short days he broke
The promises he made
To that dear father who was gone,
And in the graveyard laid.
Unlike his gentle sister Blanche,
Who, dutiful and meek,
Did all, as if she still could hear
That kind old father speak.

In the clear morning still she rose,
And said her usual prayers,

Digitized by Google

And cheerfully she plodded through
Her many household cares;
And led the flock her father left,
To feed upon the hill;
And guided them at sunset,
To the bubbling silver rill;
And put them safe in fold at night,
And left the watch-dog nigh,
That at his honest angry bark
The coward wolf might fly;
And train'd the woodbines, higher yet,
Upon the cottage wall,
And pruned the roses, where they grew,
So sweet and fresh and tall;
And planted flowers, and strawberries,
In her small plot of ground,
And painted all the railing green,
That fenced her garden round:
While a little pet lamb followed
All her steps where'er she went,
And strangers said, you scarce could tell,
Which look'd most innocent.
And every Sabbath, when the bell's
Sweet chime was on the air,
She rested from her work, and kept
God's Holiday of Prayer.
And walk'd along the lone hill-side,
Through pleasant paths she knew,
Where primroses, and violets,
And lovely harebells grew;
Across the valley to the church,
Where tuneful hymns were sung,
And the grave preacher taught the Word,
To hearts of old and young.

Digitized by Google

And there, she too sang hymns and pray'd;
  And when the church was o'er,
Went home again with cheerful heart,
  Across the dreary moor.
So little Blanche pass'd harmlessly
  A life of happy hours,
And bright and beautiful she grew,
  Like one of her own flowers!

Her brother's name was Brutikin:
  Rough, shaggy, was his hair,
And scowling dark his sullen face,
  As hers was soft and fair;
And rugged was his angry speech;
  And his neglected dress,
Like a poor wandering beggar's,
  Soil'd with dirt and with distress.
His foolish wayward life, alas!
  In different mood was spent;
No cheerful, happy days had he,
  But darkest discontent;
The morning came, the glorious sun
  Shone out and bid him rise;
But never found him glad to lift
  His dim, unwilling eyes:
Like the dull sluggard in the hymn,
  He turn'd his heavy head,
And snored away the early hours,
  Still lingering in his bed;
And when at last he rose unwash'd,
  And forth his way he took,
(With yawning mouth, and stretching arms,
  And lazy, vacant look,)
Nothing of useful or of good

Digitized by Google

He did, the livelong day;
But in the sunshine saunter'd out,
To loiter and to play.
He led a careless, useless life,
Of dull and sinful sloth,
Leaving to little Blanche the tasks
Their father meant for both;
And never help'd her, howsoe'er
Her weaker arms might tire,
When carrying heavy logs of wood
To light the winter fire;
Nor walk'd beside her to the fold,
When dim the evening light,
And wolves went howling o'er the snow,
And fill'd her with affright.
He never said a prayer at morn,
Nor when the Sabbath came;
His heart was callous to reproof,
And dead to sense of shame;
The little that he once had learnt
Kept fading from his mind,
As shores grow dim, to those at sea,
When land is far behind;
And for the house his father built,
Untended, unrepair'd,
It rotted, broke, and fell away,
He neither knew nor cared.
The window-panes were crack'd with stones;
The roof was falling in;
The thatch was damp with moss and dirt;
The rose-trees dead and thin;
The garden waste and trodden down,
Where nettles choked the flowers;
Where pools of stagnant water kept

Digitized by Google

The rain of many showers;
Where odious yellow toad-stools mix'd
With blades of rankest grass;
Where broken palings, half sunk down,
Let rats and weazels pass;
Where nothing good, and nothing bright,
And nothing pleasant grew;
But a damp, unwholesome smell rose up
With every wind that blew.
A dismal pigsty of a place,
That once was neat and trim;
Now spoilt, defaced, and blotted out,
With strange defect, like him!

But while his cottage thus remain'd,
Untouch'd by lazy hands,
The great lord of the manor
Return'd from foreign lands!
Through the green valley, up the hill,
Across the barren moor,
His proud steed bore him bravely on,
Past many a cottage door;
And Blanche's house, so thrifty neat,
The great lord now has seen;
The pretty woodbined trellis-work,
The palings fresh and green;
But who shall tell the proud contempt,
The anger and surprise,
When the broken home of Brutikin
First met his searching eyes!
Beneath its crooked, crumbling porch,
Half in the open air,
Stood sulky Brutikin himself,
With stupid, vacant stare,

Digitized by Google

Watching to see the show go by,
Without a bow or sign;
To see the great lord's glossy horse,
With housings rich and fine,
The foresters with silver spears
And velvet green array,
And the servitors in scarlet coats
To tend him on his way.
Without a bow, stood Brutikin,
And watch'd them onward pass,
Like a poor gipsy's cur that stares
From out the hedgerow grass.
"Great Heaven," said the stately lord,
"What shaggy thing is this?
I never saw a creature yet,
With manners so amiss!
And wherefore this unsightly hut,
Rear'd up against a tree?
Clear it away before the dawn,
For here it shall not be."
But, as he proudly spoke these words,
And spurr'd his horse to go,
Out of the other house came Blanche,
And curtsied humbly low.
And as the great lord saw her stand,
The pet lamb by her side,
He look'd at her and kindly smiled,
And check'd his eager ride.
While modestly, though earnestly,
She begg'd a fortnight's grace,
That Brutikin might yet repair
That spoil'd and broken place!
And the great lord granted what she ask'd,
And then rode on in state,

Digitized by Google

Nor paused till he dismounted
At his own ancestral gate.

Then clasping both her hands, poor Blanche
Bad Brutikin adjured,
To do his long neglected tasks,
While yet that grace endured.
But fiercely Brutikin struck down
The palings where she stood,
Till in his sister's face he sent
The splints of rotten wood:
"And do you dare to lecture *me*?"
He passionately said;
"Get in! or I will make you hide
Your bold presumptuous head.
I will obey no lord, not I,
Nor mend the hut's low door;
Nor stay here to be bullied
On this black and dreary moor;
I'll seek another lord to serve,
Another happier land;
You! grovel servile as you will,
Beneath a servile band!"
Then, right across the garden-rail,
He swung a lump of mould;
If it had reach'd his sister's head
Her death-knell had been toll'd;
But she ran in, and hid herself,
And sat her down and wept,
And meekly pray'd for Brutikin
That night before she slept.

Next morning Brutikin set forth,
And wander'd on alone,

Digitized by Google

Till the winter sunlight faded,
And the day went coldly down;
Till the winter sunlight faded,
And the snow began to fall,
Noiseless, and feathery, and soft,
But slowly covering all!
The clouds above grew leaden dark;
The path below grew white;
The track across the dreary moor
Was hidden from his sight!
Great fear came over Brutikin;
His heart beat quick and fast;
He look'd on all sides for relief,
But no one journey'd past.
The sign-post, with its silent hands,
Kept pointing out the road,
Which would have led him safely back
To Blanche's neat abode:
His frighten'd eyes were fix'd on it;
But he had given small heed
To lessons which his father left,
To teach his son to read;
And vainly, at that silent guide,
He look'd and long'd to know
Which way his weary feet should tread
The pathless wastes of snow.
Then, lectures half-remember'd,
With voices good and kind,
Came back, imperfect and confused,
To that poor wanderer's mind:
Much came, but nothing clearly;
He strove to summon back
Something his father used to say
About the eastward track;

Digitized by Google

About the sunrise, and his home ;
The shepherds, and the star ;
And how to tell his certain road,
When wandering afar.
But more and more bewilder'd still
He grew, and faint with fears,
While the sharp wind with a moaning sound
Came whistling in his ears.

Ah ! little Blanche, had *she* been there,
Had prompted every word,
For well that sweet child treasured up
Whatever good she heard :
She could have track'd her homeward path
Through all that waste of snow,
And as her father told it then,
She could have told it now ;
How, in the East, the glorious East,
The lovely garden lay,
Where Paradise was planted
In Creation's dawning day ;
How, in the East, the Angel stood,
With bright and flaming sword,
When, driven from the first fair home
Appointed by the Lord,
Sad Adam wander'd forth with Eve,
To earn his bread by toil,
And till, in a more gloomy world,
A hard, ungrateful soil !
How, in the East, the glorious East,
A second Hope arose,
Whose promise still abides with man,
Until existence close ;
The star, the wondrous star, which shone

Digitized by Google

With clear and holy light,
By simple shepherds first beheld,
Who watch'd their flocks by night;
When wise men, journeying from the East,
With gifts of precious worth,
Did homage to the Child divine,
The Saviour of the earth!
How, every morning, in the East,
The sun awakes, and gives
Light, warmth, and glory unto all,
The meanest thing that lives;
And, like God's mercy, looking down,
Its beams of radiance know
No difference 'twixt rich and poor,
No rule of high and low.
How, finally, *their* home was built,
Right in the eastward track;
And following still the eastward path,
Would bring them safely back!

But Brutikin forgot it all—
His father's dear behest—
His memory would not serve to tell
His journey east or west:
Bewilder'd, shuddering, cold, he stood;
Each hour more faint and chill;
And snow came drifting with the wind
That whistled down the hill.
Then, like the Prodigal, his heart
To slow repentance woke,
And from his sad, despairing lips
A cry of anguish broke:
"How many duteous children, now,
Are sleeping safe and warm,

Digitized by Google

While I, by my rebellion made
An exile in the storm,
Must perish in this lonely place,
And no one ever know
How dismal was the death I died,
Upon this waste of snow!"
Even while he spoke, his veins grew chill;
He sank upon the ground;
He heard no more the winter wind
That howl'd and moan'd around.
A horrid drowsiness came on;
A painful freezing sleep:
He could not breathe; he could not call;
He could not speak or weep.
The snow-flakes, on his helpless limbs,
Fell faster than before,
And in the snow-drift, lost he lay,
Upon the dreary moor!

Oh, gentle Blanche! Oh, patient Blanche!
Where were you in that hour?
Close by, close by, and struggling on,
Against that freezing shower.
Well did *she* heed the sign-post near,
The setting sun afar,
And the station in the heavens above
Of every silver star.
By these she track'd her way, and brought
Two foresters so bold,
To help poor wandering Brutikin,
Should he be numb'd with cold.
She looks for him across the snow,
But nothing there she sees,
Except the thin and broken boughs

Digitized by Google

Of stunted, leafless trees.
She looks again across the snow,—
But nothing is in sight,
And the dreary moor looks drearier still,
All hid in solemn white.
She looks again across the snow,—
And, lo! a rising mound,
Where the dog of those two foresters
Is smelling round and round.
The dog barks short, and scratches hard;
The wise brute knows, beneath
That smooth white heap of drifted snow,
Lies human life or death!

The foresters are digging now,
With pickaxe and with spade,
And Blanche stands by, with anxious heart,
Half hopeful, half afraid;
Till, all at once, the instinct
Of the faithful dog proves true,
And the senseless form of Brutikin,
Uncover'd, meets their view!
His eyes are shut; his lips are blue;
His hands are clench'd and cold;
His hair is damp in heavy locks,
With snow, and mud, and mould:
And tender Blanche, who yet hath stood
So silent and so meek,
Flings her kind arms around his neck,
And sobs, but cannot speak.
Her big tears fall as fast as rain
Upon his senseless face,
But vain is all her grief, and vain
The warmth of her embrace;

Digitized by Google

For while they lift him, sideways droops
His cold, unconscious head,
And both the foresters declare
That Brutikin is dead!

But Heaven (long suffering and mild)
Hath mercy yet in store:
His hands unclasp; his eyes unclose;
He lives, he breathes once more!
And with a prayer his frozen tongue
Its feeble speech begins:
"May Heaven have mercy on my soul,
And pardon all my sins!"

Oh, who shall tell his fervent joy,
When by his side he sees
Dear little patient loving Blanche,
Meek kneeling on her knees!
Oh, who shall tell his fervent joy,
His sense of waking bliss,
When on his cold, stiff lips he feels
Her gentle, kindly kiss!

The foresters have lifted him,
And by their friendly aid
To Blanche's neat, well-order'd home
Is Brutikin convey'd.
Warm milk and honey carefully
By slow degrees they give;
And now the foresters declare
That Brutikin will live!

He lived, and he repented;
Blanche saw, next morning's sun,
An alter'd and a better life

Digitized by Google

By Brutikin begun:
His house in order; all set right;
With many a thankful word
To little loving patient Blanche,
He waits the manor's lord.
And when the great lord came at last,
And saw the work achieved;
All bright, and orderly, and trim,
Where all had shock'd and grieved;
He praised poor Brutikin: he praised
His courage and his skill:
His hard work and repentance:
And notified his will,
That the steward of his lordly lands,
Glad Brutikin should make
Chief ranger of the forest,
For little Blanche's sake.

And many a year did Brutikin
Serve that good master well;
And every Christmas, at the time
When drifting snow-showers fell,
He thought upon the fearful day,
When stiff, and blue, and cold,
They dragg'd him from the snow-drift,
All clogg'd with mud and mould;
And humbly then poor Brutikin,
With thankful heart, would pray
To God,—who early let him see
The error of his way,—
To give him strength against his faults,
And ever bring him back
From valley green, and dreary moor,
Into the eastward track!

Digitized by Google

THE LITTLE WANDERERS.

[Two little Savoyards were lately discovered frozen to death, on the road to Dijon. One of these children was found with his hands clasped, and kneeling in the attitude of prayer.]

Innocent and pious heart!
By that act revealing
What had been thy last good thought,
And thy dying feeling,
When the numbing death and cold
Through thy veins was creeping,
And the sense of danger woke
Sense of holy keeping.

God, the Father! *He* could guard,
Though no mortal hearken'd:
God, the Father! *He* could see,
Though the storm-cloud darken'd:
God, the Father! *He* could guide
Children doom'd to wander:
On His mercy, and His love,
Did those young hearts ponder,

When the wild blast, charged with snow,
Heavily swept by them,
And in all the bleak, blank world,
Not a friend stood nigh them!

Digitized by Google

Till within a child's weak heart,
In the midst of peril,
Rose the practical true faith—
Not profession sterile.

And the real undoubting prayer
To His throne ascended,
Who for ever bends to hear
Those by men unfriended.
Yea, He heard thee:—though thy doom
Wake the tears of woman,
(Judging with a human heart
Of a sorrow human.)

Happier wert thou, to depart,
(In thy meek prayers dying,)
Than to live a life of woe,
Poverty and sighing:
Happier, from a world more cold
Than the snow-drift, taken;
In a world of glorious light,
And sunshine, to awaken!

Year by year, from distant climes,
To seek uncertain Fortune,
Thy little comrades travel here
Our pity to importune;
With music of a foreign land,
And half-tamed, prison'd creatures,
Begging, with imploring smiles
On their sunburnt features.

Often beaten,—often made
Slaves of cruel masters,—

Digitized by Google

Hungry, exiled, helpless, faint,
Full of sad disasters.
Often, in their troubled sleep,
Of the far land dreaming,
Where kind faces, friendly eyes,
And native suns are beaming.

Yet each mother for thy death
Weepeth, while she readeth;
Thinking of the tender care
Which her own child needeth;
Looking on the soft glad eyes
With unclouded glances,
And the light quick fairy step,
Which around her dances;—

While *thy* home-friends, perish'd child,
Picture happy meetings;
Knowing not thy fate, they dwell
On imagined greetings;
Praying often, it may be,
For those little strangers,—
Long since taken, by God's will,
Out of this world's dangers!

Digitized by Google

LAMENT OF THE POET SAVAGE.

[Savage was so touched by the discovery of his real mother, that it was his frequent practice to walk in the dark evenings for several hours before her door, in hopes of seeing her as she might come by accident to the window, or cross her apartment with a candle in her hand.—*Johnson's Lives of the Poets.*]

HAVE ye look'd out across the wide green sea,
With all its mountain billows raging round,
And gazing on it, gather'd bitterly
Unto yourselves the memory of the drown'd?
While others, gazing with you, in that sound
Heard nothing but the ocean's ceaseless roar,
Have *ye* in every wave beheld a mound
O'er one who hath no grave; whence float to shore
Fond fancied words from him whose lips shall breathe
no more?

So o'er *my* gaze across the world's wide sea,
Sad Memory still her veil of darkness flings,
Dims with her clouds my soul's full ecstasy,
And drieth up joy's gushing natural springs.
So, though to others Time some comfort brings,
For me it hath no voice, no soothing balm;
Still wearily my spirit droops its wings,
Shrinks sickening from the crowd-awarded palm,
And yearns for *one* wreck'd hope which hath destroy'd
its calm.

Digitized by Google

Oh, to forget it! but for one bright day—
An hour—a happy moment: oh! to sleep
And dream not of it; to arise and say,
Lo! here is morning; and to feel no deep
And sickening consciousness of cause to weep
Weigh down the waking soul: to smile, nor fear
The shades that round my couch their vigil keep,
Will haunt even then, and murmur in mine ear,
How canst thou smile when *we*, the doubly lost, are near.

Blow, ye wild breezes, o'er my native hills,—
Bend, ye wild flowers, beneath their gladsome breath,—
Gush on in beauty, founts whose music fills
The voiceless air,—the taint of sin and death,
Th' eternal curse that all must bow beneath,
Rests not on you: forth on its endless quest
It sweeps o'er sunny bank and desolate heath,
To find a home within the human breast,
A fear'd, and loathed, and scorn'd, but never banish'd guest.

The beautiful things of earth! How have I loved
To feed my spirit in its silent trance,
When lone, but free, my eager footsteps roved,
With each new charm that met my wandering glance;
The sky—the trees—the flowers—all things which chance
Or my own seeking brought; but that is past!
Never, oh! never, more my heart shall dance,
Sending its crimson torrent warm and fast
To veins whose rushing tide flows cold and slow at last!

Digitized by Google

Deserted—scorn'd—abjured—ere yet I knew
What such desertion was; my form, my name,
My very being known but to a few,
And by those few remember'd with deep shame,
As an eternal blot upon the fame
Of those who, fearing not to sin, did yet
Fear the upbraiding eyes whose scorn could tame
Proud hearts that quail'd at every glance they met,
And having loved in sin, could nature's love forget.

Thus rose life's faint and clouded light to me.
And yet I *had* a heart, whose fervent love,
Whose power to suffer all things patiently,
Whose boundless hope that still for mastery strove,
In value might have proved itself above
The sacrifice affection made to fear;
But never may that heart its fondness prove,
Mine is the bitter disregarded tear,
The blight which wastes the soul from weary year to year.

Mother unknown, but not the less adored,
How hath my soul gone forth in search of thine!
How hath my wild and eager spirit pour'd
In its lone watchings, on the face divine
Of heaven's blue midnight, prayers that might incline
The Powers above to hush this passionate storm
Of ruin'd hopes, and bid me cease to pine
With feverish longing for thy fancied form,
Quelling within my heart its never-dying worm.

What wild far thoughts—what unrecorded dreams
Of thy bright beauty, of thy gushing tears,

Digitized by Google

When, in forsaking me, some dying gleams
Of tenderness, some faint, half-buried fears
Of what *might* be my fate in after years,
Awoke within thy soul, and bade thee weep,
Shrouding the pain'd and heavy eyes which gazed
On thy deserted infant's quiet sleep—
Across my lonely heart have learnt at times to sweep.

How have I pray'd to Him the Holy One,
Who still hath guarded thy forsaken child,
To lead my steps where thine before had gone,
And let me feed my soul with visions wild,
Of how thine eyes *had* look'd, thy lips had smiled—
To lead me, even renounced, abjured by thee,
Beneath th' illumined lattice, where beguiled
By present thoughts and feelings, silently
Thou dwellest now without one wandering thought of me.

That I might see thy shadow in that room
Glide to and fro upon the marble wall,
And from my station in night's circling gloom,
Watch thee, and dream I heard thy footsteps fall
Lightly in that (to me) forbidden hall;
Conjure thy low sweet voice by fancy's art,
Shed wild and burning tears unseen by all
Whose chilling gaze forbid those drops to start,
And feel a strange joy swell within my rapturous heart.

Oh! mother, youth is vanish'd from thy life,
The rose of beauty faded from thy cheek,
Little to thee this world of guilt and strife,
Thy fame—men's scorn—are shadows faint and
weak;

Digitized by Google

And yet thou wilt not let me hear thee speak
Words frozen back by woman's struggling pride,
Thou wilt not let me in thy bosom seek
The rest for which my heart hath vainly sigh'd;
This—*this* was all I ask'd—and this thou hast denied!

Lone hath my life been, and very sad;
And wasted is the form thou wouldst not know;
And some have cursed, and some have deem'd me mad,
And sorrow hath drawn lines upon my brow.
Ah, who could cheer me half so well as thou?
Who could so soothe my feverish dreams of pain?
Yet never for my sake thy tears shall flow.
Unheard, unheeded, still must I complain,
And to the hollow winds pour forth my woe in vain.

Digitized by Google

SUMMER'S GONE.

HARK! through the dim wood dying,
With a moan,
Faintly the winds are sighing—
Summer's gone!
There, when my bruised heart feeleth,
And the pale moon her face revealeth,
Darkly my footstep stealeth,
To weep alone.
Hour after hour I wander,
By men unseen,
And sadly my wrung thoughts ponder
On what *hath* been.
Summer's gone!

There, in our green bowers
Long ago,
Our path through the tangled flowers
Treading slow—
Oft hand in hand entwining—
Oft side by side reclining—
We watch'd in its crimson shining
The sunset glow.
Dimly that sun now burneth
For me alone—

Digitized by Google

Spring after spring returneth,
Thou art gone.—
Summer's gone.

Still on my worn cheek playeth
The restless breeze;
Still in its freshness strayeth
Between the trees.
Still the blue streamlet gusheth—
Still the broad river rusheth—
Still the calm silence husheth
The heart's disease:
But *who* shall bring our meetings
Back again?
What shall recall *thy* greetings—
Loved in vain?
Summer's gone.

Digitized by Google

SONG OF THE IRISH PEASANT WIFE.

Come, Patrick, clear up the storms on your brow;
You were kind to me once—will you frown on me now?
Shall the storm settle *here* when from heaven it departs,
And the cold from without find its way to our hearts?
No, Patrick, no, surely the wintriest weather
Is easily borne—while we bear it together!

Though the rain's dropping through from the roof to the floor,
And the wind whistles free where there once was a door;
Can the rain, or the snow, or the storm wash away
All the warm vows we made in love's early day?
No, Patrick, no, surely the dark stormy weather
Is easily borne—so we bear it together!

When you stole out to woo me, when labour was done,
And the day that was closing to us seem'd but begun,
Did we care if the sunset was bright on the flowers,
Or if we crept out amid the darkness and showers?
No, Patrick, we talk'd, while we braved the wild weather,
Of all we could bear—if we bore it together.

Soon, soon, will these dark dreary days be gone by,
And our hearts be lit up with a beam from the sky:

Digitized by Google

Oh! let not our spirits, embitter'd with pain,
Be dead to the sunshine that comes to us then:
Heart in heart, hand in hand, let us welcome the weather,
And, sunshine or storm, we will bear it together!

Digitized by Google

TO LADY GRAHAM.

ON NEW YEAR'S DAY.

Rose! with thy young buds opening to the day,
In fair and delicate beauty like thine own;
Small, fairy copies of thy features' play,
Unconscious mimics of thy voice's tone;
Accept for them—for thee—a wish sincere—
Ah! could such wishes like warm sunbeams fall,
To gild the coming of each anxious year,
How much would hope avert, or love recall!

Few can their pausing glances backward throw,
Nor feel thick-gathering tear-drops dim their gaze:
Few can look forward with a cheerful glow,
And hail the promise of more happy days.
But thou!—The old year (when its course was new)
Twin birds of promise to thy bosom sent—
And the new year seems opening to thy view
With a dear dream of measureless content.

May that New Year be bright to them and thee—
As bright as their inherited beauty seems—
And thy heart own through its futurity
(Like a child's slumber) none but *happy* dreams.

Digitized by Google

And oh! when Time, with gently stealing pace,
Shall print his touch upon that open brow,
And, passing, mellow with a graver grace
The still unfaded beauty of its snow;

When fairy Constance smooths each careless curl,
That now waves lightly round her tiny head,
When the gay child becomes a graceful girl;
With blushing cheek, shy glance, and fawnlike tread;
When love hath shadow'd down those laughing eyes,
(Ah! be *her* love a happy one—like thine,)
And all the hidden soul that in them lies,
Like an unrisen star, hath learnt to shine;

When change without shall answer change within,
And *her* expression alters, like thine own,
From the calm innocence which knew not sin,
To the bright purity which shuns when known;
When her young girlish loveliness brings back
The winning beauty of thine early day
To him who shares thy life's advancing track,
And bids him pause to bless thee on the way;—

Oh, then, still worshipp'd in thy quiet home,
(The place where woman's worshippers should be,)
When all those busy memories crowding come,
Which made existence dear to him and thee—
May the New Year be still a welcome sound,
Though coldly gleams the gray and wintry sky,
And all the sunshine which thy heart hath found
Smile on thy lip and sparkle in thine eye!

Digitized by Google

ON READING AN OLD LETTER.

Oh, what gloomy shadows
Steal across my soul,
As I view thy pages,
Long-forgotten scroll!
All the disappointments
Of a weary life;
All the wild ambition,
All the bitter strife;
All the gleams of pleasure,
Sickening into pain;
All my youth's romances—
Round me rise again.
Now I feel how feeble
Is this nerveless arm,
And how slow thy pulses,
Heart, so wildly warm!
Strength, and hope, and gladness,
All have pass'd away,
And my soul is darken'd,
And my locks are gray.
Young eyes weep for sorrow,
Mine are hot and dry;
But I yield thee, token,
One long weary sigh!

Oh, how sad and alter'd
Seems the world to me,

Digitized by Google

Since the joyous moment
Which gave birth to thee!
Now alone I wander
Through my father's halls,
Where each silent chamber
Many a dream recalls.
There, no welcome voices
Sound their carols sweet;
There, I hear no echo
Of quick busy feet.

Many a form lies sleeping,
Loved in days of yore;
Many a face looks coldly,
Cared for now no more;
Cheeks that met my glances
With a crimson glow,
Scarce my love remember,
'Tis so long ago!
And the eyes whose beaming
Like a sunrise burst,
Seem but ghosts of others,
Which I knew at first!

Heavier droop those eyelids,
Through succeeding years,
'Till death's silent shadow
Closes on their tears.
Yet to *me* more welcome
Is each faded face,
Than the joyous brightness
Of a younger race.
With those old companions
I have wander'd on,

Digitized by Google

And *their* hearts remember
All *my* heart hath known.

From amongst the youthful
We are fading fast;
Theirs is all the future,
Ours is all the past.
Buried *there* are feelings
Kindness cannot wake;
New friends only grieve me
For my old friends' sake;
E'en the smile of Beauty
Wakens but a sigh,
For the long-remember'd
Dreams of days gone by.

I sigh for *thee*, my sister,
Whose sweet and winning voice,
Through long hours of sorrow,
Taught me to rejoice;
For that voice I listen,
Many a night, in vain,
While against my casement
Beats the driven rain;
And sigh for thee, the fairest
Of a young happy band,
Long ago departed
To the better land.

Thou art gone, my brother!
Thou, whose earnest heart,
Long, and well, and truly,
Did a brother's part.

Digitized by Google

Thou, whose nature left me
Hope to lean upon,
When some lighter feeling's
Broken spell was gone,
When the loved proved fickle,
Or the friend betray'd:
Who shall heal the sorrow
Which *thy* loss hath made!

Oh! my heart resembles,
As it wastes away,
Part of some lone ruin
Sinking to decay!
Tall and stately columns,
Graceful in their pride,
Were my father's children,
Standing side by side.
Scatter'd round about me,
One by one they fall;
Why should I survive them,
Who was link'd with all?

Once again I read thee,
Scroll, so lightly penn'd;
With a fond remembrance
O'er thy leaves I bend.
Jests which thou containest,
Still can make me smile,
Though *they* sleep who made them
In the vaulted aisle.
The *echo* of a reveller's shout
Is faint, and low, and sad;
But this wan lip's smiling
Seems no longer glad.

Digitized by Google

MONA WATER.

[The following ballad is founded on an incident which took place in the days when the chieftain of a clan was the most despotic of all rulers. It was told me by an old ferryman, who religiously believed "fair Amie's" death to have been the consequence and punishment of the chief's tyranny towards the widow's son.]

Oh, Mona's waves are blue and bright
When the sun shines out, like a gay young lover;
But Mona's waves are dark as night,
When the face of heaven is clouded over.
The wild wind drives the crested foam
Far up the steep and rocky mountain,
And booming echoes drown the voice,
The silvery voice, of Mona's fountain.

Wild, wild, against that mountain's side,
The wrathful waves were up and beating,
When stern Glenvarloch's chieftain came,
With anxious brow and hurried greeting.
He bade the widow'd mother send,
(While loud the tempest's voice was raging,)
Her fair young son across the flood,
Where winds and waves their strife were waging.

And still that fearful mother pray'd,
"Oh! yet delay—delay till morning,
For weak the hand that guides our bark,
Though brave his heart—all danger scorning."

Digitized by Google

Little did stern Glenvarloch heed :—
"The safety of my fortress tower
Depends on tidings he must bring
From Fairlie bank within the hour.

"Seest thou across the sullen wave
A blood-red banner wildly streaming?
That flag a message sends to me,
Of which my foes are little dreaming!
Thy boy must put his boat across,
(Gold shall repay his hour of danger,)
And bring me back, with care and speed,
Three letters from the light-brow'd stranger."

The orphan boy leapt lightly in;
Bold was his eye, and brow of beauty;
And bright his smile, as thus he spoke:
"I do but pay a vassal's duty;
Fear not for me, oh! mother dear,
See how the boat the tide is spurning;
The storm will cease, the sky will clear,
And thou shalt watch me safe returning."

His bark shot on—now up, now down,
Over those waves—the snowy-crested—
Now like a dart it sped along,
Now like a white-wing'd sea-bird rested.
And ever when the wind sank low,
Smote on the ear that woman's wailing,
As long she watch'd, with straining eyes,
That fragile bark's uncertain sailing.

He reach'd the shore—the letters claim'd—
Triumphant heard the stranger's wonder,

Digitized by Google

That one so young should brave alone
The heaving lake, the rolling thunder.
And once again his snowy sail
Was seen by her, that mourning mother;
And *once* she heard his shouting voice—
That voice the waves were soon to smother!

Wild burst the wind—wide flapp'd the sail—
A crashing peal of thunder follow'd;
The gust swept o'er the water's face,
And caverns in the deep lake hollow'd!
The gust swept past—the waves grew calm—
The thunder died along the mountain;
But where was he who used to play,
On sunny days, by Mona's fountain?

His cold corpse floated to the shore,
Where knelt his lone and shrieking mother;
And bitterly she wept for him,
The widow's son, who had no brother!
She raised his arm—the hand was closed—
With pain the stiffen'd fingers parted,
And on the sand those letters dropp'd,
His last dim thought—the faithful-hearted.

Glenvarloch gazed, and on his brow
Remorse and pain and grief seem'd blending;
A purse of gold he flung beside
That mother o'er her dead child bending.
Oh, wildly laugh'd that woman then!
"Glenvarloch, wad ye dare to measure
The holy life that God hath gi'en
Against a heap of golden treasure?

Digitized by Google

"Ye spurn'd my prayer—for we were poor—
But know, proud man, that God hath power
To smite the king on Scotland's throne,
The chieftain in his fortress tower.
Frown on, frown on! I fear ye not;
We've done the last of chieftain's bidding;
And cold he lies, for whose young sake
I used to bear your wrathful chiding.

"Will gold bring back the cheerful voice
That used to win my heart from sorrow?
Will silver warm his frozen blood,
Or make my hearth less lone to-morrow?
Go back, and seek your mountain home,
And when ye kiss yere fair-hair'd daughter,
Remember him who died to-night,
Beneath the waves of Mona's water!"

Old years roll'd on—and fresh ones came—
Foes dare not brave Glenvarloch's tower;
But naught could bear the sickness out
That stole into fair Amie's bower.
The o'er-blown floweret in the sun
Sinks languid down and withers daily,
And so *she* sank—her voice grew faint,
Her laugh no longer sounded gaily.

Her step fell on the old oak-floor,
As noiseless as the snow-showers drifting;
And from her sweet and serious eyes
Seldom they saw the dark lid lifting.
"Bring aid, bring aid," the father cries;
"Bring aid," each vassal's voice is crying;

Digitized by Google

The fair-hair'd beauty of the isles,
Her pulse is faint, her life is flying.

He call'd in vain: her dim eyes turn'd
And met his own with patient sorrow;
For well she knew, that fading girl,
How he must weep and wail the morrow.
Her faint breath ceased—the father bent
And gazed upon his fair-hair'd daughter—
What thought he on?—The widow's son,
And the stormy night by Mona's water!

Digitized by Google

LINES

ON SEEING MR. LANDSEER'S PICTURE OF THE DEATH OF THE STAG.

Lo! where he dies—the forest king,
The untamed creature of the hills
His red blood tints the torrent's spring,
And blushes to the distant rills.
On hath he flown, with hunted speed,
In hope to quench that unknown pain.*
Leap! leap, poor victim, thou art freed,
They cannot bid thee flee again!
He leaps!—the torrent foams around,
He heaves with pain his ebbing breath,
The turbid waters' hollow sound
O'ercomes the gasping sobs of death.
Torn, harass'd, wounded, lo! he turns,
With yearning heart and upward gaze,
To where the sunlight faintly burns,
With misty and reflected rays;
Nor knows that, in that distant break,
Over the blue hills far away,
His dying eyes are doom'd to take
Their last farewell of light and day.
Those dying eyes! the gaze is there
Which measures not the moments given—

* The deer, when wounded, always, if possible, takes to the water.

Digitized by Google

The hunted, *animal* despair,
Which dreads no hell, and hopes no heaven!
Within that pain'd and throbbing heart
Vague sense of suffering and of fear
Bids life's deep instinct act its part,
But tells not being's close is near.

Perish! the foes have reach'd thy side
Who erst pursued thee, vainly dying;
They struggle with thee in the tide,
And triumph in thy pangs while flying!
Perish! the crowd of *human* foes,
Who slay in sport, and shout with mirth
When slow some crowned forehead bows
Its antler'd beauty to the earth,
Are near thee now—they stand and shade
With eager hands their eager eyes,
While fail those energies which made
The only value of their prize.
Hard Triumph, with no heart to grieve,
Watches thy glistening eye grow dim,
Proud that all strength and fleetness leave
Each sick, and strain'd, and quivering limb.
'Tis a mysterious thought, th' extent
Of grace, and strength, and life which goes,
(By man, Death's shrinking victim, sent,)
Where dark Oblivion's portals close.
'Tis a mysterious thought; for great
The proud display of God's high power—
Did He so fair a thing create,
The pastime of a cruel hour?
But such are not the thoughts which fill
Their hearts, who come with bounding feet,

Digitized by Google

Proud of superior strength and skill,
To watch the hunted stag's defeat:
Methinks I see them wandering out
Across those blue autumnal hills,
And pealing back the hunter's shout,
That long the distant echo fills.

I am in Scotland! Tay's broad lake
Spreads far away before mine eyes,
Loved for its own, for others' sake,
And bright beneath its cloudless skies.
I am in Scotland! I behold
Shehallion's high and narrow peak,
Where evening, purple, dark, and cold,
O'ercomes day's last faint crimson streak.
I hear, Moness, thy deafening fall,
Or wander to the Prince's Cave;
Climb thy steep side, dark Garoval,
Or glide o'er Rannoch's glassy wave;
Scarce knowing which may seem most fair,
The glittering sunshine of its day,
Or the pale moonlight, lingering there,
Like love when hope hath past away!

I wake! 'twas but the perfect skill,
Young painter, of thy practised hand,
Which could my heart so strangely fill
With visions of another land.
Dear land! to which thought's weary wing
Yearns often with a wishful flight,
'Midst the dark city's meagre spring,
And scenes of artificial light,
Where the down-dashing torrents brave
The dark rock's side with ceaseless roar;

Digitized by Google

Where the calm lake's translucent wave
Curls rippling to the even shore.
That pleasure which is link'd with pain,
Hath fill'd my eyes with happy tears,
And made my heart grow young again
With feelings of forgotten years!
The days return, when morning's rise
Woke me to spend long hours of mirth,
And light sleep left my dazzled eyes,
Suddenly, with the sunshine's birth.
Those days are past—my heart, more cold,
Hath learnt to play its practised part,
Less joyous than the days of old,—
Less ready, too, are tears to start.
Like an unsummon'd spirit, close
Within my heart my memory lives:
I take life as its current flows—
I take the Spring the city gives—
Pale blossoms, withering while they blow,
Cramp'd foliage on the dusty trees,
No moss-banks where the waters flow,
Nor freshness in the loaded breeze—
But yet '*tis* Spring: and life is life,
Though its best dreams grow faint and dim,
And vanish, in its ceaseless strife,
All energy of heart and limb.
Hopes tempt at first which shrink and die,
Tried in the furnace fire of truth—
And there are feelings which *must* fly,
And leave us with our days of youth—
Till, like that fair, forsaken thing,
Who grew "not happy, but content,"*

* Louise de la Vallière.—"Je ne suis pas heureuse, mais je suis contente."

Digitized by Google

When those dear hopes have taken wing,
In soberer mood our life is spent:
Nor sigh we for the broken spell,
Save in some deep entranced hour
Like that which o'er my spirit fell
When gazing on thy pencil's power!

Digitized by Google

LINES.

I THINK of thee—not as thou art,
In the cold and hollow grave,
Where the sun's rays vainly dart,
And the cypress branches wave:
But I think of thee, bright and young,
With life on thy beaming brow,
And I sing all the songs that we sung—
Though thou never canst hear me now!

I think of thee—not with the grief
Of those past and passionate years,
When my heart sought a vain relief
In bitter and burning tears:
But I think of thee, fond and gay,
Unshadow'd by death or pain,
And smiles on thy red lips play—
As they never may play again!

I think of thee—not as I thought
When I stood by thine early tomb,
And all that this world had brought
Seem'd wrapp'd in a changeless gloom:
But I think of the living friend
Of my happiest early days,
And what thou wert wont to commend
I do—though thou canst not praise.

Digitized by Google

Calmly I welcome the guest
Who knows not he's loved for thy sake;
I laugh when he tells me some jest
Which thou in thy lifetime didst make:
In the groves where thy footsteps have been
I wander with others, nor weep
When a glimpse of some favourite scene
Brings thoughts of thy long dark sleep.

But, oh! though a change hath come o'er
My heavy and mournful heart—
Though thy name hath the power no more
To bid the warm tear-drop start—
The sun shall grow dark in the skies,
And the turf spring no more on the hill,
When thy love from my memory dies—
Lost heart, I remember thee still!

Digitized by Google

CHRISTMAS.

ANOTHER year hath closed. How swift they pass!
When once Fate's tardy hand the thread hath spun—
Once set, the sand within Time's hour-glass
Is quickly run!
While waited for, how slow the days advanced—
Past by, how like a dream their speed appears—
Look'd forward to, how bright the distance glanced—
Look'd back upon, how dimm'd with secret tears!
Barrier of hopes fulfill'd, ambition gain'd,
Mysterious goal which seem'd to end the race,
How little in thy course hath been obtain'd!—
And now, *another* year must take thy place.
Ere we pass on with eager, hasty strides
To this new portion of uncertain Time,—
Ere we would rend the shadowy veil which hides
Those future hours of joy, or woe, or crime,
Shall we not pause, and take a slow review
Of days whose deeds no effort can recall,
And mingle sorrow in that long adieu,
Even though their sweetness hath been tinged with gall?
Shall we not part from thee, departing year,
With tenderness, as from a dying friend,
Whose very faults (familiar faults!) grow dear,
When all which charm'd or sadden'd hath an end?

Digitized by Google

Those faults—we know they can offend no more—
Those days—we feel they never may return—
We were impatient till they both were o'er—
And yet that they *are* past, doth make us mourn:
Is this the instinct of mortality
Which makes us grudge each step that leads us on to die?
It matters not. We have no power to stay
Time's even march, or slack his rapid way;
Welcome or not,—to sad or cheerful homes,
Dreaded or long'd for,—wintry Christmas comes!
From the rich lord, whose ermined limbs scarce know
How chill the air when dim with drifting snow,
To the poor wretch whose scanty store denies
A purchased shelter from th' inclement skies;
From the young school-boy, who with glowing hands
Lifts the dear latch, and on *home's* threshold stands,
Gazes with dazzled eyes a moment round,
And gains his mother's breast with one glad bound—
To the grave statesman, full of plodding care,
With wrinkled brow and meditative air,
Plotting and planning, harass'd, worn, and vex'd,
Dreaming throughout *this* Christmas of the *next*,
And in the chance of *future* change or strife
Losing the present of his weary life;—
To all it comes! but not to all the same,
Different its aspect, though unchanged the name.
And even as in the lantern's magic glass
Thin shadowy forms and silent figures pass,
So in the fleeting visions of my mind
The fancied scenes from many a home I find.

Lo! where beside the gray and stormy deep
A young fair widow steals away to weep.

Digitized by Google

One of a noble lineage is she—
Noblest of England's aristocracy—
Yet nobler in themselves—proud, pure, and go
A fair, and bright, and gentle sisterhood;
Who, happy wives, fond mothers, practise all
The peasant-virtues in each gilded hall.
(Ah! happy *thou*, proud parent, who can stand
And watch thy lilies blooming through the land;
Conscious, while for their *woe* thy spirit grieves,
No blight *but* woe shall ever stain their leaves.)
Good, fair, and gentle, like the rest is she,
Yet sorrow's hand hath touch'd her heavily;
To *her* the Christmas brings no pleasant tone,
For she hath not been used to smile *alone*,
Save when she teaches (ah! most bitter joy!)
The *father's* lessons to his gentle boy.
No fickle puppet of the clamorous crowd
Was he she mourns, with sorrow "deep, not loud;"
His were high birth and honour, manly sense,
An earnest heart and gentle eloquence,
The stable virtues of a generous mind,
The varied talents of a taste refined,
Loved by his friends, respected by his foes—
Too soon, alas! did such a being close.
Still o'er the graceful verse our head is bent,
Wrapt in its true and tender sentiment,
Still do we see the well-known name appear
Among the tributes for the coming year,
And start to think, ere *this* had past away,
Thy noble soul had sunk beneath thy frame's decay.*

* Lord Dover.

Digitized by Google

And thou! fair royal boy,* who seeketh still,
Far from our homes, the aid of foreign skill;
When glittering halls are garlanded and hung,
When Christmas games are play'd, and carols sung!
When merry shouts are ringing through the air,
And pleasures plann'd, in which *thou* canst not share—
Oh! let us not forget thee; many a night
Thine eyes have gaily caught those tapers bright,
And now thy day itself receives no light;
Oft have I seen thee, with a smiling glance,
Choose thy young partner for the happy dance;
And blest thee, as thy fair and flushing cheek
Turn'd proudly to that gentle one to speak.
Midst all the pomp that chains the courtly line,
The eager grace of childhood still was thine—
The eager grace of childhood, and its hope,
Boundless beyond imaginable scope.
Ah! let us not forget thee—for to *thee*
Dark must the coming of the Christmas be!
But in the hours of holy fervour pray
To Him the Just, who gives and takes away,
That hope's bright dawn within thy heart may rise,
And the blue morning steal upon thine eyes;
And thou, in after years remembering still
The visiting of thy Creator's will,
Shall give thine alms and gentle words to all
Whom such a mournful darkness may enthrall—
The poor, who feel the curse 'neath which even thou,
With all thy royal power, was forced to bow!

My spirit pauses, and sends out its glance
Far where are twined the sunny vines of France!

* Prince George of Cumberland.

Digitized by Google

There a sad circle sit, whose former day
Was always cheerful, and was often gay.
Young Arabella!* 'tis for *thee* they weep,
Who in thy lifetime never caused a tear—
And therefore is their grief more sad and deep,
In the proportion in which thou wert dear.
Thou hadst a dancing step, a bird-like voice,
A clear bright eye, a look that *said* "Rejoice!"
And many loved thee. Thou hast mock'd them all
For dreaming earthly love thy sole could thrall,
And thou hast glided to thy quiet rest,
With the heaped mould upon thy virgin breast.
Thy spirit-eyes were all too blue and bright
To live reflecting aught but Heaven's own light,
And Heaven hath spared thee all those hours of pain
Which might be thine if thou wert here again.
Thy woman's lot is spared thee—bitter fears,
Wild jealousies, and disregarded tears,
And hopes, which, canker'd by some eating worm,
Like that which fed upon thy budding form,
Live on for long in bright unseen decay,
And in some sudden sorrow die away!
But they who lost thee—to *their* grieving hearts
Such thoughts no comfort brings, no balm imparts;
Through many a day they still must sit and mourn
With selfish love, that sighs for thy return;
And thy poor mother with a double woe
Droops her coifed head beneath this second blow,
And shrieks at Death, who with relentless stroke
Laid low the gentle flower beside the parent oak.

* Daughter of the late Harry Scott, Esq.

Digitized by Google

Adventurous Ross! methinks *thy* home I see,
Where thy proud child stands at his father's knee;
And while thy lips of strange, wild dangers tell,
(Well may'st thou paint them who didst brave them well,)
Feels rising strong within his youthful breast
Love of adventure, scorn of idle rest,
Fearlessness, heart to suffer, soul to dare,
Untiring hope and generous wish to share—
All that, when language slow the thought imparts,
Comes with that one word *sailor* to our hearts.
Safe in the peaceful haven of thy home,
Let not rash spirit move thee now to roam;
Tempt not thy fortune—linger by *his* side,
And when *he* fain would wander, be his guide;
Lead him in fancy to those northern snows,
Where the long night no genial morning knows;
'Mid the ribb'd ice, whose frozen bounds, they say,
Make England's Christmas seem a summer's day;
And while the lessening circle round thee draws,—
Too fond for doubt, too eager for applause,—
While to flush'd cheek and sparkling eye the blaze
Of the warm hearth fire sends reflected rays—
Pour in thy young companion's eager ears
Wild stories told with smiles, and listen'd to with tears.

William of England! sovereign of the isle
Where fickle Fortune deals her steadiest smile,
Well is thy kingdom fenced and guarded round,
When hearts like these upon its soil are found,—
And generous wert thou when thy kind arms press'd
A brother sailor to the royal breast.
Oh! be it long, my country, ere thy name
Shall furnish fewer to the lists of fame.

Digitized by Google

Still be thy daughters kind, and fair, and true;
Still be thy sons a hardy, generous crew;
Still may thy years all peaceful glide away,
Nor wars disturb, nor vexing feuds decay.
May individual grief, the private woe,
Be all the gloom thy poet's song shall know;
And spite of these (in *these* all have their part),
May England's Christmas cheer the poor man's glowing heart.

Digitized by Google

ON THE DEATH OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

They mourn the minstrel of the North
In many a hall and many a bower—
They mourn the soul of sterling worth,
They mourn the pen of magic power.
For him does Scotland's hardy son
Tread with slow step the birchen shade,
While proud, yet grieved, his gallant heart
Swells high beneath the folded plaid.
There, gazing on the purple hill,
The sheeted lake, the torrent's fall,
He weeps the vanish'd muse, whose power,
Rich in wild words, could paint them all!
For him the merry stranger's eye
(Who reads in a translated tongue,
With half its wit obscured and hid,
The song through many a nation sung)
Droops o'er the page, and seeks in vain
Amid the names of lesser note
One that may fill *his* vacant place,
And write as he, the mighty, wrote.
For him the patriot inly sighs—
For him the gentle maiden grieves—
With him the impetuous youth regrets
The wild romance no other weaves—
The wild romance, which many a night
Hath wrapt his soul in spell so strong

Digitized by Google

That he hath almost deem'd himself
The hero of the minstrel's song:
The cheek of childhood, at the sound,
With momentary tears is wet—
And startled nations pause to mourn—
But he hath glory greater yet.
In his own home, salt tears are wept—
In his own home, fond eyes are dim—
Round his own hearthstone, grieving hearts
And quivering lips remember *him!*
Through many a land, with mournful note,
Let proud tradition praise his name—
Let marble monuments arise,
And all that genius gave proclaim—
Still, in that quiet spot, his *home*,
A monument more proud shall be;
And dying men shall paint his worth
Upon their children's memory,
And mingle with the great man's life
The story of the good man's end,
And while they mourn th' inspired soul,
Weep for the father and the friend!

THE END.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

NOTES TO THE UNDYING ONE.

NOTE 1.—Page 73, line 18.

"*Like hers of old, who prayed and found relief.*"

The widow of Nain, and the Shunamite, are both recorded scriptural instances of the recall of departed souls to the deserted clay, in order to assuage maternal agony. It is to be regretted that we have no means of ascertaining, by the after-life of these objects of affection, in what degree that return to life was blessed, either to the mourner or her idol.

NOTE 2.—Page 75, line 16.

"*Were fain to curse their Maker, and depart.*"

Vide the advice given to Job by his wife—"*Curse God and die.*"

NOTE 3.—Page 81, line 29.

"*Gave England's Richard gifts.*"

At Richard the First's coronation, some Jews, pressing into Westminster-hall, were put to death by the people, and a false alarm being spread, that the king had ordered a general massacre of them, they were slain in many parts of England, although they had come from all the countries of Europe to bring the king costly presents for his protection.

NOTE 4.—Page 82, line 6.

"*Brother laid brother low.*"

Five hundred of the Jews, in the early part of Richard the First's reign, took refuge in York Castle, where the mob besieged

Digitized by Google

them: being driven to the last extremity, they threw their children at the enemy, and cut one another's throats, rather than surrender.

NOTE 5.—Page 89, line 6.

"*In half eclipse beyond the darkened glass.*"

It is a well-known fact, that a fragment of *smoked* glass will enable the happy possessor to distinguish a visible eclipse of the sun, with far greater distinctness than he could without its aid, owing to the sight not being dazzled. A lens of crystallized tears, bequeathed from father to son, might be of great service in preventing the visible future from appearing too bright in our eyes; perhaps, when balloons do the work of stage-coaches, and other of our rapid improvements are completed, something of this sort may be planned and executed, for the benefit of succeeding ages!

NOTE 6.—Page 95, line 9.

"*Each hue of life by gradual shades withdrew.*"

It would be a source of infinite satisfaction to me, if, by a very feeble description of what was very strongly felt, I could impart to my readers one tenth part of the dread and horror I experienced on a similar occasion to the one related in the poem. It was my misfortune that night to go to rest at variance with some of those "near and dear unto me;" and with a humility natural to my waking hours, exaggerating the effect produced on their minds by my conduct, I supposed them all dead of grief. Remorse instantly took possession of my hitherto callous heart, and, with a passionate invocation on the names of the departed, I threw myself back on my visionary sofa and wept. I had not been in that situation many minutes, before I heard those familiar voices calling me by my name. The tones sounded as if from a distance; whereupon, uncovering my face, I looked towards the window, but to my surprise, the speakers were close to my feet, looking just as they did before my unnatural conduct caused their untimely end. A feeling of being *hoaxed* flashed across my mind, and I was tempted to exclaim with the Giaour—

"I knew 'twas false—*they* could not die!"

Fearful, however, of offending my newly recovered friends, I

Digitized by Google

remained silent, and so did they, till their silence and the unalterable composure of their countenances, produced that sick dread which is only felt in dreams. There was neither grief, gladness, displeasure, nor surprise visible on their countenances — *they merely looked at me;* and gradually, as I gazed, the colours of the drapery worn by them ("gay attire," meet for London after Easter) grew more and more pale and indistinct, till the whole (not even excepting their features,) became one deadly white, the eyes only retaining a sort of faint tinge of their original hue, at the same time that the resemblance of each figure to its living original was perfect; they stood quite still, and might have stood there till now; but that I woke in the greatest possible agony of mind—I might almost add, of body, for my heart beat so full and heavily, I thought it would have burst—it did not, however: I met my friends at breakfast, convinced that ghosts appear precisely in that way, and praying Heaven to preserve me from such another night.

NOTE 7.—Page 102, line 29.

"Oh! such his madness."

The poet Tasso, on whose case *de lunatico inquirendo* opinions have been much divided.

NOTE 8.—Page 113, line 4.

"Till she anchors in Killala Bay."

This particular anchorage was originally intended to be of service to my readers, as a chronological date, bringing the Undying One to a modern æra, the landing of the French in Ireland, in 1798; but having, for reasons satisfactory to myself, omitted the passage, I take this opportunity of mentioning my previous views.

NOTE 9.—Page 115, line 7.

"She comes—a shock—a hollow whirling sound."

In the year 1778, the London East Indiaman was run down by the Russel man-of-war, when upwards of one hundred people perished. I was discussing this species of danger at sea, with a person I met in a steam packet bound for Edinburgh: he assured

Digitized by Google

me the case was by no means uncommon, and that he recollected, during the war, being on board a merchant ship, which, having no arms on board, *purposely* ran down a small French vessel: he added, there was no sound but one wild scream of several voices in unison, and a *grating* as the merchant ship passed over. There were thirty souls on board the French vessel. I asked whether the captain was not dreadfully shocked: "Yes," said my informant, "I remember he set his teeth very hard *at the time;* but he considered himself justified by the fact of his having neither arms nor ammunition to defend himself, in case they should attack him."

Digitized by Google

NEW AND INTERESTING

Books for Young People,

PUBLISHED BY

C. S. FRANCIS AND COMPANY

252 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Peter the Whaler;

His early Life and Adventures in the Arctic Regions, and other parts of the World. By W. H. G. Kingston. 1 vol. with illustrations. Cloth, 75 cents; extra gilt, $1.
A new book of stirring Adventures "before the mast."

Merry Tales for Little Folk;

A New Collection of Legends and Fairy Tales; free from all exceptionable matter; most of which have never been published in this country. 1 vol. with numerous pictures. Cloth, 75 cents; extra gilt, $1.

The Affectionate Brothers;

A Domestic Tale. By Mrs. Hofland. 1 vol. Cloth, 37½ cts.

The Whisperer;

A Story for the Young. By Mrs. S. C. Hall. 1 vol. Cloth, 37½ cents.

True Stories from Ancient History.

By a Mother. From the Creation to the Death of Charlemagne. 1 vol. with engravings, 62½ cents.

True Stories from Modern History.

By a Mother. Chronologically arranged from the death of Charlemagne to the present time, with engravings. 1 vol. 12mo., 75 cents.

Right and Wrong;

Or, The Story of Rosa and Agnes. By the author of "True Stories from History," "Claudine," "Always Happy," &c. Cloth, 37½ cents.

The Blind Farmer and his Family.

By Mrs. Hofland. Cloth, 37½ cents.

Digitized by Google

Drawing for Young Children.

Containing 150 Drawing copies, and numerous exercizes; accompanied by ample directions for both teacher and pupil. Published originally under the superintendence of London Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. 50 cts.

Every Day Book

Of Pleasant and Useful Reading. Containing Biographical Sketches, Personal Adventures, Incidents of Travel, Sketches in Natural History, Useful Information in Science, Poetical Selections, and other subjects fitted to interest and enrich the mind. Illustrated by 50 engravings. 1 vol. 75 cts.; gilt, extra, $1.00.

Evergreen;

Or, Stories for Childhood and Youth. By Walter West. With 20 engravings. 38 cts.

Fables for the Nursery.

With Picture Readings attached to each Fable. With numerous engravings and large type. 38 cts.

Facts to correct Fancies;

Or, Short Narratives compiled from the Memoirs of Remarkable Women. By a Mother. 38 cts.

Familiar Tales.

Twenty-nine Familiar Tales for Little Children. With numerous engravings. 37 cts.

Farewell Tales.

By Mrs. Hofland. 38 cts.

Fairy Gift.

A Choice Collection of Fairy Tales. Illustrated by 200 engravings. 1 vol. 75 cts.; gilt, $1.00.

Fairy Gem.

A Choice Collection of Fairy Tales. Illustrated by 200 engravings by the most celebrated French artists. 1 vol. 75 cts.; gilt, $1.00. A companion to the preceding.

Fairy Rhymes and Pictures.

Fairy Tales in Verse. Colored, 38 cts.; plain, sewed, 15 cts.

Hieroglyphic Bible.

A book of 106 ornamented pages, and 400 wood cuts, affording endless amusement for little children. 15 cts.

Digitized by Google

Infantine Knowledge.

A Spelling and Reading Book on a popular plan. Cloth, colored engravings, 50 cts.; half cloth, 38 cts.

Infantine Knowledge.

The same book, in two parts. Colored covers, 15 cts.

Leading Strings to Knowledge.

By Mrs. Trimmer. Thirty-two easy stories, on large type, with copperplate engravings. 50 cts.; colored, 63 cts.

Little Henri;

Or, the Gipsy's Theft. A Bohemian story. With steel frontispiece, and three engravings. 38 cts.

Little Child's Book;

Or, Mother's Prompter. A book of Spelling and Reading. Illustrated with emblematic figures. A new and improved edition, with 500 engravings. 50 cts.

Little Child's Book.

Little Child's Gift; Little Child's Pictures; Little Child's Present. Four separate books. Paper, 12½ cts..

The design of the Little Child's Book is to give young children a series of pictures, with short definitions for their amusement and instruction, until they are capable of more extensive reading. Several large editions have been sold.

Marmaduke Multiply;

Or, the Multiplication Table in Picture and Verse. Colored pictures, 38 cts.; plain, with paper covers, 15 cts.

This little book will impress on the young mind the recollection of the multiplication of figures, serving as a book of amusement as well as instruction.

Mother Goose's Melodies.

The only pure edition, giving the original and true version of these celebrated poems. Colored pictures, 38 cts.; plain, 15 cts.

Midsummer Tales.

Thirteen delightful Stories. By Madame Lafaye. With engravings. 38 cts.

The Nursery Souvenir:

Containing Mother Goose's Melodies, Rhymes for the Nursery, Marmaduke Multiply, Hieroglyphic Bible, and Picture Riddler, bound in 1 volume. 38 cents.

Digitized by Google

My New Picture Alphabet

And Easy Reading. Colored plates, cloth, 38 cts; half cloth, plain, 25 cents.

Original Poems for Infant Minds.

By Jane Taylor and her Sisters. With numerous engravings. 38 cts.

Peter Parley's Bible Stories:

Selected from the Old and New Testaments, and the most interesting narratives, such as will give young readers a wish to inquire further into the sacred volume. 50 cts.

Parley's Magazine.

In twelve large square volumes, replete with valuable reading for the younger portion of the community. It is filled principally with original matter prepared expressly for the instruction and amusement of young people, and with regard to their advancement in knowledge and usefulness. It forms a most attractive and useful series of volumes. The contents are so extensive and various that it would be impossible to give any list of them in an advertisement. An examination of the work itself must satisfy every one of its admirable adaptation to the objects had in view in its preparation. The twelve volumes contain nearly *two thousand engravings*. And considering its size and the quantity of matter, it is one of the cheapest books ever published. Any volume sold separately. $1 each, or $9 the set.

Parley's Miscellany

Of Pleasant and Useful Reading. With numerous engravings. In parts. Each, 25 cents.

A very attractive and interesting series of books, containing a variety of choice reading, by some of the best writers for children, comprising History, Biography, Travels and Adventures, Poetry, Moral Tales, Fables, &c., &c.

Parlor Magic.

Dedicated to lovers of home; being a little manual of amusing phenomena for family recreation. 38 cts.

Polite Present;

Or, Manual of Good Manners for Boys and Girls. 25 cts.

A vest pocket companion that no youth should be without, who desires the good opinion of civilized society.

Paul Preston's Voyages and Travels,

And Remarkable Adventures, as related by himself. With 110 engravings. 63 cts.

These adventures happened in every part of the world, and the remarkable escapes and perils that he underwent are truly wonderful.

Digitized by Google

The Perilous Adventures

Of Quentin Harewood, and of his brother Brian, in Asia, Africa, and America. Illustrated with 70 engravings. 50 cts.

Robinson Crusoe.

Complete edition; containing the entire Story as written by De Foe, including his adventures after he left the island. 1 vol. 16mo. With 80 engravings. Cloth, $1.00.

Robin Hood

And his Merry Foresters. With nine spirited engravings. 44 cts.

Rhymes for the Nursery.

Paper covers, 15 cts.; colored plates, 87 cts.

By Jane Taylor and her Sisters, authors of that very popular book, "Original Poems for Infant Minds," containing one hundred and two different little poems, and seventy-two cuts.

Story of Aladdin;

Or, The Wonderful Lamp. From the Arabian Nights' Entertainment. With illustrations. 50 cts.

The Story without an End.

Translated from the German of Carore by Mrs. Austen. 38 cts.

"This is a Gem. All that is sweet, serious, and solemn in childhood and its dawning conceptions, finds a portraiture in the wanderings of a child among the productions of Nature."

Seven Voyages of Sindbad the Sailor,

And the Story of Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves. From the Arabian Nights' Entertainment. With illustrations. 50 cts.

Elements of Morality;

Or, Stories for Children. Translated from the German of Salzmann. A most excellent work, with engravings, and a copper-plate frontispiece. 50 cts.

Tales of the Saxons:

A Picture of Domestic Life in England in old Saxon Times. In three very interesting stories. By Emily Taylor. With engravings. 50 cts.

Holiday Stories.

Containing five Moral Tales, viz.: Harry Norman; Ellen and George; The Little Blue Bag; Poor Old Peggy; Georgina, or the Excursion.

Digitized by Google

German Popular Tales

And Household Stories. Collected by the Brothers Grimm. Newly translated, with illustrations by Edward H Wehnert Complete edition, containing 296 stories. 2 vols. With 16 full page illustrations, and numerous smaller engravings. $2. 25 cts.

Grimm's is *the* nursery-book for children in Germany; nothing is so popular with them—no gift so welcome. This translation will be equally acceptable to the young people of this country. It is very well translated. It contains some three hundred stories, and is illustrated with singularly clever and characteristic wood-cuts.—*Critic.*

Stories and Poems for Children.

By Mrs. Gilman. 38 cts.

Young Man's Evening Book,

Including Sketches and Anecdotes in Natural History, Incidents of Travel, &c., &c. With engravings. 75 cts.

Turns of Fortune,

All that Glitters is not Gold, There is no Hurry. Three delightful Stories. By Mrs. S. C. Hall. 38 cts.

The Private Purse,

And other Stories. By Mrs. S. C. Hall.

Mrs. Hall's stories are not mere graceful fictions, but pictures of society—of the world around us. Her touch is vigorous, and her tone genial: she sees clearly and feels deeply. Artistically constructed—tenderly and gracefully written—and pointing, never an obtrusive, always an irresistible moral—her tales are ever as true to the requirements of Art as to the facts of Nature.—*London Morning Chronicle.*

Claudine;

Or, Humility the Basis of all the Virtues. A Swiss Tale. By a Mother. Author of "Always Happy." 38 cts.

The Little Wreath

Of Stories and Poems for Children. By Mrs. Gilman. 38 cts.

Classic Tales.

Designed for the Amusement and Instruction of Young Persons. By Eliza Robbins. 38 cts.

Kate and Lizzie;

Or, Six Months out of School. By Anne W. Abbott. 38 cts.

Tales from English History

For Children. By Agnes Strickland. With ten engravings. 62½ cts.

Digitized by Google

Stories from the History of the Jews,

Giving an Account of their Wars, as related by Josephus; with additional facts from later Jewish History. Adapted for young persons. With 24 engravings. 75 cts.

American Girl's Book;

Or, Occupation for Play Hours. By Eliza Leslie. 88 engravings. 75 cts.

"This book contains a vast fund of entertainment for girls when in quest of recreation, such as sports and pastimes, plays with toys, with games, with cards, riddles, charades, enigmas, etc., fancy needlework, etc., with designs drawn by the author."

American Girl's Book Enlarged,

Being the American Girl's Book by Miss Leslie, and Hints for Happy Hours, bound in one. $1.25.

Winter Evening Book

Of Pleasant and Useful Reading; containing Personal Narrative; Incidents of Travel; Information in Science; Poetical Selections, etc. With numerous engravings. Gilt cloth, 75 cts. Extra gilt, $1.00.

The Boy's Own Book.

A complete Encyclopedia of all the diversions, athletic, scientific, and recreative, of boyhood and youth. American edition. 75 cts.

Including Games with Marbles, Tops, Balls, Sports of Agility and Speed, Toys, Archery, Cricket, Gymnastics, Swimming, Arithmetical, Optical, and Chemical Amusements; Checkers, Cards, Legerdemain, Puzzles, Riddles, Angling, Fencing, etc., etc., etc., with very numerous engravings.

The Robins;

Or, Domestic Life among the Birds. By Mrs. Trimmer. Designed for the instruction of children respecting their treatment of animals. 88 cts.

Bible Biography,

In the form of Questions; with references to Scripture for Answers. Containing several thousand questions on above two hundred names of persons mentioned in the Bible. 12½ cts.

Stories from History.

By Agnes Strickland, author of Lives of the Queens of England, Tales from English History, etc., etc. Containing twelve stories from the history of different European nations, illustrated by 24 engravings. Cloth, gilt, 75 cts.; extra, $1.00

Digitized by Google

Library of Instructive Amusement

Includes the following six volumes, all illustrated: The Young Man's Evening Book, The Winter Evening Book, The Summer Day Book, The Every Day Book, The Parlour Book, Leisure Hour Book.

Arbell;

A Tale for young people. By Jane Winnard Hooper. With engravings. 75 cts.; gilt, $1.

"A delightful story; beautifully printed and illustrated."

Belzoni's Travels in Egypt;

The fruit of enterprise exhibited in the adventures of Belzoni in Egypt and Nubia, with an account of his discoveries among the Pyramids, ancient Tombs, etc., related in a very interesting manner, and illustrated with steel engravings. 50 cts.

The Children's Friend;

By Arnaud Berquin. A new translation, in two volumes, with numerous engravings. $1.00.

"The most honorable prize offered by the Royal French Academy, for the most useful book for youth, was awarded to M. Berquin for the composition of the Children's Friend."

Mrs. Barbauld's Lessons for Children;

A new pictorial edition, with nearly 100 illustrations. 38 cts.

The Boy's Story Book;

Or, Edward's Holidays with his Cousins; containing twenty-eight Moral Tales, with ten illustrations. 62 cts.

Leila; or, The Island.

By Ann Fraser Tytler. With engravings by J. W. Orr, from original designs. Cloth, 75 cts.; extra gilt, $1.00.

Leila in England.

A continuation of Leila, or the Island. By the same author. With original engravings. 75 cts. Extra gilt, $1.00.

Leila at Home.

A continuation of Leila in England. By the same author. To match. 75 cts. Gilt extra, $1.00.

"Miss Tytler's writings are especially valuable for their religious spirit. She sketches from juvenile life with perfect nature and true art."

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

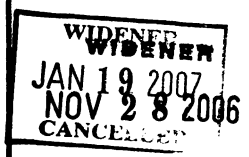
Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

WIDENER LIBRARY

Harvard College, Cambridge, MA 02138: (617) 495-2413

If the item is recalled, the borrower will be notified of the need for an earlier return. (Non-receipt of overdue notices does not exempt the borrower from overdue fines.)



Thank you for helping us to preserve our collection!

3 2044 009 540 12

THE BORROWER WILL BE CHARGED AN OVERDUE FEE IF THIS BOOK IS NOT RETURNED TO THE LIBRARY ON OR BEFORE THE LAST DATE STAMPED BELOW. NON-RECEIPT OF OVERDUE NOTICES DOES NOT EXEMPT THE BORROWER FROM OVERDUE FEES.

WIDENER
BOOK DUE
OCT 29 1989

WIDENER
BOOK DUE
MAY 10 1982
736072

BOUND BY
B. B. RADLEY & Co.
BOSTON

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google